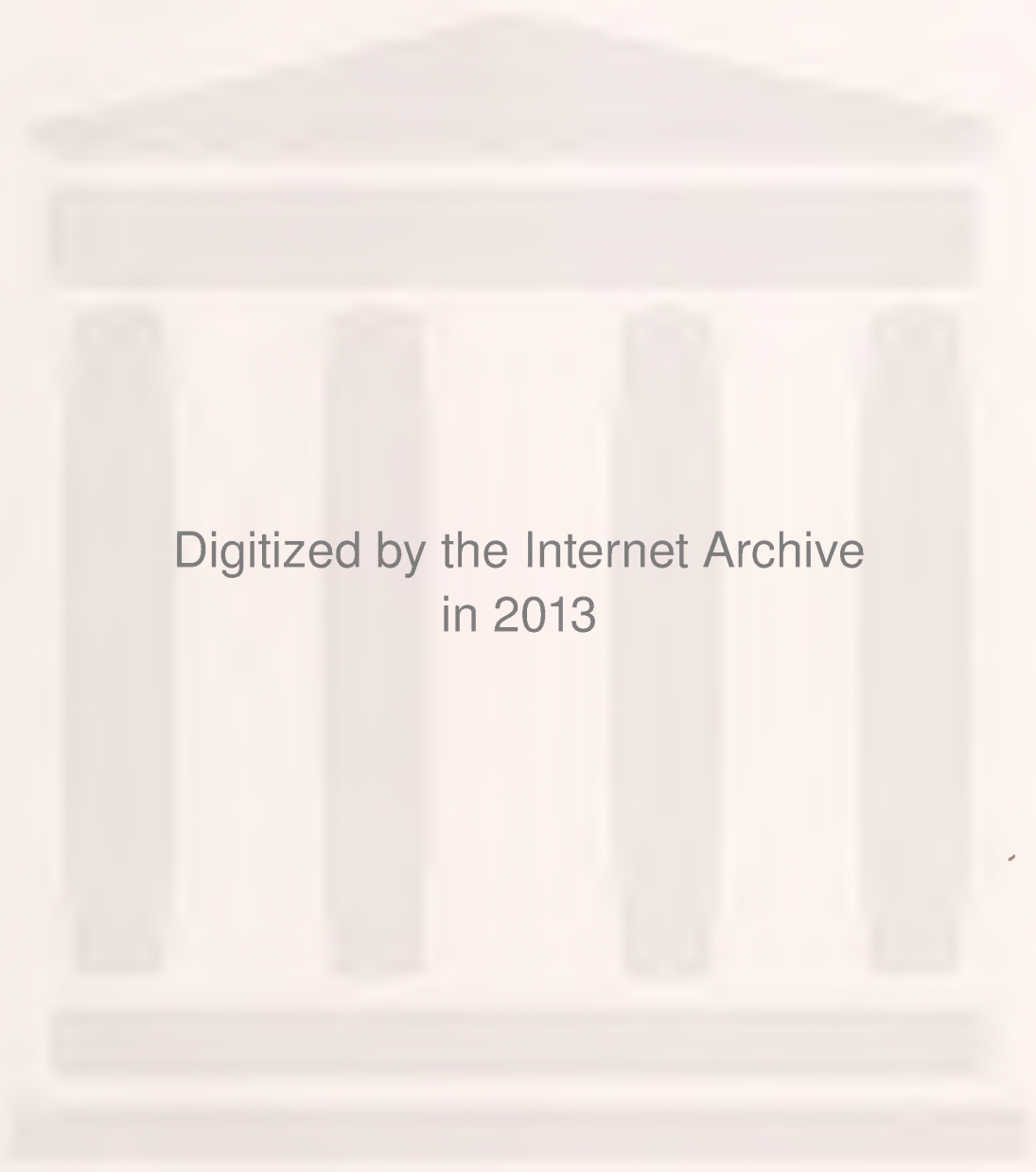


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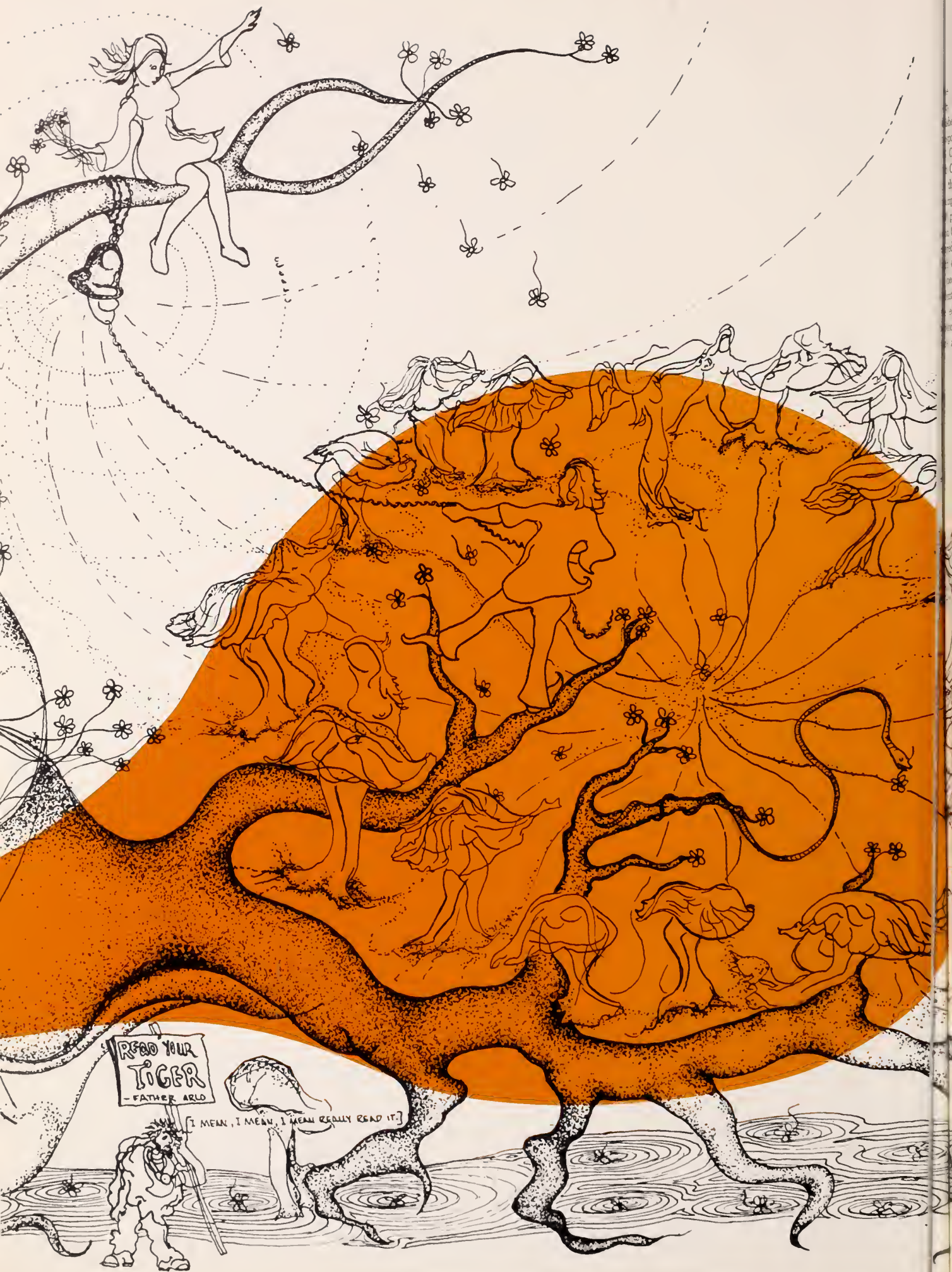


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November

Chronicle





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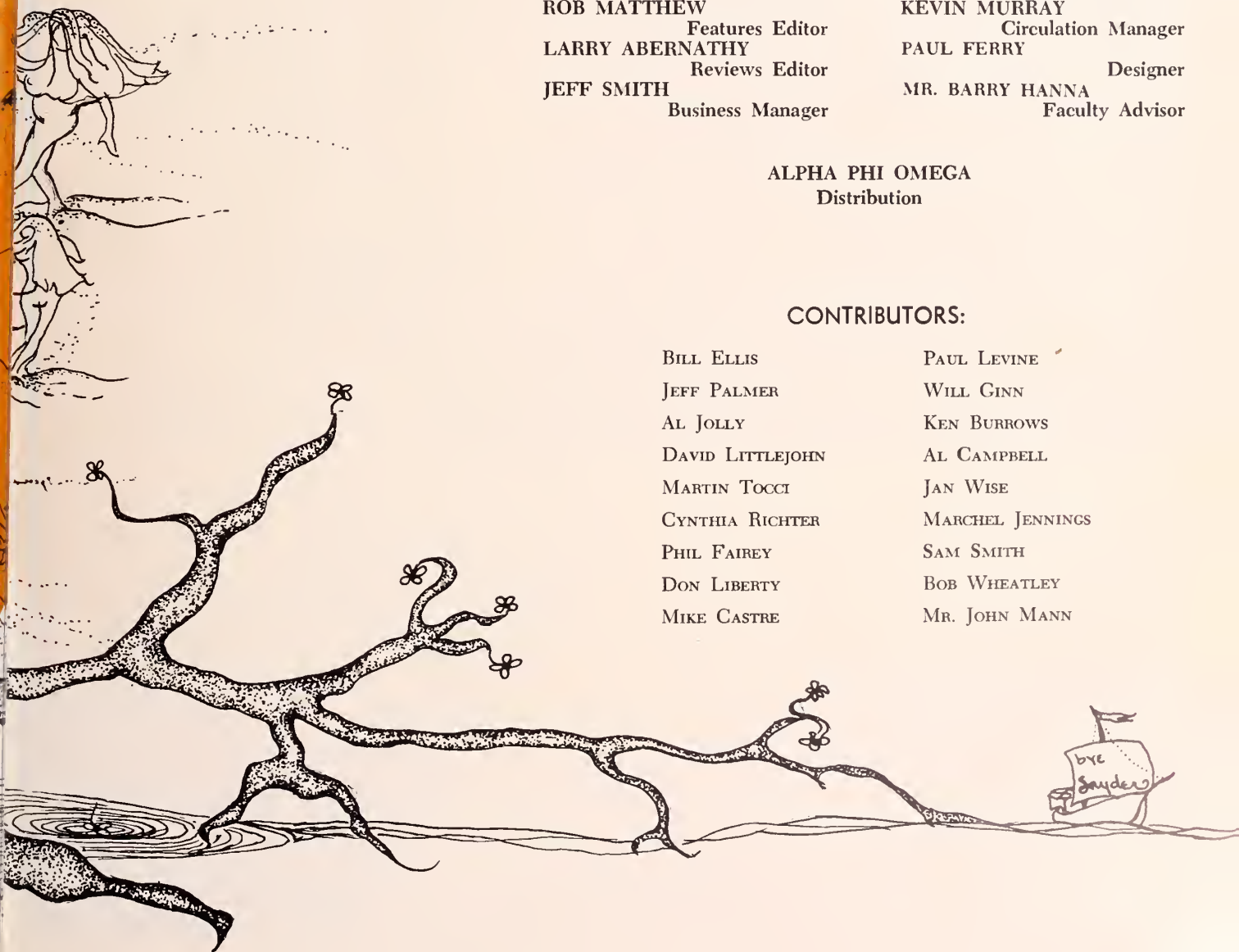
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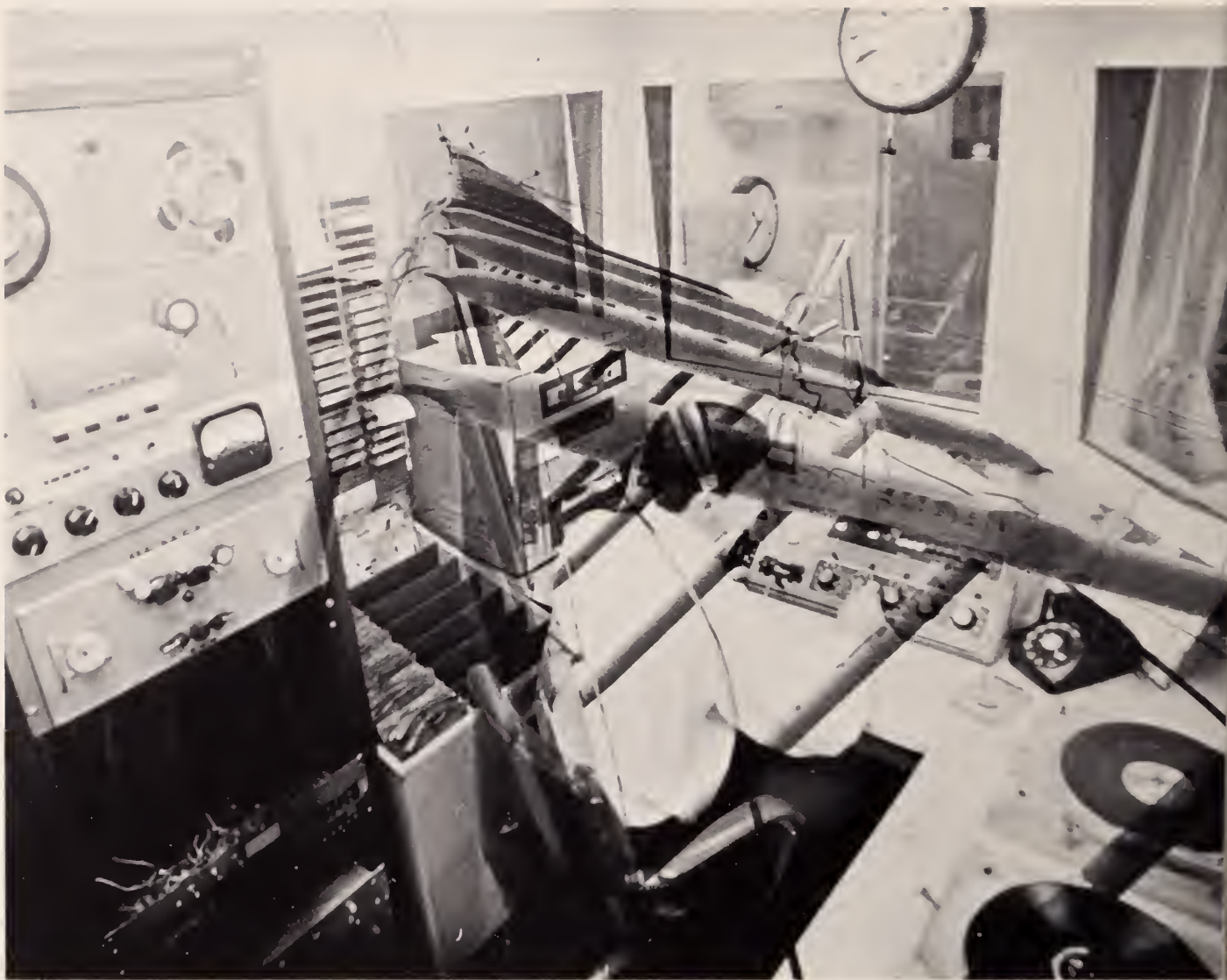
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CHRONICLE EDITORIAL

there is a theme or an idea behind this magazine I suppose it would have to be awareness of the world around us, and an positive involvement with it. This sounds very simple on paper, but the development of an undying urge in an individual to take part in everything that is going on around him, even passively, and to work on his surroundings in an effort to share his own peculiar philosophy with others, and in the process learning theirs, is a very difficult thing to do indeed. We are going to have to spend the rest of our lives living and working with people, and since there is very little contact with other human beings in the stiff structure of the classroom, this essential social education must take place in the dormitories and in involvement in student organizations. The value of what we can teach each other is incalculable.

The Wavemakers on our campus, a new addition to the magazine, are the men and women who have realized the value of involvement, and who are not only reaping great benefits for themselves, but are adding to the richness of our environment in the process. Between them, the student activists (which, incidentally, is not a dirty word), and the graduate sketches, we hope we are presenting to the students a few possible alternatives for action in the future. These are your leaders, but don't follow them blindly. You have as much to offer them as they have to offer you and very probably more. Make your own way.

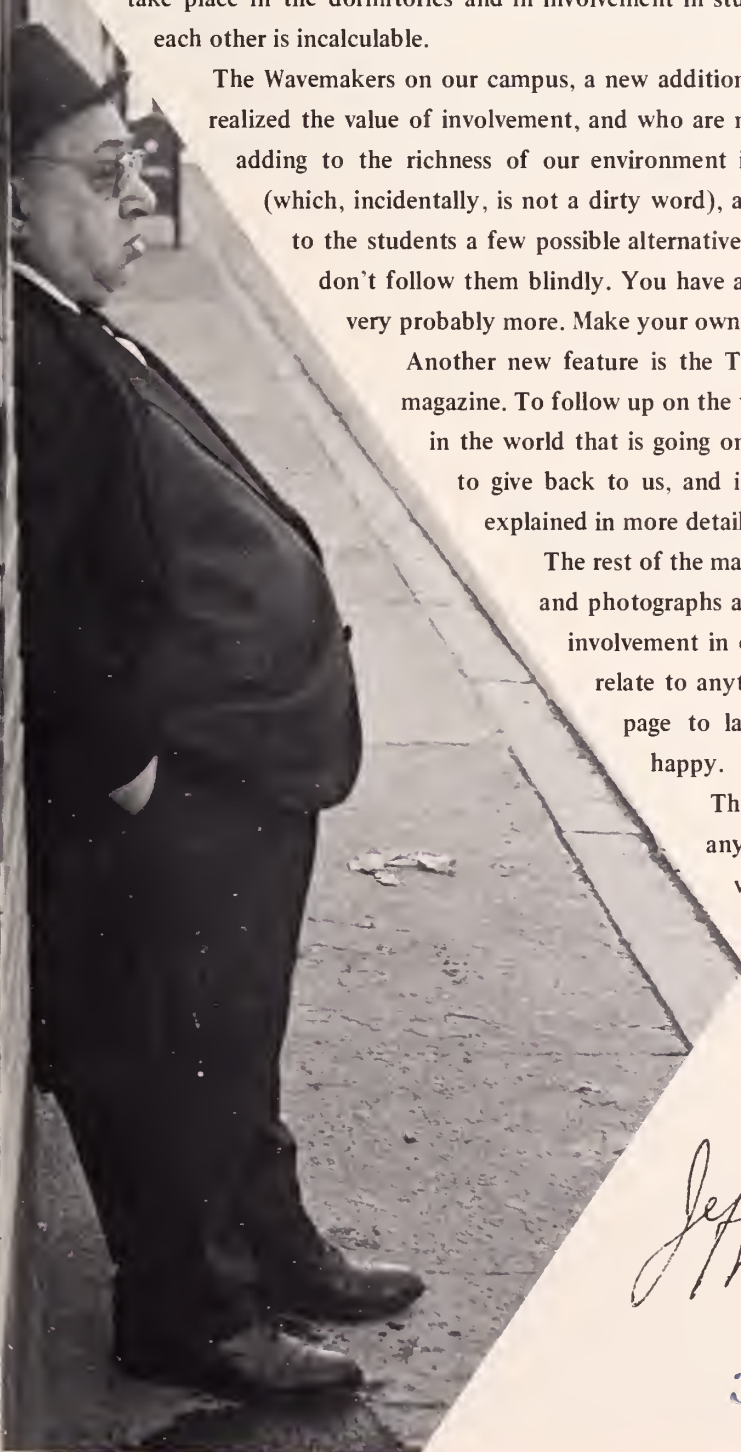
Another new feature is the Tell It Like It Is section about midway through the magazine. To follow up on the theory that every one of us should take an active part in the world that is going on around us we have developed a questionnaire for you to give back to us, and in the process write our next magazine for us. It is explained in more detail later.

The rest of the magazine we hope you will enjoy. The reviews, features, and photographs are all designed to relate to the possibilities of student involvement in old and new areas alike. The fiction and poetry don't relate to anything. The girls are there to make the trip from first page to last a little less of a chore. Our photographers are happy.

That's about it I guess. I hope you like it. It's fireproof anyway in compliance with the new fire ordinance which was put into effect after the last one. Sorry it's late as usual. We tried. We'll get three more issues out this year if it kills you.

Jeff Stenfelat

372472





Everything Is Music and
 everybody Is In The Best Seat. -- John Cage

The Pattern

- peter snyder

Can you listen to any kind of music without labelling it folk rock soul or psychedelic opera symphony?

Can you see a sunset without stopping to classify it as red, blue, white, purple or green?

Can you taste chocolate without anybody telling you it's chocolate?

Can you smell a rose for what it is by any other name?

Can you touch the bark of a tree the hair of a woman or a man's butt without worrying about adverse social implications because you're exempt from them since you accept the structure of reality for what it is at

the moment, basing your judgments on feelings of communication? (Communication is Love.)

Ah Love . . . the churches talk about it; the poets write about it; and the people sing about it. Anybody can know about it, but not everybody does, and no one all the time. Why? Because each person is limited in awareness of patterns and/or unable to associate patterns—unable to receive and/or unable to transmit.

Tension, problems, catastrophes arise from unawareness of natural order (patterns). Tension exists between unaware and aware persons.

Society, for the most part, is virtually unaware. An aware person finds existence (communication) difficult within any society.

Unawareness is ignorance not only of patterns but also of persons who are aware of patterns. And such ignorance is violence in its passive form, which can be as devastating as violence in its physically active form. (Ignore a child, and he might go crazy.)

Often an aware person cries out in anguish for someone to recognize him, to realize him:

Realize
 REALIZE
 real ize
 us

so i can talk
 sowecan talk

and we
 can be
 TOGETHER
 TOGETHER
 together

please
 pleaseplease
 realize us

Any pattern of growth can be associated. Everything is growing or decaying. Every thing and every person fits into an organic structure which grows according to principles of association with other things and persons. Look around for examples. (In this context, all is related and is constantly reflecting images of motivation.) If the principles of growth are understood, all parts (facts) of experience fall into place.

Let's briefly look at the parts of a tree. All of its parts are extensions of its motivation to help join (communicate) with everything on the outside. The roots hold and search to bring water (among other things). The leaves search for and bring the energy of the sun and air. The trunk obviously communicates with and for the leaves and roots, etc. Also, the transient elements move through the tree and through animals: oxygen and carbon-dioxide, for example.

Now let's look at Man, and more specifically his relation with other men. Not only are Man's hands, feet, eyes, ears, vocal cords . . . and brain extensions of his motivation, but he constructs extensions of his own, natural extensions—tools, wheels, lenses, radios, . . . , and computers. If Man were able to communicate without having to use extensions, he would be

at one with himself. (Can you imagine communication without even having speech?) So, extensions separate as well as help in communication.

Language is the construction of a medium (often linear) through which patterns, organic and interdependent, must be communicated—twice involving translation. (Something of value is lost in any translation.) So communication is most effective when the medium reflects the message. In fact, "the medium is the message." (Marshall McLuhan)

But, the message is often confused by Man. He has found that he has the power to force independent, inorganic patterns upon his environment and himself. This is easier than studying or searching for relationships. And what he has in effect constructed for himself is an alien environment with walls between people.

The problem set before us is achieving one's own awareness of natural patterns which are not divided by walls, then an effort to coincide with these patterns, and finally to find someone else in close harmony. Each man must perceive and judge for himself, becoming a natural pattern which is usually at odds with most of society. (Incidentally, I'm not knocking Democracy in its proper form.) And this problem is recirculative, existing on the physical, mental, and spiritual levels interdependently.

When a unity of levels is achieved, intimacy is found. The message is the medium is Love. But people are afraid to be intimate, to associate the pattern of their own individual lives

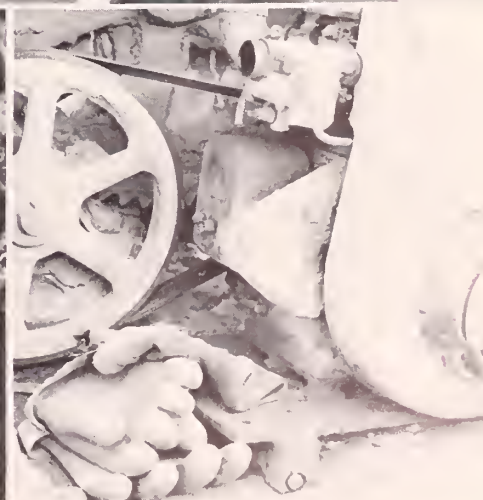
with others. They are afraid simply because association with slightly a similar patterns causes change, and it takes less energy to remain stagnant. Unless the feeling of stagnancy becomes unpleasurable, people will not change.

Change, or growth, is a series of spontaneous explosion-implosions of personality caused by association with slightly asimilar personalities. A growing person looks for new patterns, and his search becomes a pattern, perhaps the pattern of patterns for Man.

Would it be too much to say that there is one pattern which encompasses all patterns, and that this one magnificent pattern is reflected in all the patterns we can see? Well, that's what I've been saying all along, and also that this one great pattern is as deep as the universe (time).

Now let's look at the depth, or unity, of a tree and a man: Physically, any particular tree is unified visually by the repetition of an angle in the

(Continued on page 40)



Caves Proper

By SAM SMITH

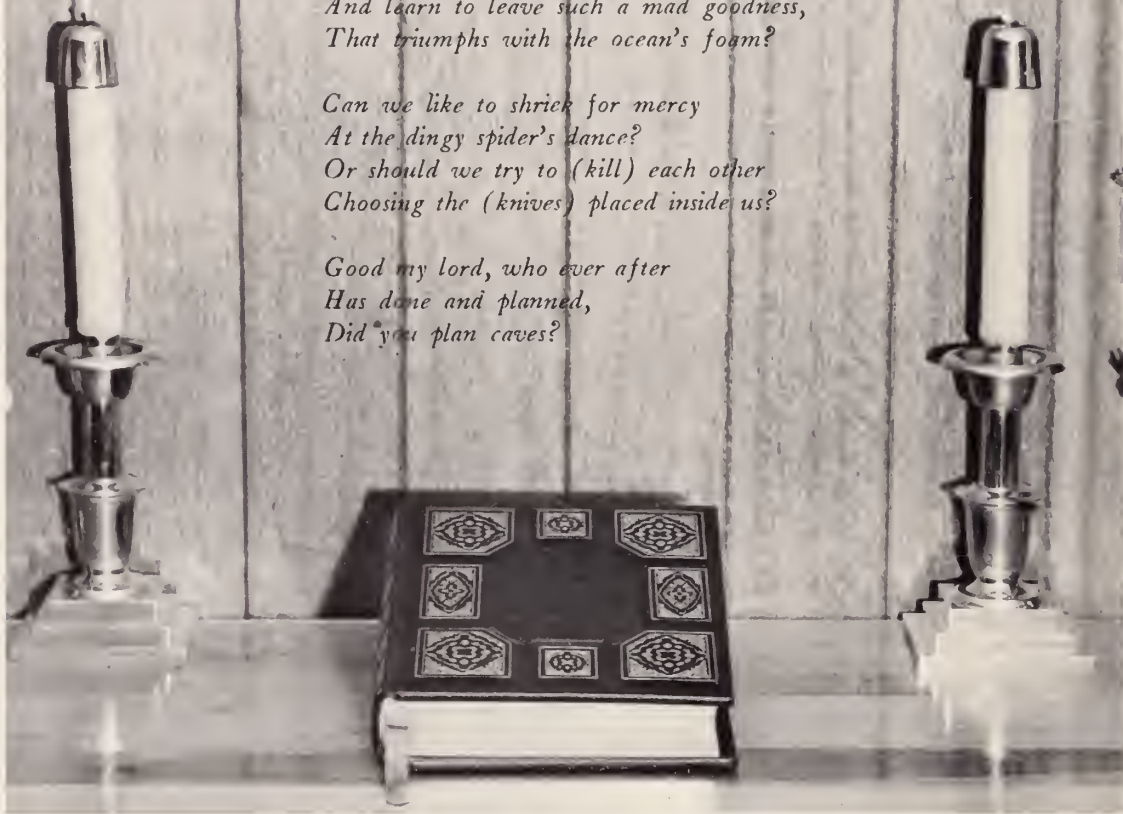
*Strange things are hidden in some caves.
(Good my lord, there is darkness in a cave.)
Command its gold that we shall hear.*

*If (and I mourn) I go
To darkness' utter delight,
Hear the tinkling water fall,
Will you still the gentle lightness,
a falling time, a falling noise?*

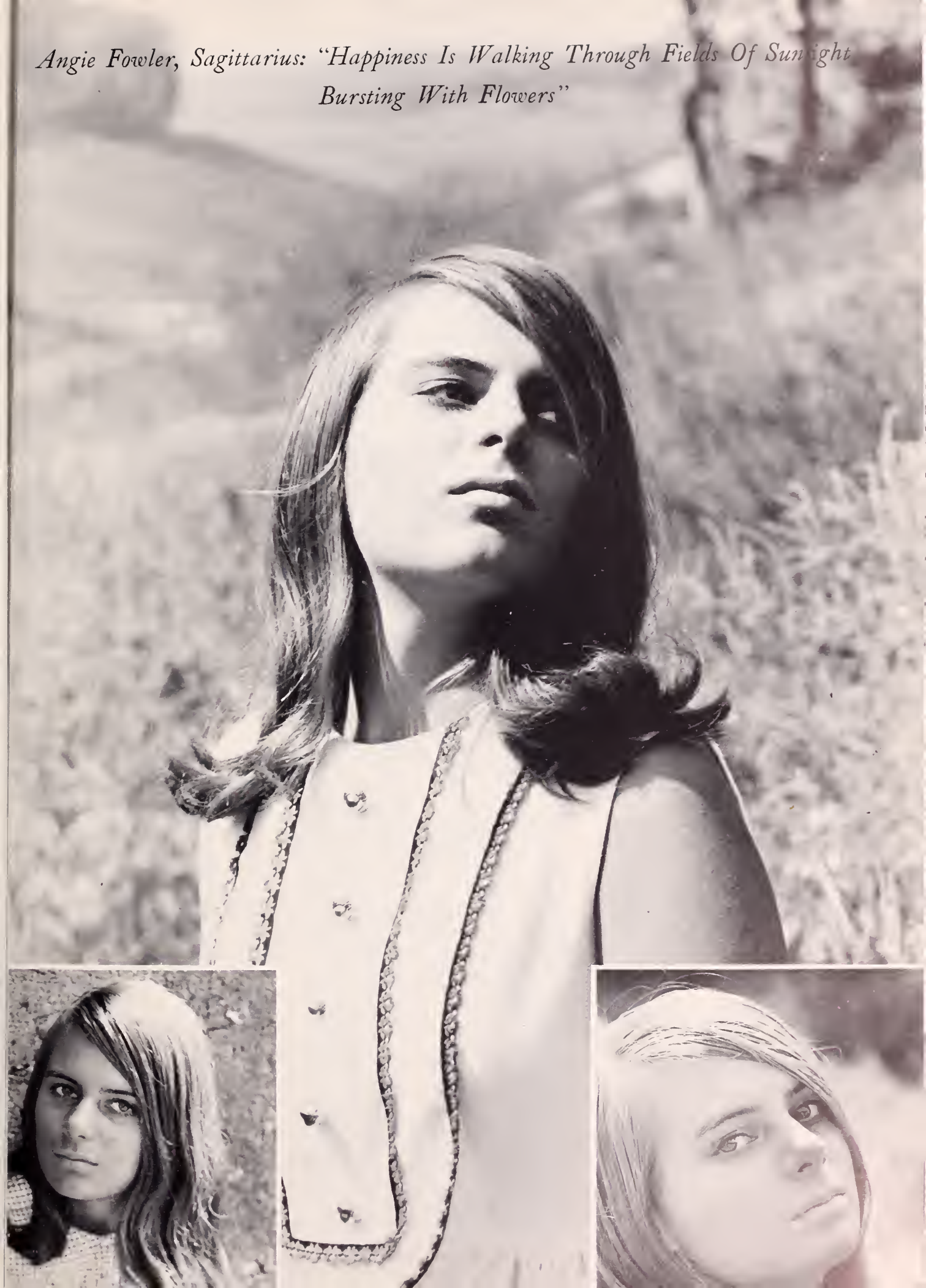
*Or should we go where love is spawning
To join our (hidden) place of secrecy
And learn to leave such a mad goodness,
That triumphs with the ocean's foam?*

*Can we like to shriek for mercy
At the dingy spider's dance?
Or should we try to (kill) each other
Choosing the (knives) placed inside us?*

*Good my lord, who ever after
Has done and planned,
Did you plan caves?*



*Angie Fowler, Sagittarius: "Happiness Is Walking Through Fields Of Sunlight
Bursting With Flowers"*





Here We Go Again

Ken Burrows

Many people who read articles on theater or on the arts in general—particularly the arts in Clemson—must go away with the impression that the writer of the article must be incredibly self-centered, unbelievably parochial, fantastically myopic. The country is undergoing electioneering hysteria, they're rioting down Mexico way, the Clemson Tigers look like being bearded—all this and all he can do is spout about plays and players. Just a dilettante Nero, fiddling while the city burns. Well, that can't be helped. Just in case we survive the above catastrophes, we ought to be able to say that we kept something going.

Perhaps writing this kind of thing is simply a labor of love. It's the kind of thing a college magazine should have, because a college magazine should have a bit of everything. It's like the words in a dictionary. You never use more than a fraction, but they ought to be there in case you want 'em. So with theater reports. The account is there "just in case."

It seems, however, particularly reasonable to believe that a magazine written and (questionably) read by members of the college, should have the common circumstances of their lives as its germ. True, I am not so sanguine nor so democratic—I use the word in its socially meaningless

rather than its politically meaningless sense—as to believe that the common circumstances of most of the members' lives is worthy of print. I do, however, have a passing affection for futile gestures and struggling causes. I am only too disappointed, for instance, that women have been awarded the vote. I should have wholeheartedly chained myself to railings and screamed "Votes for Women" (or even better, as W. S. Gilbert suggested, attached myself to the gates of a maternity hospital and screamed "Beds for Men.") I am dying for the British Monarchy to fall out of favor so that I can stop sitting down during the National Anthem and start standing up. What there could be more noble and futile gesture than writing articles in defense of Clemson's theater.

For the moment, then, one will have to refer political enthusiasts, admirers of foreign affairs, and football fans to their respective columns elsewhere. I suppose campus theater could choose for presentation plays which dramatize subjects of a topical significance. This, unfortunately, always creates a problem. If the treatment is good and convincing, the audience tends to respond to it as they would respond to a political speech rather than as they should to a work of art. The treatment, however, is generally bad, never completely realizing the issue it is concerned with, and often having the most ludicrous of results. Once, at a tenemental theater in the Middle East I saw a Mareel Marceau mime which was supposed to represent a Buddhist monk setting fire to himself. The piece was somehow linked with a protest about Western military intervention somewhere. Unfortunately the artist's sock caught fire. The idealism of the propagandist was lost somewhere among the general explosion of hilarity. No, no. We can leave such topicalities to the Tiger editorials.

Now it is strangely ironic the fact that, almost for the first time in its history, with the exception of the time of the Greeks, acting is considered a not unrespectable art. True, on the small campus, the member of the

theater group usually finds himself usually-nilly associated with the "long-hair" and the reactionary, but this usually remains the fault of the posing (and usually somewhat immature, but not always inferior) "artist." One are the days when the actor is considered *ipso facto* a vagabond and a villain. In fact, in most universities, a Department of Drama is considered an extremely valuable addition to its academic features. This suggests that, besides the obvious entertainment value in drama there is a great deal of value in its participation—educational appeal, in fact, if the word will not destroy my case completely.

Let it be pointed out that a Department of Drama is rather different from a Drama Group. The Drama Group will usually have no purpose other than to absorb the dramatic impulse of a community, and it draws from all kinds and professions; a rich field for dramatic expression. A Drama Department draws on those who are putting their interest in the stage before anything else; and this is a measure of stage ability. This means that where the Drama Group is intent on entertainment, the Department of Drama is more interested in the constructive, intellectual, academic approach to drama training. The audience becomes incidental.

Perhaps Clemson is lucky in only having the veriest embryo of a Department of Drama. When the study and participation in theater is not reduced to a series of courses for the "major," or a unique alternative to other studies, there is hope that the dramatic impulse itself is not completely crushed. It is encouraging when, in a way, to realize that a University production in Clemson is almost spontaneous, purely voluntary. There is left of course the problem of what play to choose. The Clemson Players have perhaps taken an intelligent step this year by choosing, rather than a very "modern" play, a rather antiquated one. It seems to me that too much of contemporary theater exalts the conversational to the extent that young and inexperienced actors are unable to cope with. It is surely the pre-movie, pre-tele-



vision drama, the play which is in the broadest sense rhetorical, that provides the best training for voices, physical expressions, bodily movement, and character projection. The camera has substituted the muttered aside for the soliloquy, the lump in the throat for the rhetorical movement of the arms, the fact indeed for the illusion. The choice of "tradi-

tional" drama over a contemporary one is to establish the illusion of theater and *perform* within that illusion. This is not asking for exaggerated histrionics: simply an awareness, for the beginner, of the medium and an ability to create something within the prerogative of that medium. It is all very well to be naturalistic and modern. It's a good idea, at the beginning level to be unembarrassingly artificial first.

This comment began as a defense of struggling causes. The reader may still be bewildered as to what on earth the "use" may be of theater. Because, you see, in his educational "courses" he has been trained to draw a bead on things, to draw a bead on life. His art course took him from "The Last Supper" to the "Mona Lisa" in one fell and shattering swoop, with a strident and useful comment for each picture—no, assignment—in between. His English "course" took him from Beowulf, via Shakespeare, to Eliot and left him hovering in a daze somewhere around Walter Lippmann. Well we're not going to do that for drama. The instinct for theater does not do too well on control. It does better on encouragement. Take it or leave it. If you all took it, there would be no more anxieties about drama; then some of us would have nothing to do but chain ourselves to maternity hospital railings and scream for beds for men.



PROPAGANDA PAGE



By Tim Rogers

The time has come at Clemson for the development of an effective political party system. The realities of the last Student-Body wide elections and of Student political activities this year in effect dictate the creation of such a system.

The second ballot in last year's presidential election represented what was, in effect, the confrontation of two more or less homogenous factions in student campus politics, which were divided—though, again, roughly—along liberal and conservative lines. The "liberal" fraction won out by a whopping majority of thirty-six votes out of about 2500 cast.

Though some seem somewhat hesitant to admit it, it is obvious that this factionalism has extended into campus politics this year. In all three branches, the confrontation of liberal and conservative factions has been visible, and no real consensus has been reached on any one issue as of yet.

This factionalism is at once bad and good. It is good because it is a sign of the good health and growth of the campus political process. It means that people involved in this area of campus life are finally beginning to take themselves and their jobs seriously. It means that we no longer have a majority in student government that is interested primarily in "scar-free" records of service in a reputable extra-curricula activity to present on job applications. It means that we have a majority that is legitimately interested in finding solutions to the problems of our society at Clemson, as well as on other levels, and consequently, one that is not afraid to

state opinions on the various issues that are before us.

This factionalism is bad, however, at this state, because the honest attempts of individuals on both sides to perpetrate their ideas and to "lobby" for the institution of measures which they believe to be desirable are taken for some reason as "underhanded," or as exercises of power-grabbing or undue pressure, and as a result the real issues have been lost sight of in several instances already, in favor of superficial issues of the variety stated. When positions or votes or both are changed because of reactions to what might be construed as being undue or unethical pressure, in spite of ideological considerations, the political process is set back, and the representative views of the students are distorted.

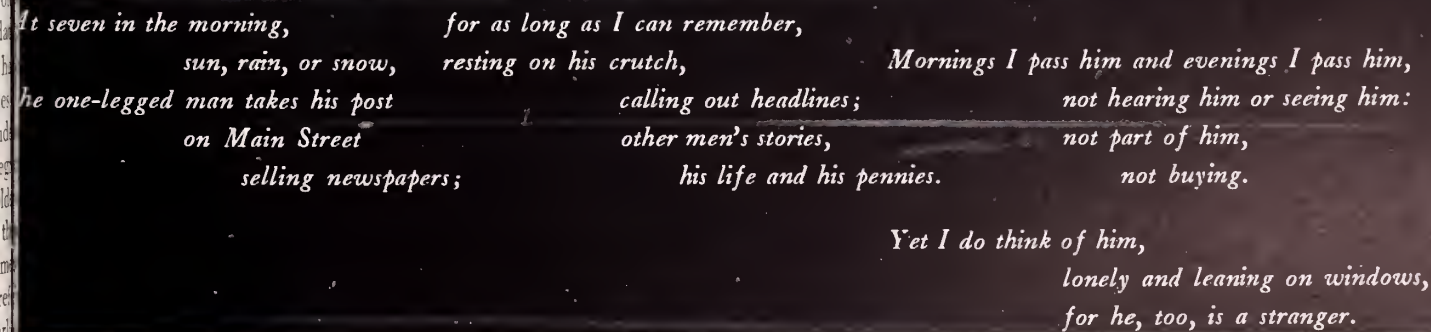
The institution of a political party system would to some degree, I believe, rectify this situation. It would in effect, legitimize the healthy, normal and necessary exchange, conflict and confrontation of ideas in the campus political environment. It would do, that is, what it has done for politics in the regular civic environment. It would facilitate the expression and propagation of political ideas; it would provide the organization and communication, and hence greater success, for groups whose ideologies and goals are basically similar.

The main objection to such a system is, of course, that it would hinder free expression of the ideas of each individual involved, and that it would preclude dissent among the members of a particular party. To make conjecture on this is to say that the failures of other party systems

will necessarily be the failures of ours. The party system, ideally, is not intended to bridle free expression at all. There is no reason that we could not build a system at Clemson that would protect the right to dissent and to express individual ideas not in agreement with those of the party with which one was affiliated, and at the same time would afford those advantages that such a system can afford.

The advantages to the party system are many. They include at once greater involvement of larger numbers of students in the political structure and the creation of additional positions of responsibility for these individuals to fill. They include a greater degree of communication between individuals of like ideologies and hence a greater degree of coordination of efforts to achieve common ends. They include greater opportunities for training and "internship" type programs whereby students can begin affiliation early in their college careers and benefit from the experience of upperclassman members of the party in practical as well as ideological matters. A party system will also help to lessen the financial burden now placed on "independent" students choosing to run for office. And such a system would very definitely contribute to the improvement of the elections process by furnishing meaningful information to the voters on the qualifications of candidates, and, because the candidates will have to stand the scrutiny of the parties as well as the voters at large, Student Government will to a larger degree be guaranteed that all office holders will be legitimately interested in the positions and in Student Government in general—rather than the "revenue-seekers" of which I spoke earlier.

The development of a political party system goes hand in hand with the basic political maturation of the student body. It is, if you will, a point of demarcation between student politics of the high school variety and what it should be on the college level. I believe the time has come at Clemson for us to cross that line.



RICHARD KERRIGAN



GALLERY REVIEW

LARRY ABERNATHY

Fountains, as the name indicates, is an exhibit which examines some fifty different types of fountains. These fountains fall into the category of building extensions, or sculpture. They show well man's natural fascination with the beauty of water, and his constant efforts to enhance this beauty. Once again, the variety of concepts and the aesthetic nature of the subject should make for an interesting and appealing exhibit.

The gallery has set aside the month of December to display the work of Clemson students. The School of Architecture will present the work of its own students in various fields of design and planning. This is an excellent opportunity to see both what the School of Architecture is doing and to see the products of some of the most creative minds on campus.

To launch the 1969 program, Harold Nosti, a professor at Tampa University, will exhibit and lecture on his recent work in the areas of ceramic sculpture and mosaics. The show promises to be a highlight of the gallery program, and Professor Nosti's lecture, scheduled for January 1, should be interesting.

On January 25, Mr. Albert J. Kirpatrick of New York City will introduce an exhibit of selections from his Japanese woodblock prints, and will give a student lecture during the course of his print showing. Mr. Kirpatrick's collection features Ukiyo prints of the 18th century as well as Hanga prints of the present day. The exhibit should prove to be a fascinating examination of Oriental Art.

An invitational exhibit has been organized by Professor Sam Wang of Clemson for showing from February 19 through March 12. The exhibit, entitled *Image Manipulated*, presents contemporary trends being explored by photographers emerging with the present generation, and will undoubtedly provide thought provoking stimulation for the objective viewer. From time to time, it has been the privilege of *The Chronicle* to publish Mr. Wang's work, and his artistic wizardry with the camera should speak for the general excellence of this exhibit.

Hopefully, I have convinced you that the Rudolph Lee Gallery does indeed exist, and that a visit there may be quite enjoyable. The exhibits to be shown there represent some of the finest efforts in some of the most creative

the phases of art and architecture. We owe it to ourselves to pay the gallery a visit. It is, after all, closer to the Student Center than Dan's, and a little cultural stimulation is easier to digest than a poorly conceived hamburger.

In the past, it has been the practice of *The Chronicle* to keep The Clemson student informed of the various exhibits presented in the Rudolph Lee Gallery, and to review these exhibits after their showing. I feel, however, that it is time for a change. I would first like to call your attention to the existence of the gallery, and secondly to dwell more on what is *coming* there than what *has been* there.

The Rudolph Lee Gallery is located on the main floor of the Architecture Building (a fact which some architectural students are undoubtedly unaware of). Through the joint efforts of The School of Architecture and the Clemson Architectural Foundation, the gallery presents several stimulating exhibits a year dealing with art and architecture. These exhibits encompass a wide range of subjects and media, and appeal to anyone's aesthetic nature.

Realizing that the average Clemson student is hungry for culture of any kind, and realizing also that the Lee Gallery is open to the public completely free of charge, a trip to the gallery may be well-worth the time both culturally and financially. Within the walls of the Lee Gallery one may examine art from the medieval period up to today, and it does not take an architecture student to appreciate it. One can see the work of famous artists, or the work of Clemson students. To many, the art forms may seem a bit strange, but if they make one ask a question, express an opinion, or just *think*, then the purpose of the Lee Gallery has been fulfilled.

To date, the Lee Gallery has presented some excellent exhibits such as *Section d'Or*, a classic cross-section of cubist adaptations, a photographic display entitled *The Art of the City*, a presentation of *German Medieval Art*, and an excellent display from the Ferdinand Roten Galleries in Baltimore called *International Trends in Printmaking*. It is not my intention, however, to dwell on what *has been* at the gallery, but to enlighten the reader as to what he or she will have

the opportunity to see in the future.

During the month of November, the gallery has scheduled a dual showing entitled *Vacation Homes* and *Fountains*. *Vacation Homes* is an exhibition of photographic panels exploring the creativity and forward concepts best seen in this type of construction. The vacation home is a traditional testing ground for new

and original architectural concepts. This form of construction, which allows great freedom of creativity, is a favorite realm of young architects with young ideas. In view of this, the exhibit should present some exciting ideas which will appeal to the viewer aesthetically, even if he has no architectural interests to excite. This exhibit can be seen November 4-23.

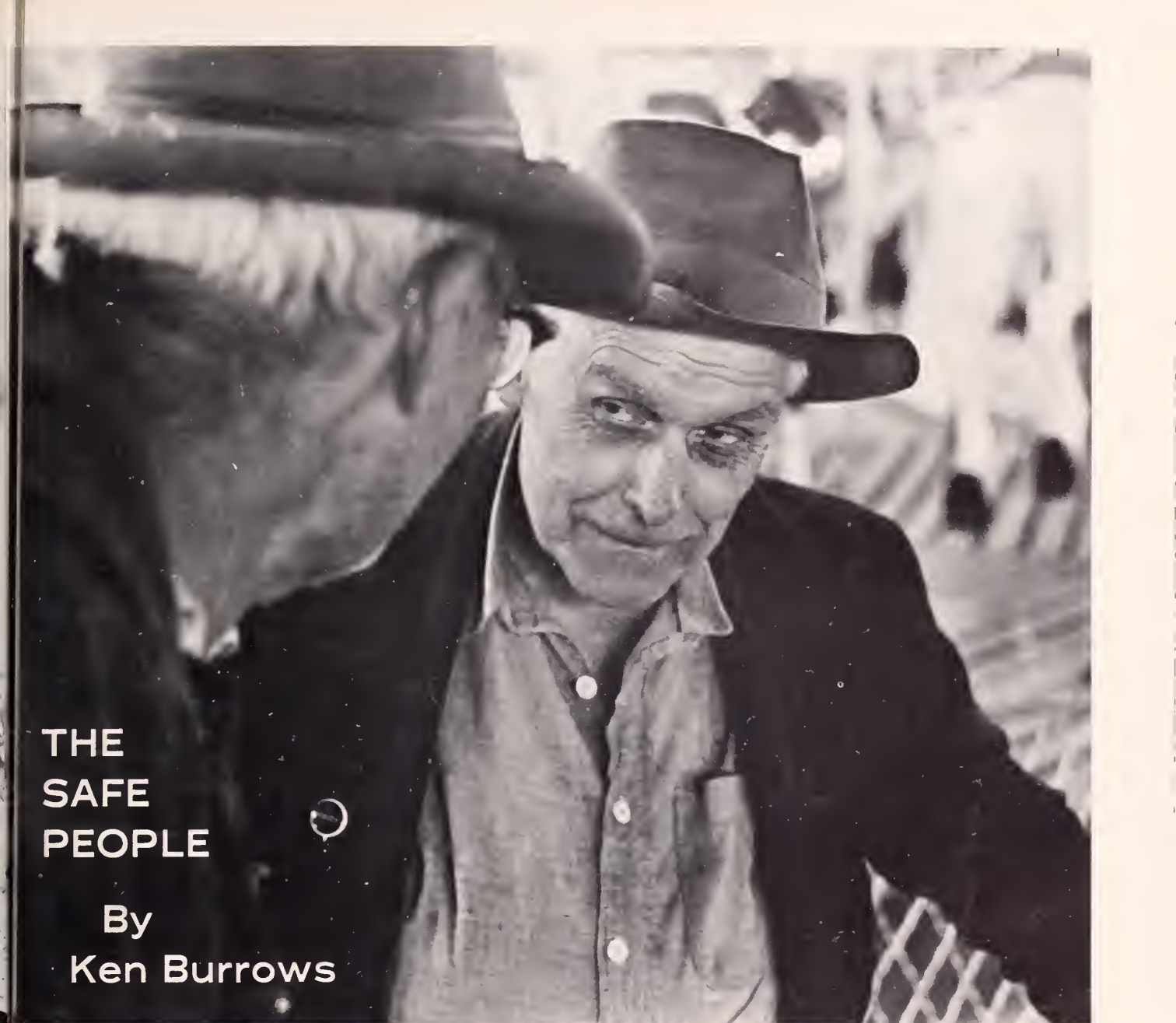




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Carole Wilson, Aries; "Happiness Is Honey-Luv On The Rocks"





THE SAFE PEOPLE

By
Ken Burrows

Albert drove the car. He was a very good driver. He was also a very good miner; however an indifferent husband. But he was not a bank robber. Not a robber of any kind for that matter. But he felt that if he was a good driver and a miner of no small merit, then there was absolutely no reason why he shouldn't make a successful stab at robbing a bank. Which all goes to show that the legal aspect just didn't enter into the matter for Albert. Albert was leader of his gang down the pit and therefore responsible for everything it did. If it he decided that his retainers were all perfectly capable of robbing a bank, then as members of Albert's gang, they were all happily duty-bound to become bank robbers themselves. So there they all were;

sitting, smiling comfortably in the back of the car that Albert drove so well; puffing on their cheap cigarettes and twisting the stiff fuse wire pinched from the pit into amusing, whimsical, little animal shapes. It wasn't one of those nasty sinister groups that one so often associates with bank robberies. Albert's gang was a happy, somewhat noisy, simple minded and genial bunch of lads eager to rob this bank that Albert the ganger wanted them to rob.

The building that the bank was in was a very tall one with the bank offices and safe on the ground floor. The idea that Albert had in his mind was to set a charge—the kind they could all set with their eyes shut every day down the pit—underneath the

safe, blow it open, unload the safe into their Vauxhal car, disappear and then presumably, spend the money. The noisy bunch of men piled out of the car. Straight come from the pit they were all still in the sooty attire of their trade. Bernard, his face yet streaked with the satanic grime of a grim day's toil below the ground hitched his corduroy trousers a little further up around his chest, moistened his fingers and stepped onto the pavement. He was followed by Rupert and Wallace and Jason and Henry and Eli and, finally, from his lonely leader's perch, Albert himself adjusting his pit helmet as he stepped majestically from the car.

The pavement was still rather busy. It was usually far busier at the end

of the morning shift and there would have been no one there at all at the end of the night shift. But at six o'clock of a September evening there were still one or two late night shoppers jamming the pavements as they are wont to do in a crowded suburb. And the presence of a little church of semi-naked miners concealed behind their sweaty veil and looking up at a tall building aroused little or no attention or distraction among the passers-by and good suburban onlookers.

On leaving the ear the gang immediately fell in with shambling steps behind Albert who, naturally and instinctively filled his rightful place at the head of the line. There they stood in the crouching position imposed by years of looking at the mole on Albert's left shoulder as they plodded in the half light down number one corridor to the pit face. The arms would dangle loosely, with the simple tools with which they were to operate attached loosely to the end of them, the head would be erect and looking to the front on the half-bent body; and, thus contorted, they would scuff and shamle along the corridor behind their ganger, the inscrutable and unspeaking Albert. So they were arranged now in a ragged line behind Albert as they began to plod in his wake towards the bank door. The crowd gathered; but our character faltered not—except for one second when Bernard got his Davy Lamp caught in a small child's walking reins for which he was soundly belaboured by an outraged nanny's laundry-bag—until they reached the very door of the building.

This was to be the perfect crime surely. Who could suspect a crowd of ragged miners outside a bank in the middle of a crowded high street on a pleasant evening (with perhaps a tendency to showers) of harbouring felonious intent? True they soon had gathered a crowd of passersby around them but this only seemed to manifest further the peacefulness and law-abiding nature of their appearance. Surely none would have gathered to observe had there been the slightest suggestion of menace about them! With Albert and his trusty band the



law, as has been said before does not enter into the matter. They were all perfectly entitled to do a job which years of competent labour down the pit had qualified them to do.

The door of the bank posed no problem to their brawn bulk. With a balletic grace, a warm blur of soot and singlet, one joyous darting movement they smashed the door in. Hastily shuffling back into formation behind Albert they trooped into the bank. But not alone. Their grimy pageantry had attracted the attention of a considerable number of the populace who quietly and unhindered followed them into the bank. The procession was an orderly one. Albert's position as ganger was too clear to be abused. So he, dragging his mates behind him plodded over to the large safe which filled the corner unmolested by the large swarm of murmuring onlookers that he and the rest had attracted. On reaching the safe he turned and signalled to his professional

to wait for a moment; and for the first time Albert realized the presence of his audience. He stood for a moment thoughtful but unshaken; and at that moment Albert seemed to realize what it was to have power. That audience was his audience. They had come to see him work. Maybe he couldn't perform for them down the pit, but by Davy he could perform for them here. And perform he would. He threw them a modest acknowledging smile and then, as if he had performed some intricate and subtle sleight of hand he quietly, smiling to himself and eyes lowered, produced from his pocket a long piece of fuse wire. There were appreciative murmurs from the audience as he drew his fingers slowly, gently, lovingly along it's length. The audience followed his fingers. The gang looked admiringly and knowingly at Albert their ganger. And suddenly with a jerk and a showman-like flourish Albert was holding the fuse wire stretched and taut as a bowstring above his pit helmet. The



audience applauded quietly and once more murmurs of appreciation forced Albert to lower his eyes with the suggestion of a fluttered eyelash, in modesty.

They were with him now. Albert had got his audience. They watched and waited with breath held in reserve for every move. He snapped his fingers and immediately Bernard and Jason held up to the audience a large packet of brown paper bound with adhesive tape. Albert came forward and, smiling passionately to the spectators, rolled up his sleeves as if to reveal for all witness the nothing it contained. He drew out of the parcel, amid admiring little exhalations of wonder from the audience, one two, . . . three long yellow sausages. Confidently acknowledging the new burst of high applause Albert flourished his sticks of explosive charge and then with a sudden dramatic movement turned, dragging the audience eyes fiercely with him, to look at the safe.

There he stood for a long moment in absolute command gazing at the safe. Not a sound came from the audience. Not a word came from the gang. Then quietly and deliberately Albert strode across to the safe. In the stifling silence of the moment were inadequate each miner of the gang removed his helmet, placed between his knees and began to beat very quietly with his fingers a tattoo on it's crown. This quiet drumroll, increasing almost imperceptibly the while, was the only sound as Albert set himself the familiar task of laying the charge. As he stood up, task completed, the drumroll had increased to an even thunder as each miner fingered the same resonant chord upon his headgear. At a sweep of Albert's arm, majestic with bitumen the crowd edged backward to the far wall and awaited the beating heart the culmination of the performance. The fuse was light



the drumroll louder, and louder, and louder was at it's loudest. Albert was standing to attention in front of his gang of drummers at a distance from the safe. Closer and closer, the tiny spark sidled a slithered along the serpent of fuse, towards the first sausage, and the drumming forever kept in time. The explosion, though expected and awaited still shattered the nerves of the onlookers. It was very loud and very bright, in fact the only kind of explosion that Albert could have accepted at such a moment in the performance. The bang and flash were followed by a fitting amount of smoke and as the smoke began to clear Albert turned, for once complacently with one revelatory arm stretched back towards the cloud that hid the safe ready to receive the plaudits of the crowd. But they didn't come. Instead of admiring grunts there were gasps of amazement. Oh foolish Albert! You took even these for praises. He held the pose by way of a bow and then turned back to share with his audience the sight that the clearing of the smoke revealed. Nothing! Albert stared. Nothing? Nothing! Impossible. He himself had leaned against the safe as he laid his charge underneath. But it wasn't there and the audience was getting restless. Where was it? The complacency turned to panic. This never happened down the mine. He'd done this thousands of times and never—no never had this trouble. The rubble always stayed precisely where it exploded. Then, he thought. Where else has it to go; or rather where would it go had it the chance? It was then that some inner prompting made him look up to the ceiling and see his question answered. The hole in the ceiling was a neat mole and just big enough for a safe to pass through. This was no coincidence surely thought Albert; and then the truth dawned. The hole in the

ceiling had taken over the full attention of the audience. There eyes bored a myriad holes all round it. At the same moment the whole room came to life. Without a word Albert fled to the door and outside to the steps leading upwards. The gang replaced their drums and followed him at their most rapid shamble. The audience joined on to the end of the gang and chased through the door following the blur of Albert the danger already halfway up the stairs. He reached the door of the room upstairs and crashed inside it panting. No safe. A hole in the floor probably directly above the one in the ceiling in the room below, betrayed the rapid passage of the large safe-like object. And judging by the hole in the ceiling it had been travelling at quite a pace. The ganger's mind worked faster than it was used to doing. With a parting look he dashed out of the room. As he left, his gang arrived and entered the room. They panted there for a respectful second and then dashed on in the wake of their ganger up the stairs. The crowd had no such respect but kept on up the stairs as the mole on Albert's shoulder danced away in front of them. They saw the dancing mole reach the room on the third floor, enter, and come dashing out tango neatly round the rest of the gang as they entered the room and quickstep jerkily up to the top of the building. Up and up it went, with the crocodile in hot pursuit following the path of holed ceilings trodden by that discourteous safe. Suddenly the dancing had stopped. The mole had paused for a second, just behind Albert, at the doorway of the topmost room. The gang too ceased their charge and tiptoed slowly and reverently up the last few steps, to crane their necks into the room. Albert

turned to the crowd, which by this time was beginning to mutter its wonder at its own conduct. They looked for a reason from the hovering Albert who smirked confidently on the top landing, with a look on his face as if to say, "How could you ever lose faith in your ganger." He swept out an arm and invited them into the room where the gang, terrified of entering the chapel of their leader's triumph, craned and stared stupidly in a ring around the door frame. But the agnostic crowd crushed past them and into the room.

The room was a sight to see. With it's final impetus the safe had just managed to break through this final ceiling, and struggling almost to the roof, its last obstacle to the heavens before the stars themselves; but unable to gain a handhold on the ceiling, it had sent up a final despairing pant and subsided into the spider's web of the ornate chandelier that graced the lid of the room. There it sat amidst branches of light, and there overcome by fatigue it's mouth had lolled open and dribbled a rich and noisy saliva all over the floor. It still did so, playing the crowd a monotonous keyless introits as it entered. Each eye of the crowd moved slowly round the room and then to the new nest that had seemed to build itself in the chandelier. As they watched the safe quietly dribbling their mouths dropping open in sympathy, for the first time they began to realize where they were and what was happening. A small man with a bald head and dirty color spoke first. "Hey! They were trying to blow it open." Albert, by now standing beneath the chandelier and allowing the cataract to pour over his feet,



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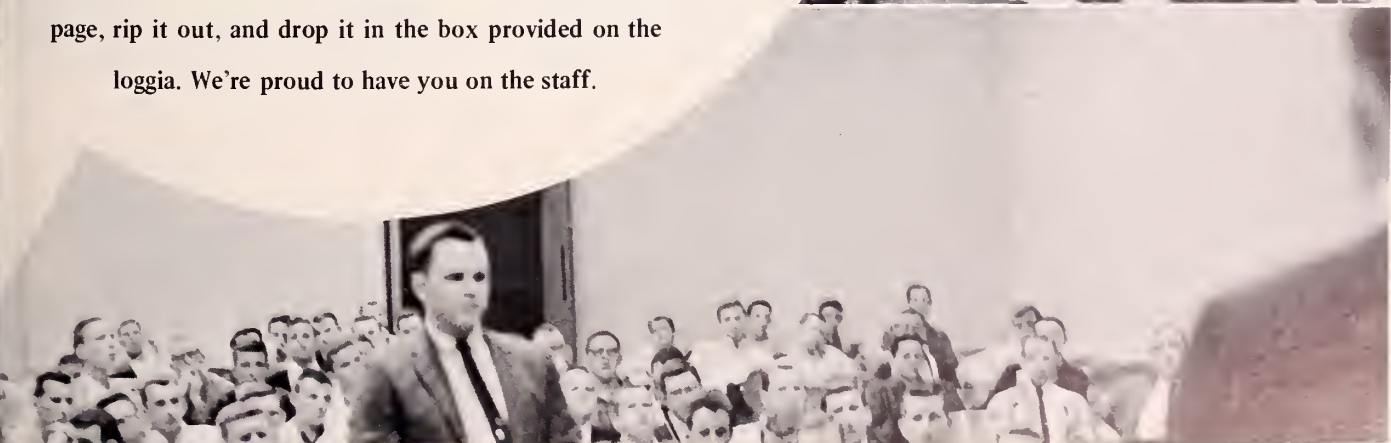
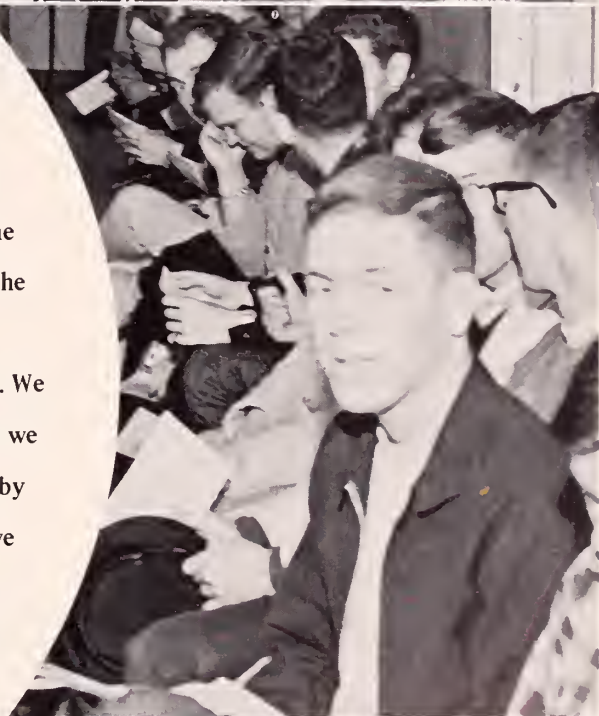
Mary Ann Embry, Sagittarius: "Happiness Is The State Or Quality Of Being"



TELL IT LIKE IT IS



What is the purpose of a magazine? What is the purpose of any form of mass communication for that matter? We have come to the conclusion that it should not be to provide a means for cramming the beliefs of the editors down the readers' collective throat. A magazine with as clearly a defined audience as that of the Chronicle should express the aspirations, the problems, the excitement and the confusion of its source of material -- the men and women who make up the university community. Every reader of the Chronicle has the right to take part in its production. We have devised the following list of questions for you to answer for us so that we can use the response to set the tone of the next magazine. We hope that by having the readers play a prominent role in the design of the magazine we can achieve a sort of conversation over the magazine rather than a lecture series coming from it. We would appreciate it greatly if you would answer these questions on the answer sheet on the back of this page, rip it out, and drop it in the box provided on the loggia. We're proud to have you on the staff.



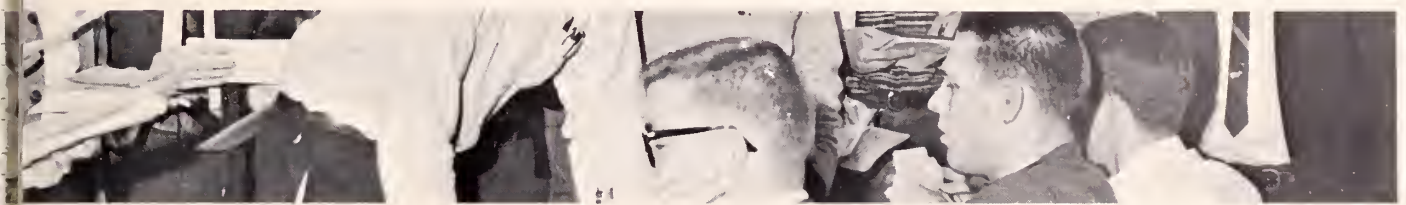


	Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree	Strongly Agree		Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree	Strongly Agree		Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree	Strongly Agree
1.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	16.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	31.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
2.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	17.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	32.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
3.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	18.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	33.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
4.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	19.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	34.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
5.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	20.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	35.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
6.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	21.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	36.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
7.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	22.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	37.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
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9.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	24.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	39.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
10.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	25.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	40.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
11.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	26.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	41.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
12.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	27.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	42.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
13.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	28.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	43.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
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15.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	30.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	45.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐



46.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	51.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	56.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
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49.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	54.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	59.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
50.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	55.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	60.	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

1. Most students are interested in helping Clemson become a better university.
2. I have had at least one professor at Clemson inspire me to learn.
3. I am enjoying Clemson.
4. Age is a basis for respect.
5. Male and female students should have the same rules.



6. I have an obligation to my country.
7. Social welfare legislation is an indirect form of slavery.
8. I would report another student who broke the law.
9. Man has the right to do as he pleases if he hurts no-one else.
10. I can live what I believe.
11. God is irrelevant.
12. Co-ed dormitories would work at Clemson.
13. I would smoke pot.
14. I should not be forced to take ROTC.
15. Censorship of any kind should be abolished.

16. Pre-marital sexual intercourse is healthy and desirable psychologically.
17. "Who am I?" is a big question.
18. "What should I do?" is a bigger question.
19. Fraternities and Sororities are for the insecure.
20. Many university rules are invasions of the individual's privacy.
21. The theory of evolution proves the superiority of some races over others.
22. Cameras make me nervous.
23. Virginity should be voluntary.
24. This poll is a farce.



25. Student Government does not represent the students.
26. I am dissatisfied with myself.
27. I have considered committing suicide.
28. Communists are slowly taking over the world.
29. The real world, as I understand it, is outside of the classroom.



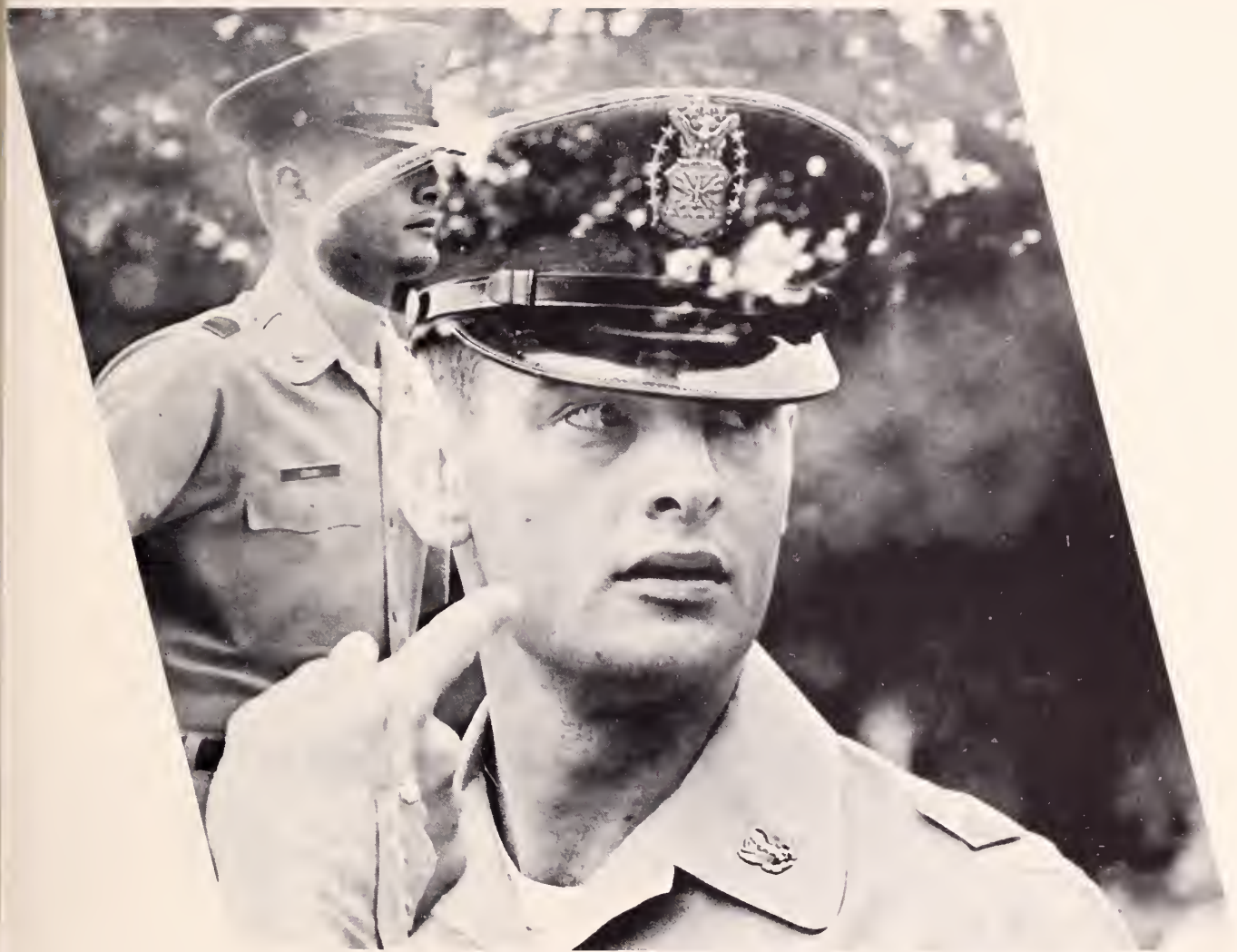
30. Law and order should be maintained by force.
31. I would never want to live in a big city because of the mass confusion.
32. I could make it to the top without a degree.
33. Students should be allowed to choose the majority of their courses.
34. Clemson should have national fraternities.
35. Football is overemphasized on this campus.
36. Women with rough hands are worthy of respect.
37. I would like to grow a beard, but am afraid of what other people would think of me.
38. "The Pill" should be available to co-eds.
39. Long hair and sideburns on boys is ridiculous.
40. Church sacraments and traditional social beliefs should be honored, not challenged.
41. Clemson can afford better toilet paper.
42. Inter-racial dating is objectionable.
43. Student organizations should not receive money from student activities fees.
44. My college education has changed my outlook on just about everything.



- 45. I am afraid of death.
- 46. Campus journalism should be divorced from world events.
- 47. Most students are willing to help other students.
- 48. I am suppressed.
- 49. There is too much emotionalism in patriotism now.
- 50. Sex education should be taught in grammar school.
- 51. I cheat.



- 52. Student demonstrations are evidence of widespread awareness and involvement.
- 53. The human body is beautiful.
- 54. Masturbation is immoral.
- 55. I had already chosen my career when I came to Clemson.
- 56. There is nothing wrong with capital punishment.
- 57. I cannot understand modern art.
- 58. Religion is a source of strength and inspiration.
- 59. I don't know why I answered these questions.



Following a narrow defeat for the office of Student Body President, Gordon Edgin has rebounded to one of the most critical positions in the university community. With strength, integrity, and conviction Edgin acts as President of the Student Senate -- only one of the many positions of responsibility to which he has devoted himself. Distinguishing himself in many aspects of campus involvement, Edgin has acquired the confidence and respect of his contemporaries and elders alike. Already accorded the honor of being names to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities, Gordon Edgin seems a likely man to expect big things from in the future.

An insight into the man might be gotten from his speaking about student participation. "I don't know why you do it. The only way to get things done is to roll up your sleeves and do something -- get your hands dirty. I'm trying."

"You can't criticize people on your standards; you've got to find out what makes them tick."

WAVE MAKERS



A man with something to say, and the ability to say it -- Dennis Bolt applies his talents with energy and commitment. Bolt, at twenty, has overcome an early lack of confidence to exert a very real impact on campus action and opinion. As Managing Editor of *The Tiger* he displays a grasp of the problems which confront his generation, and a willingness to grapple with their solution. Bolt's activities reflect a social conscience which demands involvement beyond simple philosophy: Politically active is President of The Young Democrats, socially: involved with local and State Council on Human Relations. With another year at Clemson and plans that extend into the future, Dennis Bolt's voice will be increasingly valuable as a keynote to progress.

"I once found class barriers stifling; I now see that they are no hindrance to success based on merit."

In the male dominated world of Clemson University Becky Carlton has become recognized as a dynamic and influential student spokesman. In the governmental and social structure of the university Miss Carlton has held a variety of positions of responsibility while maintaining an enviable academic record. She has served as president of the Sigma Beta Chi sorority, was elected to the Student Senate in her second and third years serving as Chairman of the Student Organizations and Affaires Committee in the latter. She is also active in the YMCA, President of the Order of Athena, and a delegate to the

Chief promoter of the Republican cause on campus, Bill DePass is making himself known to the student body. A man who it appears will graduate a full year ahead of schedule with a degree in history, DePass plans to enter law school and, from all indications, will undertake a serious political career. He has been active in Student Government since being elected to the Student Senate in his Freshman year. Last year he was on the Ways and Means Committee, and this year has the honor of being Chairman of the High Court. He is a member of Blue Key, Tiger Brotherhood, and has recently been honored for his contribution to the Clemson community by being selected for Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. Of course, throughout his stay at Clemson he has maintained a high degree of activity in the Young Republicans and is their president this year. "1. The students should be aware of things around them; 2. Stand up and say things; 3. Do something about the things you say."



SCSSL for the past two years. She is probably most well known for her active participation in the Women's Student Organization better known as WSA. In the recent controversy over the status and future of the organization on campus, Miss Carlton, its president, campaigned vigorously for the retention of the body as a working voice of women at Clemson. As a tribute to her tireless involvement in the progress of Clemson she was recently named to who's Who.

"Every life should count for something. It's up to us to make our life count."





As designer for TAPS, the Clemson University Yearbook, John Hartley is responsible for the break with the normal, everyday, award-winning format which Taps had followed until last year. By bringing his own dynamic and creative ideas about what a yearbook should look like to the drawing board, he has opened up a whole new field for future editions. Certainly no-one can call last years Taps a stereotyped yearbook, and now Hartley, in his third year as designer, has the opportunity to break down the rest of the inhibiting barriers which keep the college yearbook from being an art form in itself. Apparently, from talking to the rest of the Taps staff, he has developed the art of working with people to perfection also.

"Power, recognition, personal development, altruism—all are reasons for involvement. I suppose I've tried several in the last four years. Today I feel the latter is the only one worth germination; Tomorrow perhaps one of the others."

Jeff Pringle is the man behind the new sound on WSBF. If you happen to tune in on a Friday night you will hear the strange sounds of his show called Nimrod Incarmadine. Chances are you will be turned on to the newest sounds the psychedelic explosion has to offer.

This is not Jeff's first contact with change on this campus. Last year he was one of the founders of Students for a Free University—a new direction in student organizations. It was simply concerned with the student's place in the university and the necessity of taking that place. He has been with WSBF for four years now, and in that time he has opened up a whole new listening world for future audiences.

"My old Scottish grandmother summed it up pretty well. 'If ifs and ands were pots and pans, there'd be no need for tinkers.'"



Dennis H. Cartwright is one of the most impressive examples of student involvement on this campus. He came here seeking a Master's Degree in Mathematics and spent his first couple of years working predominantly toward that end.

At that point he wanted to become a more integral part of the place he loved. When he joins your organization he's one of those people you don't know how you got along without before he appeared. He is a member of Tiger Brotherhood, Blue Key, and the Numeral Society. He led the CDA through a successful season last year as its president. This year he is president of the Intra-Fraternity Council. One gets the impression that if he stays around much longer there won't be anything left to do.

"I believe that every student needs to feel that he is a part of his university and that being active in what areas he may chose will make his college career more meaningful for the present and for the future. One must seek success and happiness for these qualities will not seek the individual."



Although David Cooper continuously receives awards as Charles, Many students directly associate respect with either name. David has been active in student government ever since his first year here when he was elected as Freshman Class President. In his Sophomore year he was elected to the Student Senate, and after spending last year in the court system he is now a member of High Court. Simultaneously he has catapulted himself to the highest academic ranks of the chemical engineers and a \$4100.00 scholarship for graduate study at Rice University. But, of all of his feats, David is probably best known for his top position in Clemson's tennis team, which he has held since the end of his sophomore year.

A sense of leadership and deep power of concentration form the strength behind his sporty attitude toward involvement. "Because it's there."





Pat Durham, Leo: "Happiness Is Walking Thru Mudpuddles In The Rain"





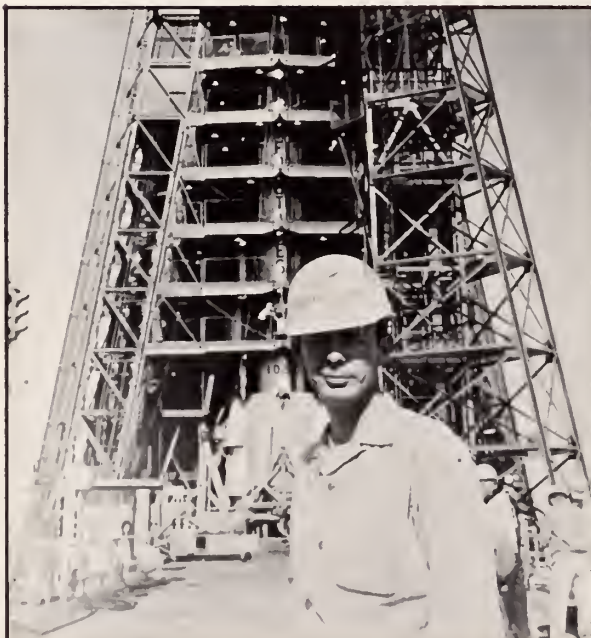
Barbara San Miguel, Scorpio: "Happiness Is Racing With The Wind Along A Sandy Shore On Horseback"





Writer, inventor, inovator --- Rembert R. Stokes, Jr. is playing a key role in the progress of electronic communications. A 1953 graduate of Clemson, Stokes is now with Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc. as supervisor of the Video Telephone Systems Dept. Owner of 21 patent applications for inventions, Stokes has had his hand in developments ranging from the laminated "Sandwich" coins used by the U. S.

Representation of an entirely different, and perhaps, more meaningful, form of success, is --- Williston Wightman Klugh, Jr. A 1926 graduate of Clemson College with a degree in horticulture, Klugh has taken part in a variety of fields --- from threatre management to the map service of the U. S. Corps of Engineers, and has lived in many parts of the country, from Western Texas to Washington, D. C. Regardless of his location or occupation, however, one cannot help but believe that Klugh has dedicated himself to the happiness of others, and to service to his community. Reflecting an interest in life, a confidence in youth, and a critical eye to the



On his way up in the world of space exploration, H. E. (Gene) McCoy exemplifies the young achiever among Clemson alumni. A member of the class of '54, McCoy, who grew up on a farm near Scape Ore Swamp in South Carolina, was in charge of co-ordination of all Space-craft launch activities at Cape Kennedy

today, to the Picturephone set, Bell's visual image dialable phonesystem. In addition to his technical achievements, Stokes has lectured in psychology at Butler University, from which he also received his M.S. in Educational Psychology. Beyond his involvements with Bell and his numerous lectures, Mr. Stokes is an active Unitarian and a prolific writer --- We look for more great things from Rembert Stokes.

status quo, Mr. Klugh is a veritable fountain of information, inspiration and imagination. While many others of the generation of which Klugh is a part, have either contented themselves with the world they live in, or with the unlikeliness of contributing to its improvement, we have here a man who not only is dissatisfied with, but who offers concrete ways for his environment to progress. Klugh has returned to Clemson after his many years away and has once again taken up his true vocation, this time under the guise of retirement.

"You've got to look into the future to see what today's progress might blossom into."



for seven years. In this capacity he has worked with both the Mercury and Gemini space programs, and was involved with the Apollo project until his selection for a Sloan Fellowship for further study. Recently upon completion of his studies at Stanford University, McCoy returned to work with the space program.

WHAT'S A JAI ALAI?

By Chip Nusbickel

The game of *Jai Alai* (pronounced Hi-Li) is familiar to few Clemson students. It seems a waste that Florida is the only state in the union where a sport of such skill and precision can be witnessed.

Many people may find it strange to believe that the world's oldest and fastest ball game actually means Merry Festival in the native Basque Spanish tongue. The sport was first celebrated in the 17th century as a form of handball. Today Jai Alai players have made the game a colorful sport of utmost skill.

Highly experienced performers have increasingly perfected the standards of Jai Alai equipment. The wicker basket "gloves", referred to as the *cesta*, is tailor-made to player's specifications. *Cesta* frames are formed of steam-bent chestnut and inch wide ribs. Reeds woven from the Pyrenees still imported from the Pyrenees Mountains. This structure must withstand impulses required to catch and hurl the rock hard ball at speeds exceeding 150 miles per hour. The player's hand is kept snug in a leather glove sewn to the outside of the *cesta*, and a long tape is wrapped around

the glove and wrist to prevent slippage.

The *pelota* is an artfully perfected ball costing \$35.00 to produce and constant pampering to maintain. Its size is about three quarters that of a baseball, although its density is about twice that of a golf ball. It is probably responsible for more injuries than any other sports object. The core of the *pelota* is hand-wound *virgen de Para* rubber from Brazil and is covered with a layer of nylon thread and two layers of specially treated goatskin.

In December of 1966 the world's greatest Jai Alai player was critically injured by a sizzling *pelota* blow above the left ear. A shocked crowd stood silent and watched as their limp champion, Orbea, was carried from the court, bleeding profusely from a triple fracture. This man, who had to relearn his use of even a fork, has fought his way back into action. His case is not singular, but it is well known among followers who have sought to prevent its reoccurrence.

A new addition to player's equipment is the protective helmet made of reinforced hard plastic and foam rubber lining. The helmet detracts nothing from the player's action while prompting a greater daring on court.

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Three granite walls, a thick gunite (pressure-applied cement) floor, and clear vision steel screen enclose the court action. The ball is played against the right front wall (*frontis*) which measures 40' x 40'. A powerful throw against the frontis will bounce the pelota the entire 176' to the back wall.

Professional Jai Alai may be seen in any of six Floridan frontons (arenas) depending upon the season. Most rookies follow the American fronton seasons, while the more accomplished players return to their homeland seasons in Spain, Cuba, Mexico, France, Italy, China, and the Philippines. Each fronton maintains a manager (whose job includes the scheduling of players and court direction), a ball maker, and a player's trainer. Very few of the players can speak much English meaning added burdens for the trainer who must often double as interpreter.

The game may be played among a total of eight teams (each consisting of one, two, or possibly three players). Colored jerseys and individual numbers distinguish teams and players, respectively. Team 1 serves the ball to team 2 against the front wall; it must fall within the floor serving zone in order to be in play. Team 2 must catch and return the ball to the frontis from the fly or on no more than one bounce. A point is scored when the receiving team allows the ball to bounce twice, to go foul by hitting the perimeter of the court, or when a player fails to catch and return the ball in one continuous motion. The team winning the point remains on

the court to serve to the next team, while the losing team goes to the end of the bench. Play continues in this manner until any team reaches the game point (5, 6, or 7 points). The second and third places are determined by the teams with the next highest points (or a playoff, in case of a tie).

Retired players often remain with a fronton as judges. Three judges must rule decisions of under- and over-serving, foul balls, ball-stalling, and player interference. Judges stand at the front edges of the court and use hand racquets to protect themselves from a stray ball.

The first-time viewer is often amazed with the dedicated efforts made on the court. A player receives a bonus for his success (\$15 to win, \$10 for second, and \$5 for third) in addition to a rated salary. In desperate attempts to give their team an edge, players often hurl themselves to the floor for extra throwing power, or jump up walls and the screen to catch a well placed ball.

The spectator may soon find excitement even in the shortest of matches. However the factor of paramutual betting exponentially increases the waging viewer's thrill. Paramutual wagering is commissioned and supervised by Florida Racing Commission officials permitting a small cut of the take to be distributed among the state and the fronton, as according to law.

A normal wager consists of \$2.00 win, place, and show (first, second, and third place) tickets which have had payoffs over \$50.00 per ticket according to the final odds of the game.

A *quinella* ticket may be purchased at \$2.00 for greater payoffs when the first and second place teams are chosen regardless of their finishing order. \$3.00 *perfecta* tickets reward even higher returns to those who can guess the win and place teams in their order.

Although yearly, seasonal, and weekly statistics for each player and approximate odds for each team are printed plainly in daily programs, any bettor finds Jai Alai quite difficult to bet on. A game is often won by freak bounces, misjudged pelota english, or awkward player positions. The most accomplished professionals are surprised by a ball twisting its way out of cesta control.

Each player is a practicing artist who continually strives to increase his mastery of every throw. Respect and love for the sport drives each man to regard his honesty with pride, because fixing a game (if possible) would mean unquestionable suspension, fine, or both. Such action could prove almost fatal to a man who has dedicated his life's skills to his performance each season.

The ignorance of this sport among Americans is stunning. Perhaps it would be worthwhile for sports-minded citizens to take an interest in Jai Alai and its possibilities in a more national participation.

The Chronicle expresses thanks to the management and players of the following frontons for their help and cooperation:

Miami Jai Alai, Orlando-Seminole Jai Alai Fronton, and Daytona Beach Jai Alai Fronton.







(Continued from page 5)

splitting away from the trunk of the branches—all of the branches break off at the same angle; as do the twigs from the branches; and the leaves from the twigs; and the veins in a leaf from the larger veins. Also, the tree grows primarily up and down, then out from this axis—all trees are like this.

A man, physically, is symmetrical about one plane, growing out from the intersection of this and another, perpendicular, plane.

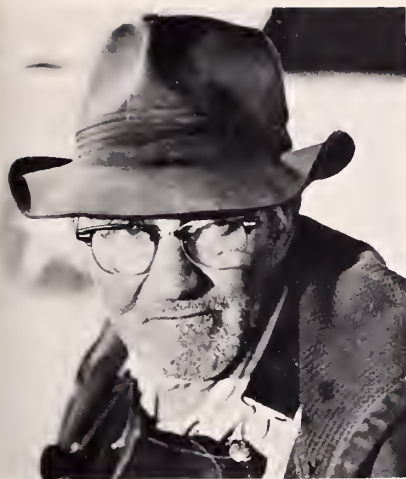
Mentally, a tree searches for water, air, and sunlight (in an effort to relate to its environment) and brings these quantities back to feed its motivation. Man searches, beyond food, for knowledge and brings this experience back to feed his motivation. These are both patterns in explosion-implosion growth processes.

Spiritually, both the tree and a man search for unity of the physical and mental—unity being motivated by association with naturally ordered organic patterns. This is a perpetual circulation of motivation. The prime difference between a tree and a man is that the former is automatic and the latter must will to be autonomous.

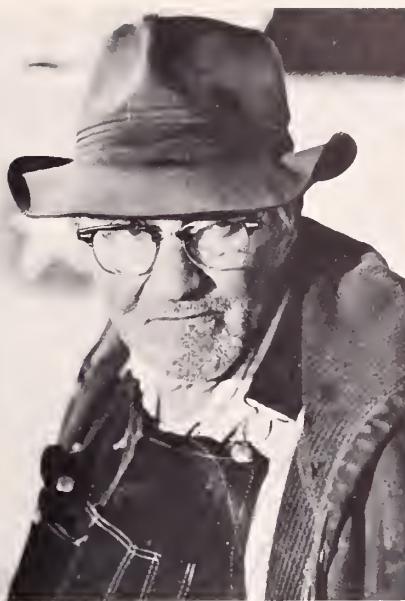
The maturity of a man is seen in his ability to accept association with natural patterns, become part of The Pattern, and simply reflect natural order in his work—which should be communication, or love.

How does one do this? First he is aware of all the media he has at hand for association of people, then he becomes confident enough to be a spontaneous media himself, and finally he arrives at close, comfortable association with other people, incorporating them as he is incorporated. This growth is a search for depth and unity which can be attained in time, ideally.





(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)



nodded and smirked modestly without even turning a glance toward the crowd. At this movement from their leader's head the gang shuffled hastily through the crowd to position themselves in their pit poses behind. They began to nod modestly taking his lead for a cue and gazing happily and contentedly at the mole. "Thieves!" The word meant nothing to Albert who continued to nod modestly and continued to gaze at his cornered prize—so it meant nothing to his gang either. A new kind of muttering to float above the crowd in Albert's direction. "That's what they are, thieves." Albert didn't bat an eyelid. It was as though he didn't know the meaning of the word. "They dragged us here to help them rob this bank! The man with the dirty dollar continued to rouse the crowd against Albert, who by this time, his eyes glued to the results of his diligent labour, was swaying in a delirium of success. The crowd's muttering began to swell, first to a low roar and then to a thunderous outburst a tumult of indignation. There in broad daylight in the middle of their town a group of anonymous and grimy men, with not a decent suit between them—and not a look at the sooty marks on the carpets and floors—had come to raid and rob their nice new bank. There was no doubt about it and they had, as citizens should, followed the raiding even to the very top of the building. They turned and muttered at each other in indignation. Then they turned and indignated at Albert's gang. Fiercely and fearlessly did they indignate at Albert's gang. How much

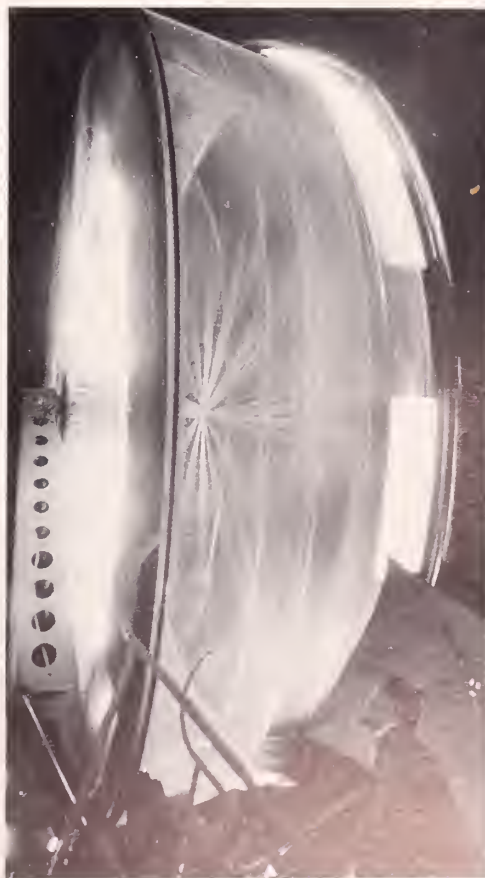
better they should have known than to have followed Albert! The crowd railed as one. Each seemed to have precisely the same sense of duty. Then some began to turn away for soon the police would be there. As they departed many of them picked up some of the dribbled contents of the safe. They would not go away without proof of Albert's villainy. The desire to find and keep proof of Albert's villainy waxed hot within them. They scrabbled on their suited knees over the floor. They fought each other and blacked each other's eyes out of a righteous desire to keep a token of Albert's villainy. Women sent their children in among the tangle of arms and legs where they couldn't pass themselves, to collect a remembrance of that villainous pit-man. Men poked their tight umbrellas into tiny gaps where they crawled about searching for evidence, and imprisoned florins against the linoleum with the point of walking sticks. Ladies clutched these symbols of another's sin to their bosoms, or if there wasn't room pushed them down the tops of their stockings. And as they thus cavorted they muttered their indictment of Albert. "Robber" as they scoured the corners. "Villain" as they inspected a neighbour's turn-up. "Dastard" as they sidled further proof of Albert's plunder into their pockets. And then they were backing away. They moved down the stairs a noisy chattering scrabbling wave. With the refreshing fickleness of crowds, the felony of

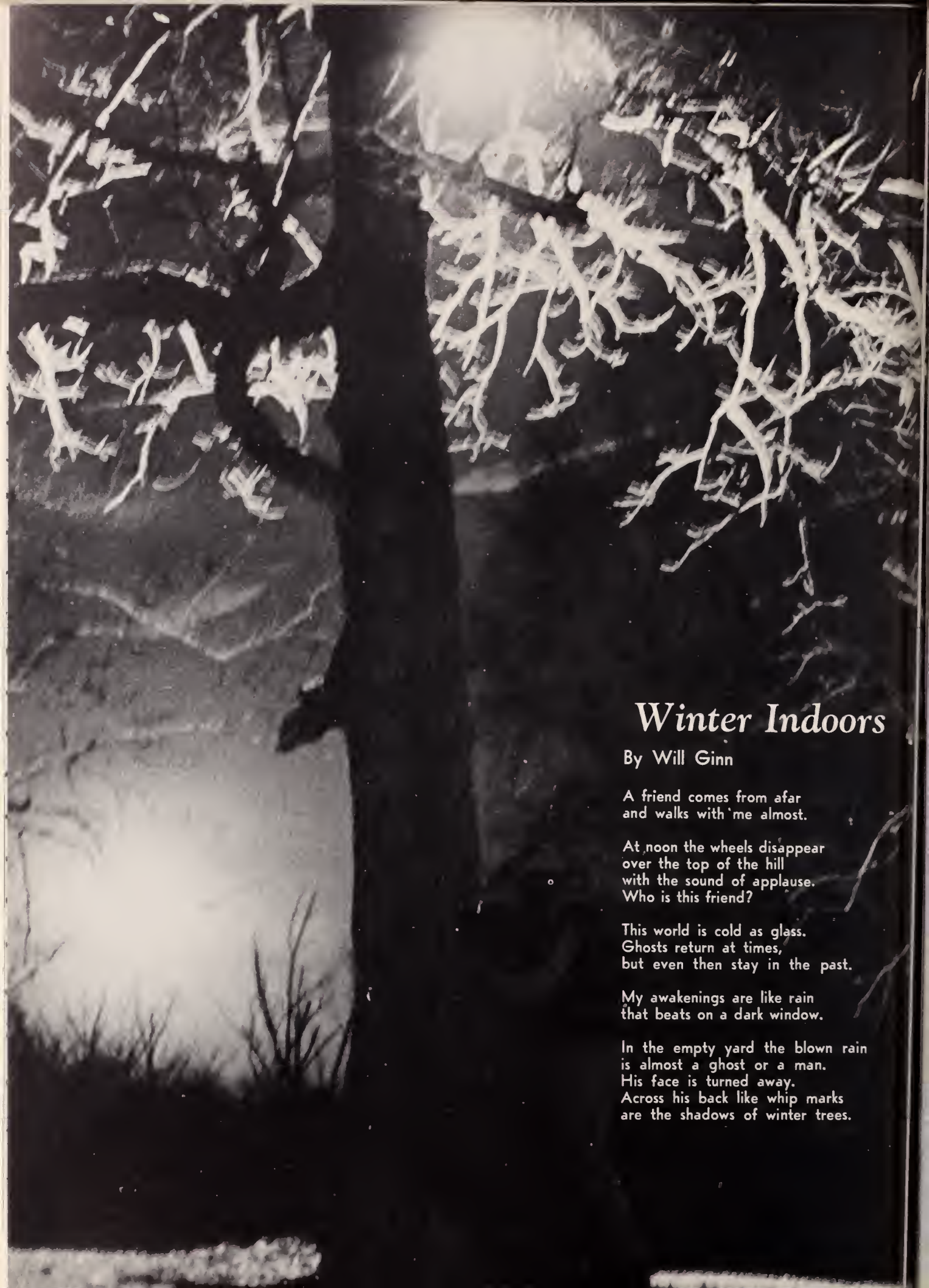
Albert was forgotten by the time they had reached the bottom of the stairs. Out into the sunlight they passed and Albert was forgotten. Oh fortunate you who can cast out of your mind the evil erstwhile inflicted upon you by an other. Go about your business and fear not. Forget what you have seen for it will never be recalled to you for you call it not back to yourselves unless it profit you to do so.

Albert all this time had not moved. He gazed at the thing in the chandelier with a serene and rapturous smile on his face. His gang had grouped themselves about him. From their stooping shoulders the grimy heads bent upwards to share their master's joy. Quietly they rejoiced with their ganger and their pleasure radiated through the grimy mask that hid their faces. The police had entered, were surrounding Albert and his gang ready for an offensive. But Albert and all remained untouched by the presence of the law. They just gazed and gazed at the chandelier and it's burden. They were good miners. Albert was the best ganger a bunch could have and he was a good driver too. Now, he had blown a safe. There had been a slight unexpected hitch . . . but with a bit of practice! But as true as they were still standing there when the policemen arrived, it was nothing, nothing at all to do with breaking the law.

ELLIS...







Winter Indoors

By Will Ginn

A friend comes from afar
and walks with me almost.

At noon the wheels disappear
over the top of the hill
with the sound of applause.
Who is this friend?

This world is cold as glass.
Ghosts return at times,
but even then stay in the past.

My awakenings are like rain
that beats on a dark window.

In the empty yard the blown rain
is almost a ghost or a man.
His face is turned away.
Across his back like whip marks
are the shadows of winter trees.

taps 1969





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CLEMSON Chronicle

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March 1969

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Left—Right

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Back Stage (review)

and not a drop to drink

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Malcom-X

Coming Next

The CHRONICLE is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University, published four times a year. Address all correspondence to the CHRONICLE, Box 2186, Clemson University Station, Clemson, South Carolina 29631. Student subscriptions paid through student activities fee. Other subscription rates: U. S. and possessions \$3.00 per year; Canada and Pan American Union Countries \$4.00; other foreign \$5.00. Entered as second class mail, at Clemson, South Carolina. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or the administration. The editor assumes responsibility for the opinions expressed in the CHRONICLE if there are any.



At a time when students are rioting all over the country, when administrators are at their wit's end trying to find solutions to campus problems, when professors are having a hard time figuring out which side they should indeed be on, at a time when students are nervous about careers, the draft, and grades, when there is a threatening crisis in Vietnam, South America, Berlin, and the Middle East, when people are starving in Biafra and certain sections of our own country, when France and Italy are threatened by paralyzing strikes, at a time when Clemson is experiencing the first ripples of student activism, when Peace talks in Paris are disappointing, when Russia and the U. S. cannot agree on nuclear weapons, when men are flying around the moon and planes cannot land in Kennedy airport; all of this time everyone must go to the bathroom. So if you're sick of graffiti, take this issue to your favorite private domain and peruse at your leisure.

Jeff Hemphill

QUESTION RESULTS

(Percentages of those voting)

	Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree	Strongly Agree		Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree	Strongly Agree		Strongly Disagree	Mildly Disagree	No Opinion	Mildly Agree
1.	29	32	5	29	5	21.	56	18	11	10	5	41.	3	3	25	9
2.	9	3	6	29	52	22.	41	25	13	15	6	42.	40	24	8	10
3.	8	16	9	40	28	23.	4	1	13	26	56	43.	28	20	16	9
4.	42	15	4	28	13	24.	23	20	24	14	20	44.	16	24	4	35
5.	6	23	4	18	50	25.	6	28	9	26	31	45.	38	19	8	20
6.	13	5	3	30	50	26.	13	23	5	45	15	46.	71	16	8	4
7.	21	23	28	16	13	27.	45	10	5	19	21	47.	11	22	3	49
8.	11	25	20	31	13	28.	18	19	13	34	18	48.	14	11	6	51
9.	10	16	1	28	45	29.	5	8	1	25	56	49.	30	21	10	15
10.	8	11	8	31	43	30.	26	15	6	29	24	50.	4	10	14	31
11.	60	14	10	8	9	31.	44	18	11	15	13	51.	48	19	0	21
12.	43	19	8	19	13	32.	23	29	11	31	9	52.	25	25	5	15
13.	43	14	4	11	29	33.	3	26	33	30	9	53.	1	1	14	18
14.	8	13	4	9	68	34.	9	1	36	20	34	54.	45	20	20	8
15.	16	33	3	28	21	35.	23	20	5	20	33	55.	43	9	5	19
16.	23	20	9	29	20	36.	9	5	55	19	13	56.	35	21	5	20
17.	4	8	6	25	58	37.	55	16	13	13	4	57.	25	31	5	20
18.	9	14	6	25	46	38.	8	6	10	38	44	58.	11	6	14	26
19.	21	24	19	24	13	39.	49	23	10	9	10	59.	49	18	11	8
20.	3	14	13	28	44	40.	30	33	4	16	18	60.	16	4	68	8





Most students are interested in helping Clemson become a better university.

I have had at least one professor at Clemson inspire me to learn.

I am enjoying Clemson.

Age is a basis for respect.

Male and female students should have the same rules.

I have an obligation to my country.

Social welfare legislation is an indirect form of slavery.

I would report another student who broke the law.

Man has the right to do as he pleases if he hurts no one else.

I can live what I believe.

God is irrelevant.

Co-ed dormitories would work at Clemson.

I would smoke pot.

I should not be forced to take ROTC.

Censorship of any kind should be abolished.

Pre-marital sexual intercourse is healthy and desirable psychologically.

"Who am I?" is a big question.

"What should I do?" is a bigger question.

Fraternities and Sororities are for the insecure.

Many university rules are invasions of the individual's privacy.

21. The theory of evolution proves the superiority of some races over others.

22. Cameras make me nervous.

23. Virginity should be voluntary.

24. This poll is a farce.

25. Student Government does not represent the students.

26. I am dissatisfied with myself.

27. I have considered committing suicide.

28. Communists are slowly taking over the world.

29. The real world, as I understand it, is outside of the classroom.

30. Law and order should be maintained by force.

31. I would never want to live in a big city because of the mass confusion.

32. I could make it to the top without a degree.

33. Students should be allowed to choose the majority of their courses.

34. Clemson should have national fraternities.

35. Football is overemphasized on this campus.

36. Women with rough hands are worthy of respect.

37. I would like to grow a beard, but am afraid of what other people would think of me.

38. "The Pill" should be available to co-eds.

39. Long hair and sideburns on boys is ridiculous.

40. Church sacraments and traditional social beliefs should be honored, not challenged.

41. Clemson can afford better toilet paper.

42. Inter-racial dating is objectionable.

43. Student organizations should not receive money from student activities fees.

44. My college education has changed my outlook on just about everything.

45. I am afraid of death.

46. Campus journalism should be divorced from world events.

47. Most students are willing to help other students.

48. I am suppressed.

49. There is too much emotionalism in patriotism now.

50. Sex education should be taught in grammar school.

51. I cheat.

52. Student demonstrators are evidence of widespread awareness and involvement.

53. The human body is beautiful.

54. Masturbation is immoral.

55. I had already chosen my career when I came to Clemson.

56. There is nothing wrong with capital punishment.

57. I cannot understand modern art.

58. Religion is a source of strength and inspiration.

59. I don't know why I answered these questions.



DAEMONS and ANGELS

BY DR. JOHN L. IDOL, JR.

Look Homeward, Angel, as dramatized by Ketti Frings, is a story of disappointment, disillusionment, bickering, young love, and youthful aspirations. It is the story of a family, the Gants, torn apart by the drives of each of its members but tied together by a need for love and understanding.

Each member of the family carries both a daemon and an angel inside; the collective daemons nearly shatter the family, but the calmer angels spread a cement of love.

W. O. Gant's daemon is not simply a spirit demanding, with a steadily weaker voice, that he carve an angel. Now that W. O. has grown old, his daemon seeks affection, a roaring fire, a table piled high with food and surrounded by hungry children. His daemon tells him not to go gently into the dark night of death.

Eliza's daemon assumed control of her when Grover Cleveland Gant died. Grover was her dearest child, her most cherished possession. If she could not possess him, she would

possess land, strings, houses, anything. She wanted never again to lose anything precious to her, and she would fight and scheme to hold on to everything belonging to her or her family. So tenacious is her grip on her belongings that she seems overpowered by greed. Fearing that she will lose again, she fastens on to her husband and children and almost crushes them.

Vaguely aware of his own loss when his twin brother, Grover, died, Ben Gant turns now and then to address the daemon of his lost brother. Ben's own daemon meanwhile becomes a cynic, a cynic who cannot successfully shield the fact that once he was an idealist. Bitterly accepting his own disappointments, Ben has enough of the angel in him to want Eugene to have a better life than he has had.

Helen's daemon, pushing aside her angel when she is quiet enough to listen, whispers to her that life affords more comfort and rest than she has had. Temptingly, her daemon speaks of pleasure and position. The angel

in her responds to the needs of a drunken father.

Within Eugene dwells a Faustian hunger, a creative urge, bewilderment, and frustration. Daemons and angels wrestle for his soul and body. Appropriately, Eugene is a complex character and feels more deeply than do the other members of the family the conflicting inner forces which torment them. If he is to be a writer, he must recognize within himself and within others—the demands of both the daemon and the angel spirits. Only then can he begin to work his way toward creative fulfillment; only then can he tell the story of man's outward activities and his buried life. When he comes to understand his family's disillusionment and aspirations, he can show them why they love and fight, grasp or let things follow a dream, find themselves empty, and life puzzling. As a writer he will perhaps help them see life and to understand it. For the moment, he can ask the incisive question: "What's it all about?"

In the Clemson Little Theatre production, several of the actors, especially Pat Cook, in the role of Eliza, Joe Young, appearing as W. O., and Ron Culbreth, as Eugene, experienced moments when daemons possessed them. Pat Cook understood Eliza's daemon as well as her angel. In consequence, she gave a convincing performance. Responding well to the drunkenness induced by alcohol and created by rhetoric, Joe Young roared and chanted better than he lamented his fate or cursed his life. His peaks were brilliant, his valleys somewhat foggy.

Thomas Wolfe's and Ketti Frings' words had to be relied upon if one accepted Ron Culbreth as an unshaven youth of seventeen. Fortunately, he responded to the magic of the words and almost, but not quite, projected himself as a sensitive actor.

Maria Terry's Helen was not nearly strong enough to prove that Helen is the only Gant powerful enough to control a brawling and drunk father. Lois Chisman was more successful in her role as Laura James, the coquettish belle from Richmond. Millie Ballinger as Madame Elizabeth never

fully realized Wolfe's and Frings' parodic conception of the angel-purchase scene. Perhaps, the fault rests with the director.

Among the other actors, Edie Baumgardner and Skip Eisiminger performed creditably.

On the whole, in what perhaps was the best-staged production of the Clemson Little Theatre in the past three or four years, the cast moved its audiences to laugh, to cry, to feel, to think, and to be alive intensely for more than two hours. Such moments of dramatic intensity are altogether too rare in Clemson.



FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

TWO POEMS FOR CLAPTRAPS

BY KEN BURROWS

1.

The Day My Clock Leaked.

*The oddest scent on waking filled the room;
Strange; the left-overs of a dream?
No! Awake I smelt it strong and savoury
No less unpleasant than a fish-clogged sea.
My clock had leaked.
All night it had been leaking.
And since I put it near my head to keep a check on
time,
Its leaking had puthered me over, like a dream.
Such vapours make one uneasy.
As when you realise gas has sifted silently
Out of somewhere; quickly you find the leak
And mend it.
I couldn't find the leak in my old clock;
Though frantically I searched to try and seal it.
That clocks should calumniate!
How sad!*

*Pass it on to granpa; he has a kitchen
Full of a hundred broken clocks; limping along
Seconds and semesters slandering each other.
Here is another one granpa; it's no use to me.
I'll buy a smug gold watch for compensation.
(I'll leave these for you boy when I go away.)
Dust clogs the nostrils
Like hours do my blood
My kitchen here is full of leaking clocks.*



Annuciation.

*Who's the old thing in the beard' said Adam.
 Why ask me?' said Eve.
 God had come down from Heaven
 To have a look at the seed.
 I can't be one of ours though.'
 Adam said to his spouse.
 Such a change from the cows love.'
 He answered with a pout.
 God walked round the Garden
 With his beard tucked in his belt
 But didn't get much further
 Than a Tree in the Eden heat.*

*A singular Tree with an Apple
 That looked for the world like good;
 A naughty old snake very subtle
 Sidling close to God.
 Whispering up his kirtle.
 God nipped off the apple
 And chucked the core to the snake.*

*Adam, eyes narrow was not amused
 And the day got hotter still.
 Who asked him to take what I grew?
 Who asked him to sin?
 This is my Garden God-giv'n
 Who let the old fellow in?
 'll be my lady next he'll have.
 We pouted and prepared.*

*God was sitting
 Teeth a-picking
 Snake a whispering
 Kirtle sifting
 On the grass where the wind
 And the apple core lay.*

*Adam amazed and angry
 Assembled all his wit:
 'My God', said Adam 'Yes', said God.
 'Who gave you leave to come.'*

*To the amythyst gates they dragged him
 And took his kirtle off
 Snake gave a hearty snigger
 And changed to Mephistopheles
 With an apple core to throw
 At God who threw him once.*

*They turned Him out of Eden for trespassing round
 the tree.
 And Adam and Eve lived bare in Eden
 Ever and Ever—Happily.*



greenhorn
.... greenhorn

Greenhorn

Greenhorn...

rats eat cheese

the Dark

"Night is thicker than day," said Omulus, and crawled panting after his mama. Why? It is thicker, of course, than the day, because it is darker. Darkness and thickness are often synonymous. In the night one cannot see as far as in the day except in the case of stars, which can be seen in the dark and not light except one, the sun, which can be seen during the day because it is here," as is said, and is not anywhere else except in the "sky". Now the sky is rather large, but not so large as to overlap into the sea. The sky is up, and the sea is down, especially where it is deepest. The sea is there to keep the devil from coming out of hell. Should he poke out his horny head, his fires would be extinguished by the sea water. He solves this problem, obviously, by coming up on land. Fish are not bad, except a few, such as sharks, which may or may not be fish depending on one's definition, but are dumb just the same.

Water is usually darker than air. I say usually because I mean just that. Alice wanted to catch a crab, but she did not know what kind. There are crabs in the sea but not in rivers. Why is this? It is because rivers are wetter. They are wetter because they do not have a lot of mud floating around in them. Yes, there are exceptions, such as the "Big Muddy," and like that, but what difference does it make? How many people have "beat" their "feet on the Mississippi mud?" Not as many as

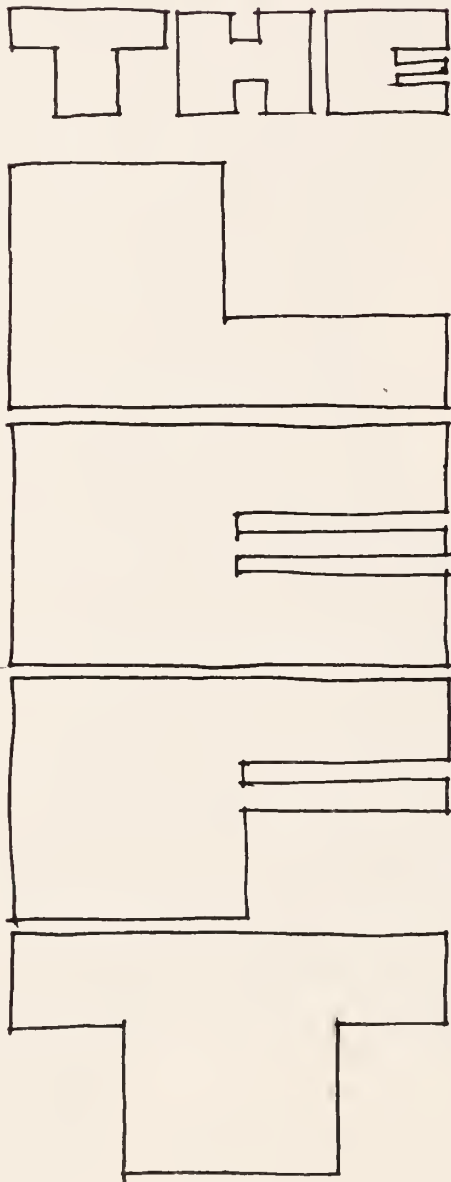
have got sand in their swimsuits. Jesus was fond of rivers. He was not baptized in the Dead Sea because it probably stunk and had nasty things in it. Rain is not as dirty as the sea because dirt does not evaporate except maybe when Dick Tracy is around. Rain is dirty, though, because of all the trash in the air. Just as Hopkins marveled at frozen spit on the sidewalks of England, and just as statues do not get to the bathroom, so is rain dirty.

Grass is not really green. It is really blue. Back in history, sometime before sex, the colors were different. Green is actually blue. Everyone is wrong, just as the colorblind man who thought that an orange was more yellow than a lemon. The colors became reversed as a result of difficulties which Adam encountered in making love to Eve. "Greenhorn" was the specific term she used. Before Eve came around Adam used to dig holes in the ground and fill them with grass. The term, "mother earth" had not yet come into use or he would have refrained. He had more than with which he knew what to do. Before that time the sky had been green but because of Eve's silly mistake and sick humor the names were changed. Adam went along because he did not wish to be reminded of his difficulty. Eve, after all, did not need to be filled with grass. She had a slight lisp.

"The gun is an extension of the fist." This is obvious, as are bullets as extensions of the gun. Spit, however,

is not an extension of the mouth but of what is in it. Lipstick is an extension of the lips. Girls favor extended lips because they like to protrude. The nose protrudes, but the nose has holes in it and hair on the inside. The hair is to keep what is outside in and what is inside out. So it is with spaghetti. Why is it not circular? Why are worms not circular? The reason is obvious—it is easier to go into a hole if you are long and thin than if you are short and circular. How could circular thread be passed through the eye of a needle? Not very easily. The sun is a disc because it is away. As things recede they tend to spheres or circles. A large rock at one mile is more circular than one in the hand. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. It depends on what kind of "bird" is meant. One type, of course, cannot exist away from the hand except in facsimile. Birds are not reasoning creatures, but they too have noses of a sort. Why? Because they must breathe and it is more fun to breathe through small holes than large ones. This is why so many people smoke. Birds do not smoke because they do not have the means.

Panther fur is generally used as a covering for panthers. When panthers die the wind does not stop blowing, and bunny rabbits and kitty cats still get run over by cars just the same. Panther skin can rot just as well as anything else. The fur of black panthers is generally dark, but black



By FRANK EDLER

Only in the breakdown of a system can we notice the various component parts of the system. A system is an instrument composed of various interrelated parts functioning with respect to some teleological end of the whole system. Man builds systems for his own ends. Since the dawn of civilization he has been building systems. Sooner or later every system collapses, and new ones or variations of the old ones emerge. When a system breaks down, it no longer functions as an instrument. Its parts lie mute and cannot continue to function (just as an automobile cannot run without sparkplugs). Man is also a potential instrument. In an automobile assembly line, he is a small functioning part of the whole. If the factory had no replacement for someone who suddenly decided to leave, then the whole assembly line would have to shut down, which is very undesirable or is it? Assuming that there is no replacement, the other men could not continue with their work; the cars and the parts would only become objects that no longer fit together. The instrumentality of the individual part and the project as a whole, fades away. Therefore, it seems that human beings experience an object in two ways—the object as an instrument and the object as it intrudes upon our awareness. For the most part, human beings are preoccupied with

objects as instruments, and as we use that instrument, we become preoccupied with the end that it serves. When we write with a fountain pen we think about what we are writing, not about the pen. If the tip breaks then it's not instrumentality fading away—we become aware of it (maybe for the first time) only as an object. When the "self" is preoccupied with instrumentality, it works on an impersonal basis—it is concerned with "how one does something" "what one does". All of us are born into systems, and we realize impersonality before we realize "self". When a chain breaks, there is a moment of anxiety, because we must make a decision. We ask ourselves how others have fixed chains in the past, instead of making a decision based upon our own self judgment. In this way none of us would rather have a world molded for us, and go along for a ride—where we won't have to make decisions. If we allow a world to be projected for us, then there is little room for the projection of our own beings or "selves". And if we cannot project our own "selves", then we allow our "selves" to be projected—in other words, our "selves" can become instruments. But it is our "selves" that give meaning to instruments and if our "selves" become instruments, then our basis of running

(Continued on page 12)



THE B G H T

The young people of our nation have a right to reject anything in our society that they so desire, from the additional values of their localities and country to parental dominance. There exists no power great enough to coerce a sincerely determined progressive or destructive generation into acceptance of society's traditions, whether these traditions be economically beneficial or morally detrimental of no real consequence. Because we enter this prefabricated world as individuals who have made no contact with society, we possess as individuals an inherent right to alter society as we see fit so far as society itself will allow us, and we always reserve the right to fight to the death. Obviously there will be contacts, verbal and otherwise, and there will be an almost endless stream of human desires, most of which will be rooted in primitive egoistic hedonism, though few of us would enjoy hearing ourselves make such an admission. Since the individual's primary concern in his daily life is his own welfare, and since this concern can sometimes be relegated to a position of lesser personal importance to us in the cases of extreme emotionalism, and since this emotionalism is a frequent master of an individual's most often utilized regulator or agent of personal control, i.e., the powers of reason, conflicts from an almost infinite spectrum will inevitably arise. With the advancing of early stages of maturing, adolescence and puberty, the human being begins conspicuously to display his individuality, develop-

ing an attitude of self-assertiveness as he begins a new search for the security he feels he lacks. Parents no longer are capable of giving him the sustenance his being demands, for he has become his own man making his own discoveries which are seemingly unique at the time. He forms his own society around him, choosing his friends for a variety of reasons. Adulthood is the ultimate goal. To him adulthood defined means complete independence from his most influential oppressors, his parents, and it means complete and total freedom for him, despite the fact that his father tells him his high school years will be his easiest and most pleasurable and the years that follow will bring great responsibility. The key word. But it has little or no real meaning to a fourteen-year-old. Responsibility. To him it means doing what you have to do before you can do the things you want to do. Responsibility.

One horrible discovery each of us makes sooner or later is the fallibility of adults. Naturally it is first noticed in the mother and father, in teachers and then in other adults with whom close contact is established. There are countless other startling eye-openers for the growing youth, each with its own effects upon the psychological maturation process. The problems that glare at young people are monumental, nerve-racking, frustrating. We find ourselves surrounded by middle-age apathy and misplaced emphasis. False competition often developing into overt hatreds is a sign of sickness.

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By WAYNE KELLEY

ing is lost. Our existence becomes a means toward an end. In this way man becomes an instrument within his own system. Through the philosophy of Western thought, we have witnessed the final stages of the evolution of the doctrine of teleology. Because of this, we view things first with respect to practicality and application, then we organize and improve, but finally, as the history of man has printed out, we smash the system and construct another. When an instrument breaks down, it reveals itself for the first time upon our awareness as merely an object. Does the breakage of an instrument reveal anything about the basic human experience? Yes, when a car breaks down, we are torn from the future (the end which we had in mind while using the car as an instrument) and brought to the immediacy of the present. Instrumentality has faded away for a moment and the organization of the different parts of the car to the car as a whole becomes apparent. The whole history of man has been a history of man gaining control over his environment with systems that eventually break down.

Our history is a study of conflict with our environment and the systems that we built.

Now we turn to the world of current events, and see Cohn Bendit in France, Rudy the Red in Germany,

and Jerry Rubin in the U. S. trying to tear down systems. A nationwide strike in France brings a country to an economic standstill. Railroads, buses, metros, factories,—the whole industrial complex stops. With it instrumentality stops. System has collapsed; work ceases and the people are brought forth out of the familiar context of their everyday world. The organization of the country becomes apparent; it intrudes upon the people's awareness, i.e. to use an old cliché—"seeing is believing." But these intrusions of awareness on the preoccupied self, i.e. the sudden realization of self at the moment of instrumental collapse, are only synaptic in their occurrence. These last only for short durations and can be considered as sporadic holes in our environment; which disappear after instrumentality and the familiarity of everyday work rush in. This turns us away from our awareness of being. This conflict is the stretched rubber band of human vitality and thrust. When systems break down, whether it be reflected in a work of art or in a lathe, in open revolution or in civil disobedience, awareness explodes the self to the immediacy of the situation. This awareness can also manifest itself in conjunction with others to form a consciousness of kind. Individuals can be deprived of this experience of awareness of being for

only so long until the situation becomes explosive, and this experience becomes so hungered for that an action, even destructive, is executed. The self begins to function as an instrument for the attainment of the experience. This is exemplified in the Negro riots. This conflict between awareness of being and impersonality always occurs—it is man's awareness of being, occurring as events, and its expression is denied to him, which results in extreme cases in revolution. The system is torn down and a "new" one takes its place. And all systems eventually collapse. Western philosophy through its utilitarian and teleological concepts, has generated impersonality to its final stages. The backlash of this is clearly revealed by the sudden surge of mysticism, the universal of thinking toward simplicity, the shifting of importance and the immediacy of awareness to the individual or the self and by the search for totally new expressions for concepts. In the past, revolutions and conflicts were more or less uncoordinated in a global view with few exceptions if the world wars. Through media, it now is coordinated. Political systems can collapse or be challenged simultaneously through a unified effort. This is recently evident in France, Czechoslovakia, and in cities like Paris, London, West Berlin, Chicago, etc.—

And then here we are. Twenty-one years old, knowing that the United States has the most near-perfect governmental and economic system in the history of the world, teeming with people who sometimes just won't think. At twenty-one we are adults in the eyes of the Establishment. There is nothing we can do about the fact that we are legal adults. Responsibility is forced upon us. How do we react with our new status? Supporting the status quo is easy, but when we decide to initiate change, it is our personal duty to ourselves and to those around us that we bring this change about in an orderly fashion, insuring progress realistically, making a sincere effort to attain our goal in the least offensive manner that we can, minimizing the real and/or imaginary detriment that we do our opposition.

At the university level students have reached the point of asking responsible questions about the society. Some students will naturally be more concerned with the problems that exist than others. Some will be primarily concerned with making society function for their own benefit. Neither is wrong in itself, of course, but both can be drastically wrong in their means of attainment. Laws govern both.

The law must stand above everything else as long as it is the law. Those who disagree are in for unnecessary frustrations and hardships in the immediate future.

Revolution. In the United States the right to legally overthrow the federal and state governments period-

ically is insured. Revolution is guaranteed constitutionally. When revolution comes in the form of destruction it cannot be allowed. There is no excuse or justification for street warfare in this country in this year. Violence or the right of any group to riot negates the rights of the rest of us. We are stripped of our rights of free access and thoroughfare, of security of person, of legal process, of property rights and ownership, and of democratic and constitutional procedures.

The reports and proclamations of the various left-wing reformers will not be discussed in this article because of their availability to those interested. Their reasons for riots have run the entire socio-legal gamut. Usually the students do not display truly great logic by any stretch of the imagination. For instance: In the name of relevance, one SDS group fought to have Swahili taught as a required college course. In the name of relevance. Fact: Swahili would not be employed by one-tenth of one percent of the graduates of an American college, primarily because no literature exists in that language. The general sincerity of "the cause" seems questionable.

If your desire is to alter the attitudes of society, a demonstration in itself is going to be of little help. How about ending the war? Picket Dow Chemical Company. Attacking the Pentagon isn't in this year. Modification of the military structure? Burn a draft card, or a reasonable facsimile. For some strange reason many of the remedies students have utilized to

solve problems seem somewhat shallow or even futile.

The situation is perplexing. The adult leadership is at fault in many ways through dialogue and in utilization of their strength. Most adults, however, seem to just ignore the rantings of the young, which so far seems to be the most effective policy. If it weren't for Chet and David the "revolution" would have fallen on its bearded face months ago.

Let's look at the New Left. Near the heart of their standard complaints is the word "individualism." It seems to be one of their favorites. The New Left, pious and purehearted, seizes an issue and takes it to Washington. Results: Collectivized answers in any possible legislation. What happened to individualism? Recently these students have reformed somewhat by concentrating primarily on local issues that cannot be solved anywhere but at home. Somewhere along the line the intellectuals found they had made a mistake. Young people often do.

We should expect our leftist friends to maintain their policies of nowhereism since they seem to think the United States is "behind everyone else thirty years." That particular quote comes directly from one of our own Clemson liberals. Hopefully he and his cohorts are not representative of young liberals nationwide. Surely there are some that can impress me with responsible statements. The requirements, from what I have seen—if you are interested—of becoming a

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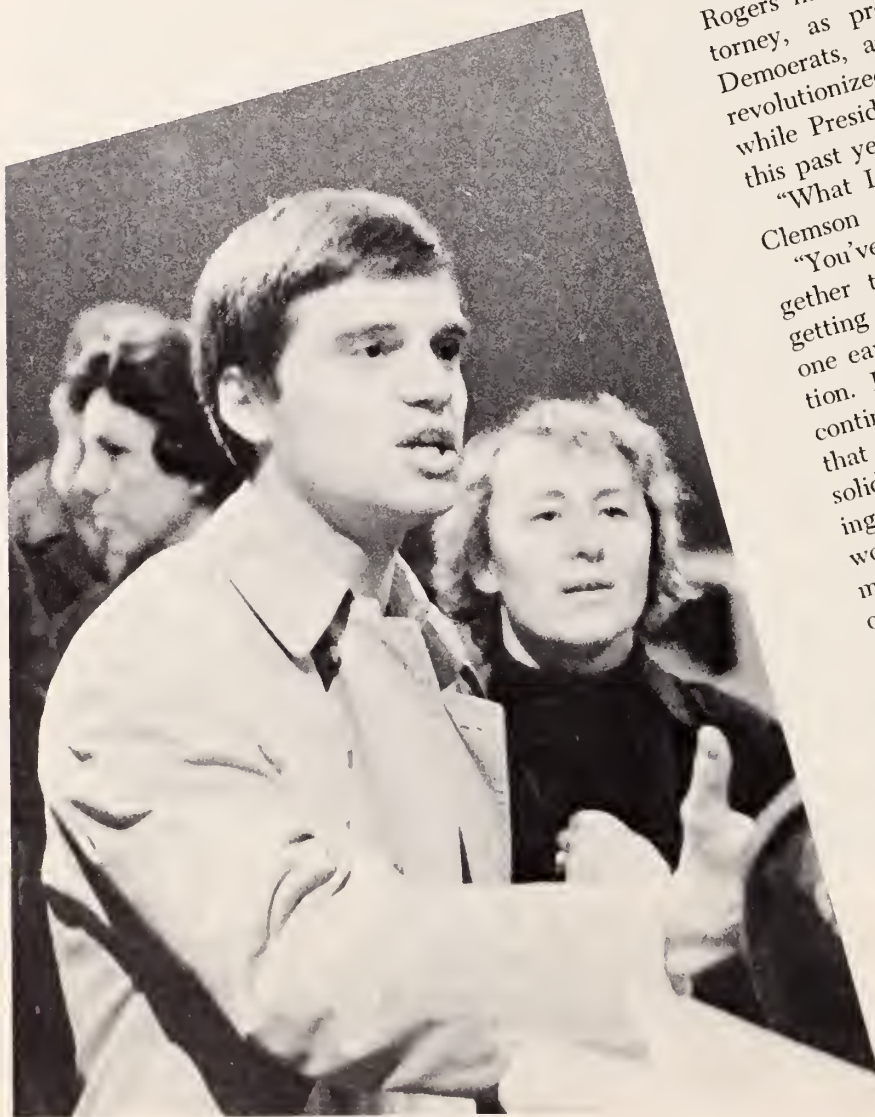
WALF BAKERS

In his four years at Clemson, Tim Rogers has served as a Defense Attorney, as president of the Young Democrats, and has in many ways revolutionized Student Government while President of the Student Body this past year.

"What I, in leaving, would say to Clemson students:

"You've got to get yourselves together to get what you want. But getting together doesn't mean just for one campaign, or for one demonstration. It means developing a strong, continuing interest in those matters that affect you. It means identifying solid, capable leadership, and staying behind that leadership. It means working with the present system as much as possible; testing the limits of the "establishment" and giving it credit where such is due. It also means standing ready to resort to protest, but only where the establishment has proven truly unworkable, and where the issue at hand is important enough so that the protest will be meaningful.

"If this sounds like a prescription for plain, practical politics, that's just what it is. Politics is the name of the game. Through politics, and only in this way, can students gain their objectives.





Don O'Briant has made an outstanding contribution to the Clemson campus, especially in the field of communications. He was the Library Service Coordinator for NSA and a member of the National Executive Board of the United States Student Press Association, on the national scene. On the state level he was the recipient of the Peace Scholarship awarded by the Greenville News this year. Locally he is a member of Gamma Alpha Mu, winner of the John D. Lane-Gamma Alpha Mu Award, Senior Senator, Chairman of the Speakers Bureau and Editor-in-Chief of The Tiger.

"I'm no more in favor of the establishment than are the extreme leftists, but I'm not in favor of destroying the entire system. One should retain the best qualities of the establishment and have a functional alternative before destroying the existing structure. You might say I'm a pragmatic realist."



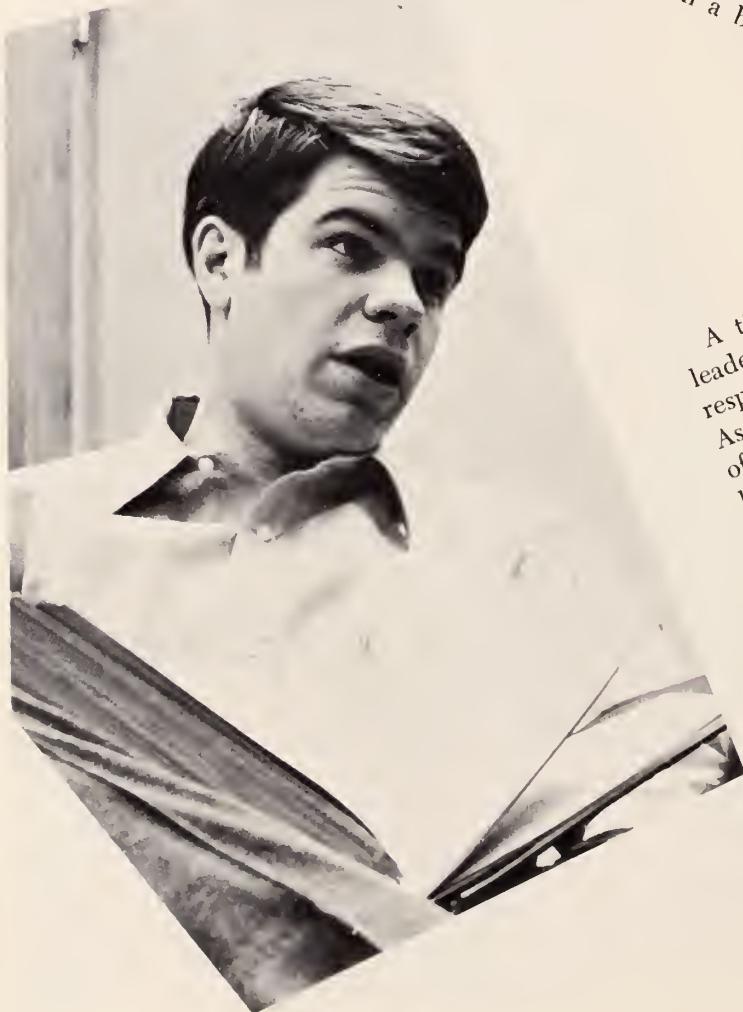
In the coming campaign for Student Body president, Gary Ligi is the first announced candidate. The fact that he does not have a high enough G.P.R. does not seem to bother him in the least. He is running against the rules and the administration, and therefore doesn't find it necessary to bother with them in the first place. He is Clemson's first non-candidate and possibly their first non-president. Through his enlightening articles in the Tiger, he has raised many pertinent questions and many hairs on the back of administrators' necks. What-ever else can be said about Mr. Ligi—he is a Wave Maker. During his stay at Clemson he has started the now defunct Jabberwocky, written for the Tiger, published innumerable poems, worked in Alpha Phi Omega and caused ulcers. He has provided Clemson with a part of life that would certainly be missing without him. His quote was unprintable.



Susan Klinck has shown amazing willingness and ability to contribute to Clemson University's student government in an extraordinarily short length of time. Working hard in the past two years to overcome inexperience of student government, she exerts a very real impact on campus action. As vice-president of the Women's Student Association, known as WSA, she has striven ceaselessly to update the university coed regulations and to promote unity on campus. She has been a sister of Delta Theta Chi since her freshman year and has served in the capacities of Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the sorority. She also served as Social Chairman of WSA during her junior year. Her scholastic achievements are outstanding. Her sense of justice and her willingness to serve are her strongest attributes.

"You've got to think about other people. Many of the ideas I bring up won't come into being this year, but they will make the students aware of Clemson's many needs.

"I want to be instrumental in making Clemson a better university."



A tireless, competent, and conscious student leader—John Settle has created a position of respect for himself among our student body. As a member of the Student Senate for all three of his years at Clemson, he has projected level-headed leadership abilities. A man involved in many phases of campus life—Blue Key, Arnold Air Society, and Taps. He served as Co-organizations Editor on this year's Taps staff, and as further evidence of his wave making ability, he has recently been elected Editor-in-Chief of the 1970 Taps. A man unselfishly devoted to the betterment and advancement of Clemson University and its Student Body's well being. One of the most vocal members of the student Senate, he has influenced a countless number of bills and resolutions over the last three years.

A driving force in student government these days is Danny Hunt. He has served as a freshman senator and has twice been president of his class. Involvement is Danny's goal for each person who comes to Clemson. Danny has been involved in Blue Key, advanced Army ROTC, NSA, SUSGA, Y-Cabinet, Alpha Gamma, IFC, and other positions of importance on campus. As a class president, he originated the Sophomore Sit-in, the Sophomore and Junior class councils; he was the moving force in his class' football ribbon and rat bell sales; he conceived the idea of geographic dormitory representation of the student senators; Danny has worked for the annual coming Junior Follies as well as the first Junior-Senior which will be formal for the first time in years at his own suggestion; he was a member of the committee that got optional meal tickets; he is now a member of the faculty-student undergraduate teaching study committee.

Danny is for the students. It is his notion that "Every student has something to say; it is up to the student government leaders to make themselves available to the students' comments and suggestions for the unity and betterment of the university."

Danny Hunt will not take "No" for an answer; Danny Hunt will not give "No" for an answer.

Jimmy Foster is a man with something to say on just about everything. He is one of the few Student Senators who habitually rise to speak out on issues facing the students. His merits as a Sophomore Senator were noted when he was appointed chairman of the Senate Student Organizations Affairs Committee. His interests vary. He has been on his class council for two years; he was in charge of this year's Homecoming displays; he has been active in NSA and SUSGA; his fraternity, Alpha Gamma, chose him as its social chairman. Jimmy, called "Smiley" by his friends, is a friend to most everybody he meets. He commands respect because he is self-assured; he commands friendship because he is a friend.

Jimmy Foster is a fine young man affecting those around him positively. He has built his life at Clemson on the simple Statement, "I like to participate in order to voice my opinion where it counts."



A man at the helm of a moving force on campus is Charles Augustus "Gus" Williams. Gus is president of the newly formed Student League for Black Identity. He spent much time in creating the league and was chosen as its leader although only a sophomore. He is very interested in preparing and presenting the convocation at Clemson on the topic "The White Problem in America," which was aimed at facing the problems of racism and racial discrimination in America. The talk-in was essentially an effort to make the people of the Clemson community aware of problems confronting the black students, as well as other blacks. Gus is outspoken on racism. He is becoming tired of liberal promises aimed at keeping his people "in their place." He feels people should be able to do their own thing without facing artificial barriers set up by an unfeeling society.

"My main philosophy is: to each his own in a free society."



real liberal intellectual student activist here on your very own campus are simply you must look generally grubby, drink coffee and complain a lot. There are no requirements concerning logic, rationality, sanity or responsibility. Pardon the cynicism, but as Bob Hope put it so well in an appearance before troops in Da Nang, "Students running the campuses? That's like Gomer Pyle running the Pentagon."

The kids are probably just flexing their new muscles as each generation does. Sometimes I have to look twice enough. The basis of the rebellion seems to be complaint. One youthful leader on a nationwide broadcast said, "I guess there are some things that are right in the United States, I just don't know what they are." This is not only sad, it is rather sickening, especially after this attitude becomes repetitive. The rest of us—the sick society—have been quite liberal (how do you like that) with our revolutionary friends, it is too bad that they can see no good in us whatsoever.

All of us being within the society, the structure of the Establishment necessarily remains viable enough to easily withstand the individual advancement and collective modifications which develop increasingly due to innumerable reasons from within and without. Although we are viable, we do not have to be always. Historically we often reject, observing that a given method does not function properly in a case. So it is with political or sociological advancement. Simplification: Before you tell the rest of us how to attain perfection, be sure that you're at least fifty percent correct in your approach. Realize that we will allow you to do whatever you want and can, but if you

"push your trip" on us understand the consequences, especially if you resort to extra-legal methods of societal alteration.

I think that the vast majority of Americans would like to see further progress for our nation. Understatement. Those who desire to intentionally cause regression in our society are few and far between. We do not believe in destruction where there is no program for re-building bigger and better than before. We appreciate constructive people, people who talk loud enough to be heard, but, as President Nixon said, we cannot hear those that scream.

Here we are at Clemson, you and I. What have you done here? You know that revolution is simply change. Have you taken part in a revolution? Are you satisfied with things as they are? Are you going to do anything about anything? Where to start. Exactly what are the major problems you and I have? After all is said and done, the major problems are you and me mostly. Right?

Before I can feel qualified to make major changes in my society and in our system, I must first be relatively satisfied with myself. The revolutionaries have the gall to tell us that everything must be changed? They are kidding. They must be. Recommendation: We can bring about some really wild revolutions—sincere, fruitful, and sound—only after we look long and hard at us. That is a big part of college, isn't it? We must learn to discern and to discriminate (no, Dino, not against the Negroes). Simply we must learn to separate fact from fantasy. We must learn about quality. If you're not content with yourself, begin those changes you've often thought about. And then look about you. After you and your room

are cleaned up, you can go outside and begin a lifelong process of improving the rest of the world. The masses aren't going to hell like everyone tells you. We masses are just as salvagable as you are, and all of us can work together. Through education, you and I can learn the facts and develop a taste for quality, not for the third-class sentimentalism with which our liberals shroud themselves. Don't waste time. Resting is a luxury for those who have tired themselves through a life time of hard work within the Establishment. Your time for active improvement is now. Do it right. Don't scream or panic. Keep your cool. Too many of our contemporaries have already lost their own self-respect. Let's not lose ours.

The "system" will be here long after our present student activists have assumed their roles in it. The "system" will even withstand the attacks of our own children when they lead their "revolution." But the world will be saved by us masses who work daily for our ideals. Sure, it would be fun to run amuck in the streets and be in the newspaper and all that, but I already know that type of person. And I know what he accomplishes. The revolution has become boring.

There is a great deal of hard, cold, ugly, work we must do. Improvements in ourselves and in our society must be made. But progress is certainly no new word to this nation. After we save ourselves, we can begin saving our State, then the entire world, then we still have infinity to conquer. But before I decide to destroy "the system," I think I will first save me. Then you if you want. We can still see the truth quite easily. And, Brother, you'll love to turn you on.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

By HARRY TINSLEY

"The Board of Trustees is hereby declared to be a body politic and corporate . . . to perpetuate control and direct the affairs of the municipal corporation," known as Clemson University. So states the Code of Laws of South Carolina.

Much to the surprise of most students, faculty or a few administrators, Clemson University exists legally as a municipal corporation, as provided for in the state's Code of Laws. Remembering a campus controversy a couple of years ago, I can not help but laugh when I think of the arguments between certain administrators and campus leaders over whether or not Clemson University was a municipality, particularly with powers in magisterial affairs.

The student leaders argued avidly that indeed the University was not a municipality, and therefore had no powers in certain matters such as traffic regulations, fines or magistrate courts. Just as avidly, certain administrators argued that just the opposite was true. Then during the summer of 1967, while working for the State newspaper of Columbia, I discovered the status of Clemson as a "municipal corporation" in the Code of Laws. Some student leaders had just failed to find legal basis for their arguments. . . .

But in line with the legal status of the University, legal provisions were also made for the establishment of a controlling agency, specifically, the

Board of Trustees. However, all bases for a college or trustees originated from the will of Thomas Green Clemson, which states, ". . . I have determined to devote the bulk of my property to the establishment of an agricultural college upon the Fort Hill place. This institution, I desire, to be under the control and management of a board of trustees. . . ."

Continuing Clemson emphasized, ". . . I desire to state plainly that I wish the trustees of said institution to have full authority and power to regulate all matters pertaining to said institution—to fix the course of studies, to make rules for the government of the same, and to change them, as in their judgment, experience may prove necessary. . . ."

Clemson provided for seven trustees, named by himself in his will, with a possible addition of six to be elected regularly by the South Carolina Legislature. These seven men, including R. W. Simpson, D. K. Norris, M. L. Donaldson, R. E. Bowen, B. R. Tillman, J. E. Wannamaker, and J. E. Bradley, upon Clemson's death and acceptance by the state of Clemson's bequest, assumed full powers to fill vacancies occurring in their number by death, resignation, and refusal to act. Thus, the basis for the seven "life" members and six "elected" members of the board was established.

Upon the state's acceptance of the Clemson bequest, the South Carolina

Legislature enacted laws to legally establish "Clemson Agricultural College." (Now compiled in the Code of Laws of South Carolina, 1962, Vol. VI, Title 22 with cumulative additions through 1967.)

The Code of Laws provides a general responsibility to the Board for the control and direction of the affairs of the University. In addition certain specific duties are prescribed, including all rules and regulations of the government of the University, declaring and electing of professorships, employment of all workers, responsibility for all real estate, revenue bonds, and all operations, tests, experiments, receipts, and expenditures of the University.

Very loosely, one might compare the Clemson Board of Trustees to a City Council in that both are responsible for the control of their municipalities to include control over enforcement of ordinances for the maintenance of order. The Clemson Board of Trustees are granted full authority for the appointment of one or more "constables", exercising all powers of a state constable of municipal policeman for enforcement of obedience to ordinances of the Board or to state laws. In addition, upon approval of the governor, a magistrate is appointed for enforcement of regulations and punishment of violation through fines or imprisonment. (Thus we find that the legal bases for the maintenance of magistrate's and po



JIMMY BYRNES

le offices and authority in enforcement of University regulations, whether they be traffic or what else.)

The Clemson Board of Trustees are also required to make annual reports to the General Assembly on the affairs of the University under their jurisdiction. Another responsibility of the Board, in answer to recent controversy over the selling of certain items in the dormitories, includes the making of "bylaws to license or prohibit the sale of goods, wares, merchandise of any kind whatever on grounds belonging to Clemson University, AS IT IS NOT REPUGNANT TO LAWS OF THE STATE."

Thus, by mentioning just a few of the responsibilities of the Clemson Board, I find their control over the University to be great and varied. Perhaps, this explains the basis for statements, originating from both administration and the Board, referring to "responsibilities."

Throughout the University's 75 year heritage, many changes have been effected, moving the institution from a student body of over 400 students with 15 faculty members to the now enrolled 6,500 students and over 400 faculty members. The institution has grown from three buildings and 19 faculty residences to include seven schools with facilities being prepared to accommodate a student body of 10,000. Today the training covers an array of cultural and professional areas with emphasis on science technology and the liberal arts.

The Board of Trustees in conjunction with their appointed University

administration and the state legislature have effected change, including the removal of the college from a full-time military status, the coeducation of the college, desegregation, and the changing of Clemson Agricultural College to Clemson University. In addition various student activities have been created to enrich the University atmosphere.

Today's problems facing the Clemson Board are unique, for demands for student responsibility and control in their affairs are ever presented to the Board. Demands for enrichment of the intellectual, academic, social, cultural and recreational atmospheres of the University are important factors in the decision-making of the Board. Thus, we find today the Board emphasizing the need for a student union facility, for development of the social and recreational life, petitions for recognition of certain organizations, the elimination of mandatory ROTC, improvement of food services, curricula changes, ad infinitum. Through powers granted to the University administration by the Board, many problems and solutions are handled and reached, and on "major" policy matters, the Board is directly confronted with the decision-making.

Clemson's 13 trustees are men of various backgrounds, ranging from politician to farmer, from old to young, from Clemson graduate to out-of-state graduate, from liberal to conservative, but each has a specific responsibility to the state, the University, the students, and each must base their considerations on the purpose of any university—the education of its students.

The Board is now headed by Edgar A. Brown of Barnwell, who serves as chairman, having succeeded the late Robert M. Cooper. State Senator Brown has the longest tenure on the Board, having been elected early in 1934 and named a life member in 1948, succeeding J. E. Sirrine. Chairman Brown's career covers a 60-year span of political life, banking and business.

Having attended rural schools of Aiken County, the Graniteville Academy, and business college. Brown became an official court stenographer

for the Second Judicial Circuit at the age of 20, and was admitted to the state Bar two years later. Since then, Brown has been admitted to practice in all state and federal courts, including the United States Supreme Court. Currently, he is the senior member of a Barnwell law firm.

Brown served in the S. C. House of Representatives from 1921-1926 and as Speaker from 1925-26. He has been Barnwell County's state senator since 1928, also serving as President Pro Tempore. Brown has been chairman of the important Senate Finance Committee and a member of the State Budget and Control Board, fortunately for Clemson, and has been recognized as a leading authority on State Government. (Brown also considers himself as a "Party Democrat.")

Concerning his business interests, Brown has also been a bank vice president, and director of several banks and corporations. Thus, Brown's long service in the state government, including vital committee assignments, and his business interests have been important factors in the development of the University, and as long as Brown remains a member of the Clemson Board, his influence will always be beneficial throughout the state.

Another colorful life member of the Board, also a native South Carolinian and nationally-prominent figure, who was once regarded as "Assistant President" under Roosevelt, is James F. Byrnes. Byrnes is one of the few politicians able to perform well in any position, for he served in many roles from a court stenographer to Secre-



tary of State of the United States. Born in 1879 in Charleston, the son of an Irish immigrant, Byrnes attended local public schools until the age of 14, when he went to work in a Charleston law office to help supplement his family's income. By the age of 21 Byrnes had learned enough shorthand and had become familiar enough with law offices to become a court stenographer, travelling in six circuit counties. In 1904 he passed the state bar examination and opened a law office in Aiken, while continuing as a court reporter and editor of a local newspaper.

Elected in 1908 as a solicitor, Byrnes served until 1910, when he won an election to the U. S. House of Representatives. After 14 years service in the House, Byrnes met defeat in a race for the U. S. Senate, only to be elected to the same in 1930. His legislative career ended in 1941, when President Roosevelt appointed him as an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, while Clemson University named him the same year as a life member trustee.

Byrnes responded to a call from Roosevelt to serve as director of various war agencies, and in 1945 accepted appointment as Secretary of State under Truman. Byrnes returned to his home state and closed a long career by serving as governor from 1951 to 1955. Like Brown, former Governor Byrnes has served in political and business interests, and his national and state prominence is an asset in the management of the affairs of Clemson. Like Brown, when politics play an important role in state institution's affairs, then expert politicians and statesmen are necessary.

Clemson's other 11 trustees are not so colorful politically as they are in business or agriculture. A brief account of their interests will reveal their significance to the University as Board members.

Banking executive Patrick N. Calhoun was named a life member in 1966 succeeding the late Robert M. Cooper. A Clemson graduate of 1932, Calhoun is the son of a member of the first graduating class from Clemson and a nephew of statesman John C. Calhoun. As a Clemson student,

Calhoun was active in varsity basketball, the cadet corps, and upon graduation attended graduate school in banking at Rutgers University. Calhoun has also been active in the Clemson Alumni Association and received the Distinguished Alumnus Award in 1962.

He has served as vice president of the Bank of the Manhattan Company and the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York and the Guilford National Bank of Greensboro, N. C., and has been executive vice president of the North Carolina National Bank. Calhoun has also been a member of several state and national banking associations. Thus, his financial background plays an important role in financial (fiscal) responsibilities of the Board.

Another native South Carolinian and life member is Robert R. Coker, an agriculturalist and business executive from Hartsville. Coker was elected a life trustee in 1960, replacing T. B. Young. He graduated from the University of South Carolina and later received an honorary Doctor of Science degree from Clemson. Coker has been president of the Pedigree Seed Company, which conducts test-work throughout the South, president of J. L. Coker and Co. of Hartsville, a department store, executive of various oil and cotton corporations, and member of several national agricultural agencies. He initiated organization of the S. C. Farm Bureau and the National Council of Commercial Plant Breeders. His wide business and agricultural interests are assets in Clemson's agricultural programs as well as agricultural and industrial training.

Life trustee Frank J. Jervey, known as Captain Jervey, is probably known to more students than any of the other board members, for Jervey not only resides in Clemson, but is a frequent campus visitor. The 1914 Clemson graduate was named a life member in 1965, succeeding the late Charles E. Daniel, a former Clemson vice-president for development. Jervey was decorated for heroism during World War I and during World War II, received the "Exceptional Civilian Award" in recognition for his work with the U. S. Ordnance Corps. He



EDGAR BROWN

served as the Corps' chief engineer from 1942 to 1953.

A life member, James C. Self of Greenwood, is president of Greenwood Mills, having graduated from Greenwood schools and The Citadel with a degree in Business Administration. Self was named to the Board in 1960, replacing the late Paul Sanders. He is president of the Textile Investment Co. of Greenwood and a member of the State Development Board and the Southern Advisory Board of Boston Manufacturers Mutual Insurance Company. Self is a director for numerous railway, motor lines, cotton textile, and banking agencies, and a member of the New York Cotton Exchange and the Board of Trustees of the J. E. Sirrine Textile Foundation.

A Williston native, Wincheste Smith was named a life trustee in 1954, succeeding the late Christ Benet. Smith was the second Clemson graduate to be chosen for a trusteeship, and has been active in many agricultural affairs as well as state governmental affairs. Like Smith, Oswald Lightsey is a Clemson graduate, having received a B.S. degree in 1933, and has been active in agricultural and civic interests. Lightsey is one of the six regularly-elected members of the Board, having been elected by the General Assembly in 1963 to fill the unexpired term of the late Dr. W. A. Barnette and reelected in 1966. He has been active in farming, lumber manufacturing, railroad ing, and growing of forests products. He is co-owner and general manager of Lightsey Brothers of Hampton at



PATRICK CALHOUN

a director of the Southern Pine Association and the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Lightsey has also been a chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hampton County's North District Schools and a member of the Board of Visitors of Clemson.

Another elected member is Paul Quattlebaum, Jr., a 1933 electrical engineering graduate of Clemson, who is currently an executive for the U. S. Department of Commerce. Quattlebaum is a former president of Quattlebaum Electric Company and has been a vice president and director of the Charleston Greater Chamber of Commerce. He was also chairman of a Military Affairs Committee in Charleston, member of the Board of Retail Merchants Association of Charleston, and director of the association of counties of southeastern South Carolina. Quattlebaum is also an active member of the Clemson Alumni Association. He was elected to the Clemson Board of Trustees in 1960 and reelected in 1964 and 1968. Alex M. Quattlebaum is also a

Clemson graduate, having received an engineering degree in 1934 and a masters in engineering from Cornell University. He was an assistant professor at Clemson for five years and has been president of the South Carolina Wildlife Association as well as president of the Carolina Branch of the Associated General Contractors of America. He was elected by the General Assembly in 1957 to the Clemson trusteeship and reelected in 1962 and 1966.

On a news bureau sheet elected trustee L. D. Holmes remarked, "I have been a farmer in the Johnston area for my life time," but Holmes' activities include a number of directorships and awards. He was elected to the Clemson Board in 1960 to fill the unexpired term of J. F. McLaurin and reelected in 1962 and 1966. Holmes was a director of the S. C. Marketing Commission, S. C. Farm Bureau, State Bank and Trust, and has been president of the Savannah River Soil Conservation District. He has won various awards from the S. C. Farm Bureau, S. C. Bankers Association, and cotton associations, and was a member of the Board of Visitors to Clemson in 1958.

W. Gordon McCabe, Jr., who was elected to the Board in 1960 and reelected in 1964 and 1968, is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and is a director of the J. P. Stevens and Company. He has been a director of the New York and New Orleans Cotton Exchanges, the S. C. National Bank, Piedmont and Northern Railway, Greenville County Foundation, and the National Cotton Council of America. McCabe has also been a member of various state and national

cotton committees and was president of the Wool Associates of the New York Cotton Exchange, chairman of the Board of the Greenville General Hospital, and chairman of the Cotton Buyers' Division of the S. C. Textile Manufacturers' Association.

Last but not least is Troy Kenneth Cribb, the youngest member of the Board and a 1943 graduate of Clemson. While at Clemson, Cribb was named to Who's Who and was head of Blue Key, The Tiger and was a member of various other student organizations. Active in the Alumni Association, Cribb was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1963 to fill the unexpired term of Robert L. Stoddard and reelected in 1964 and 1968. He is a director of the Spartanburg Chamber of Commerce, the United Community Chest and has been active in theatrical, musical, religious and other civic organizations. Currently he is general manager of Troy H. Cribb and Sons, Inc., responsible for large agricultural produce shipping and selling.

These are the 13 men who are called upon to direct the affairs of the state's second largest university, and under these men all employees of the University function. For major policy matters frequently the student body is told that the Board must be consulted, but for many minor decisions, powers are granted to the President of the University by the Board for responsibility, and in turn authority is delegated throughout the ranks of the administration. Only through such a system are the complex affairs of this large university able to be handled, sometimes efficiently and sometimes not.











BACKSTAGE

By LARRY ABERNATH



On a campus the size of this one, it is not an unreasonable assumption that some talent does exist within the student body. Thus, with the odds so obviously on our side in this matter, it seems only logical that we should be treated, from time to time, with a pleasing presentation of student abilities. Such was the case on the evening of November 16th. Through the combined efforts of the male and female glee clubs, a pro-

gram of musical variety was staged in Tillman Hall Auditorium.

The production had, to say the least, a great many flaws. The choreography ranged between mediocrity and confusion. The time lapses between acts were awkward, despite a valiant, if not corny, effort on the part of the masters of ceremonies. One was immediately aware of the lack of any particular theme or fluidity of the presentation, yet this is not the particular purpose of a variety show. A greater degree of polish could have been attained, however, if a certain theme had been followed, or some ties had been present between the

elements of the show. The various forms of entertainment ranged from the rock sounds of the "Sincere Mindfield" to a comedic rendition "The Bare Necessities". The men and the audience were given a special bit of pleasure with Mimi Chovan's presentation of "Let Me Entertain You" complete with the movements. She didn't need talent. Even the effort of the various choruses was reasonably entertaining, with their offerings ranging from "Ghost Riders in the Sky" by the male chorus, to "Georgie Girl" by the female chorus. There were, however, two undeniable high points of the evening. The first came with a series of piano selections by Dr. Hugh McGarity, in which he demonstrated both a fine talent at



a outstanding creative imagination, though his unique renditions of some standard pieces. The second highlight was the performances of William Gestrich and Donna Brooks. Miss Brooks gave a tender and polished presentation of "Alfie", and Mr. Gestrich also proved himself to be a polished performer by overcoming the notoriously bad sound system of Tman Hall to give an excellent rendition of "Free Again". And finally, the two combined their efforts to give

a fine performance of one of the most popular songs of the day, "Up, Up, And Away".

Regardless of the faults or virtues of "Backstage", it is not my express purpose to merely review the production. Rather, I feel that the people involved in "Backstage" should be encouraged to carry it further, and the tremendous potential of such an effort must be stressed.

To begin with, there are obviously enough people on campus interested in this sort of thing to have adequate interest in future musical productions. Secondly, the fact has been estab-

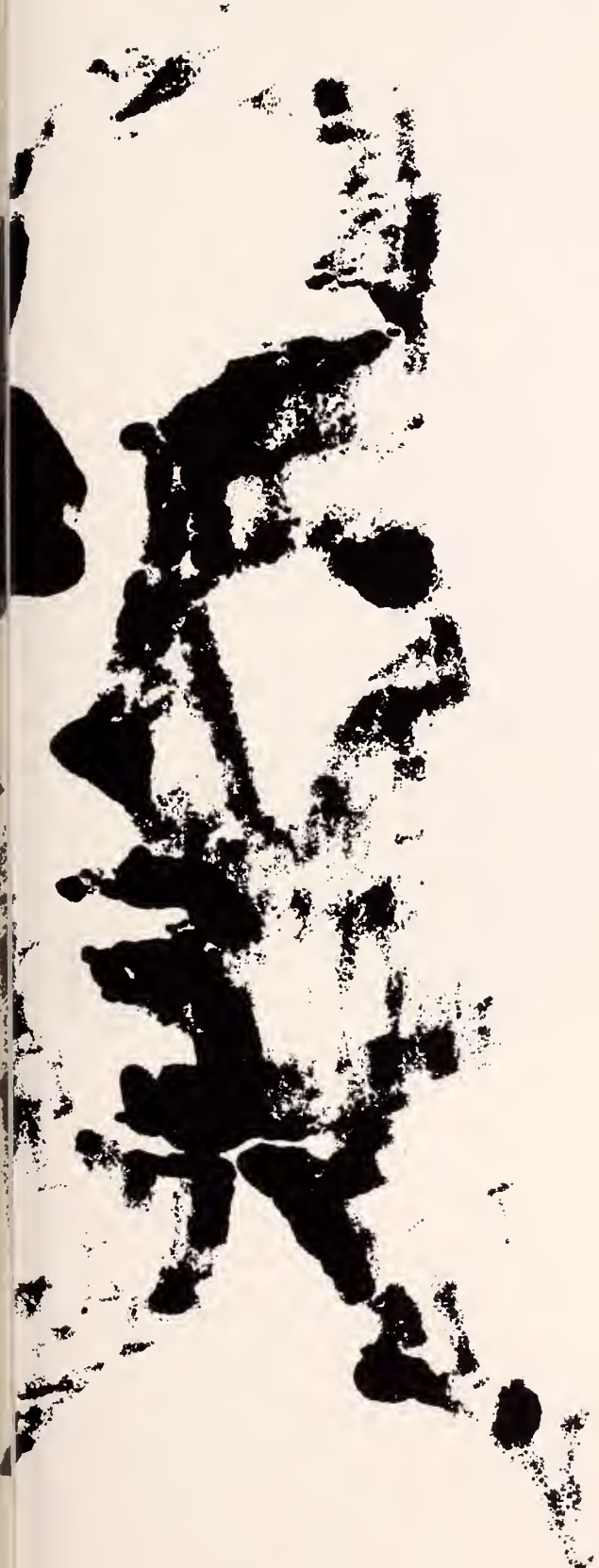
lished that sufficient talent does exist. For example, Mr. Gestrich and Miss Brooks.

It would seem, therefore, that the way is open to future musical productions on campus, and that the sky is the limit, whether the medium is straight musical, musical comedy, or a variety show. Strictly from a spectator's point of view, therefore, I would very much like to see a continuation of campus entertainment in the vein of "Backstage". Therefore all that appears to be lacking is for somebody to do something toward continuing that which was started by this pleasant and very entertaining production. So, somebody, . . . do it.

and not a drop to drink

the day dawns
like every day does
and the sun begins
its trek across the sky
which may or may not
be bright blue
depending upon the extent to which
the clouds cover it
today its grey
because a solid layer of
little ice particles
extends as far as there
in every direction
then the rain begins to fall
and it turns into streams of water
when it strikes the ground
which may or may not
be covered with concrete
depending upon the extent to which
the world has been built on it
alas and then gravitation
makes it run downhill
and it collects
in a medium sized puddle
and there it lies
as all the while
it is joined by relatives
who just alike
the puddle grows bigger
and it overflows
into another depression
the action is repeated
over and over again
and soon the entire landscape
is covered by many puddles
finally the rain stops
and no more puddles are formed
the water doesnt soak
into the ground
so it just sits there
a fly becomes trapped and drowns
a bird spots the corpse
and devours it
a leaf is blown from a tree
and settles to the surface
and floats
but the water just sits there
now night begins to fall
like it does every day at sunset
and the many medium sized puddles
that cover the landscape
grow dark as the light recedes
but the water just sits there
tomorrow it will evaporate

WALTER JULIAN



The breeze from the open window made small gossiping sounds with the papers on her desk, and the molten-bronze October sunlight dripped long shadows across the room. Her students were quiet now, only sounds of slow pencils, turning pages, 3:30 restlessness. Staring out of the window, she wondered for the hundredth time that day where he had gone . . .

* * *

Friday afternoon. Through the half-open windows she could see October happenig, smell the sharp smoke smell of burning leaves so thick she could taste their autumn ashes dry in her mouth. In the background, Mr. Ruhl's voice was a slow, deep drone to which she listened absently, not hearing individual words, aware only of the texture of the sound, like fine, thick wool. It was a pleasant sound, one which seemed appropriate for the gracefully aged old man to whom it belonged.

Idly flipping the pages of her notebook, she again tried to concentrate on the lecture. But Mr. Ruhl had stopped speaking now, and was gazing fixedly out the window. She followed his glance outside, but saw nothing unusual and returned her attention to him. Still, he continued to stare. The rest of the students were coming to attention now in the peculiar silence, but the long quiet seconds dragged on without end, Mr. Ruhl finally rising slowly from his desk and, still without speaking, walking out the door. He never came back.

* * *

The bell rang and in a rush of slammed books and screeching chairs, her students hurried from the room. Alone now, she walked slowly to the window and looked down at the well-kept schoolgrounds. What was it he had seen out there on that warm October day eight years away from where she now stood? What could it have been? If he had ever come back, he might have been able to tell her. If he had ever come back.

But he hadn't, and now she was left alone to stare out a window and search for something she probably wouldn't recognize even if she could find it. She wondered if all October days were alike, and if, even now, she might not find him if she were just to walk slowly from her room out into the day. There was a path. She knew there must be. But where? What path? If she could only find it, and follow it, as he had, then perhaps it would lead her where he had gone. And when she got there, she would know. She would understand. Where. And why.

* * *

There had been rumors, of course. Some people said he'd gone to California and entered a monastery. Some



By ROB WHITNEY

... My life was inseparably committed to the American black man's struggle.

Detroit Red was a hustler. He was a ghetto dweller who had to steal, cheat and fight to survive in a tough, unrelenting white man's world. He knew the ghetto, and he learned the ways of its people and their constant struggle to make it with the odds stacked against them.

As a child he saw his father brutally murdered by white racists. He saw his family broken up and torn apart by supposedly well meaning but prejudiced welfare workers. He saw his mother committed into a state insane asylum.

After getting into some minor trouble, he was sent to a reform school. He was "adopted" by a white family and sent to a local integrated school. With native instinct he fought his way to the top of his class and was elected class president of a class

composed almost entirely of white students.

Soon after this, he left this seemingly secure situation to venture out into the real world. He found Boston Sugar Hill and Roxbury ghettos fascinating. A world composed of poor blacks. Here he picked up his first sight of "soul" life. From Boston slums he soon made the move well known to the black slum, New York Harlem. It was here that he began to study the sordid life of poverty that turned men into cunning beasts.

MALCOM-X

The hustler, out there in the ghetto jungles, has less respect for the white power structure than any other Negro in North America. The ghetto hustler is internally restrained by nothing. He has no religion, no concept of morality, no civic responsibility, no fear—Nothing. To survive, he is out there constantly preying upon others, probing for any human weakness like a ferret. The ghetto hustler is forever frustrated, restless, and anxious for some “action”. Whatever he undertakes, he commits himself to it fully, absolutely.

to make a living in any way that presented itself. In Harlem he gained the insights and talents that would propel him to world fame as a black militant and as the “preacher of hate.” In Harlem he learned about life the hard way. He worked in various jobs, smoked marijuana, used and sold drugs, stole, developed several dupes and hustles and lived the life of a ghetto hoodlum. After being caught in a burglary attempt he was sent to jail. In prison he got the message of the Black Muslims. Their word is that the white man is a devil who keeps the Blacks down and saps them of their strengths, pride, dignity, identity and skills. This message was to motivate the hustler until the violent end of his life.

Out of jail, he embraced the Black Muslim faith and became its chief minister of information and implementation. He organized mosques

What makes the ghetto hustler more dangerous is his “glamor” made to the school-dropout youth in the ghetto. These ghetto teen-agers get the hell caught by their parents struggling to get somewhere, or see if they have given up struggling in the meantime, intolerant white man’s word. The ghetto teen-agers make up their own minds they would rather be like the hustlers whom they see dressed “sharp” and flashing money and displaying no respect for anybody or anything. So the ghetto youth become attracted to the hustler words of dope, thievery, prostitution, and general crime and immortality.

in the major cities of the country and spread the word among several hundred thousand dissatisfied blacks. He preached violent (as second alternative) corrections of white supremacy’s wrongdoings. He spoke to the world’s oppressed peoples who were not Caucasoid. In his career as an organizer, he spoke to the country in various ways. He was covered in *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, and all of the major news publications; he lectured at many well established colleges and universities across America, but he always kept firm his ties with the poor, weak brothers who had very little going for them. Toward the end of his life, he experienced a mellowing of spirit. He went to Mecca and learned the correct Muslim teachings and brought back with him a new message of faith. He still resented the white man’s suppression of his black brothers, but he tried to devise new

... When the white man came into this country, he certainly wasn’t demonstrating any “non-violence”.

... I said that the hate in white men had not stopped with the killing of defenseless black people, but that hate, allowed to spread unchecked, finally had struck down this country’s Chief of State (JFK).

ways of correcting the American racist society. The Black Muslim hierarchy resented this, and it sent six assassins to stop him. His death came before his memoirs could be bound and put on the press.

Born Malcolm Little, called Detroit Red, Malcolm X accepted the call to lead his people in an uprising against white supremacy. His story is vividly told in his own language in *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (Grove Press, \$1.25 paperback).

The autobiography comes on strong. It is a truly moving story of struggle and triumph. Action never ceases as the reader is drawn into the compelling true-life drama. It is a testament to a man’s faith in himself and his religion. Malcolm opened himself up and let down his guard to tell of his youthful anxieties and fears, his family life, his struggle with his faith, his painful prison days, and his life

on the front pages of the newspapers of the United States. His image as a cold, heartless, violent man is reinforced, but he also showed himself as an intelligent man—sensitive, loving and proud.

In telling of himself, Malcolm said much about America. Ghetto life, poverty, racism, discrimination, prison life, and general life on the bottom—all this from a black man’s pen; this is a vivid commentary on what is happening. The *Autobiography* tells the black man’s story of his ceaseless

... the Deputy Chief Investigator at the 28th Precinct had said of me, “No one man should have that much power.”

... As a “leader”, I should talk over the ABC, CBS, or NBC microphones, at Harvard or at Tuskegee, I could talk with the so-called “middle-class” Negro and with the ghetto blacks (whom all the other leaders just talked about). And because I had been a hustler, I knew better than all whites knew, and better than nearly all of the black “leaders” knew, that actually the most dangerous black man in America was the ghetto hustler.

struggle to throw off the bonds that have kept him down for 350 years.

The story is not pretty. It is life. The book has been out for four years and is just beginning to be seen in the South. The material is inflammatory in nature and arouses passions in the reader which are not pleasant, but the problems discussed are real, and they can be solved only by being faced, discussed and ironed out openly and frankly.

Malcolm was a man.

... it began being said that I was America’s only Negro who “could stop a race riot—or start one.”



The Dark

(Continued from page 9)

panthers actually don't "move" any better than those of another color. Some animals seem to be color-blind—that is, not that everything is in black and white, but it is not in the usual color. Cats can see well at night. Why is this? It is because their pupils open only one way—they let the light in but don't let the dark in, or much of it.

Out-of-doors there are few corners. Indoors there are corners and doors and dark places where candles go out on their own. Do people live in houses because they like corners and doors? Jack Horner did something in a corner, as a child might, but, in general, corners are not good for much. Doors are good to connect rooms and the inside with the outside. A door can be slammed on a snake. Pillars can be slammed on a snake or closed on a snake depending upon the pillars and the snake.

Snakes do not eat dirt or apples or maidens, if they can help it. Snakes have no "hair" as such because they are clean and can't go around covering up places where hair is with pillows or hands or things like that because they can't hold pillows and they don't have hands, but they still manage to survive in their "way." Snakes get stiff in the winter. They can't run around to get warm, and they can't go to church to yell "Amen!" or got to sleep.

Snakes may go where snakes may please—

Through the weeds or through the trees.

Snakes eat rats, not flies and bees—

Rats eat cheese.

Rats don't always eat cheese, but they like it when they can "get" it. Rats have big teeth in front. Snakes

can't fly, of course, but they don't roll up and down and chase horses, either. As Bird Snaletone once said, "Snakes are long, but by golly, they can sure bite the hell out of you!" Snaletone was a naturalist most famous for his studies of life forms found on nickels. He also had a deformed gazelle as a pet and later as a wine sack. He died.

Birds and rats have several things in common. They don't eat bricks, they don't jump rope, they don't write novels, and most of all they don't live in sin. Birds can be squeezed till all of the air goes out of them and they expire. Blowing air back into them won't make them empire or umpire, either. Umpires wear black suits because they like to be clean, and because they think that baseball games are funerals. Black shows white dirt or chalk readily. Baseballs are white, but footballs are brown. Why is this? Who knows?

An old miner once said, "Give me a good canary, and you . . . ough!" This was a *very* old miner, but he probably would have said, "Give me a good canary, and you can beat around the bush and go around Jerusalem to get to Jericho and burn the midnight oil and put your nose to the grindstone and do your thing and tell it like it is and soul and psychedelic and idle hands are the devil's workshop, but you can tell if there's gas down there if there are a bunch of dead birds on the floor unless they died of natural causes—either because they wore out or something killed 'em." Mines are dark when there is no light. Gun barrels are also dark. Bullets go so fast out of gun barrels because they are afraid of the dark, but unless they are pushed a little they can't move because they are so scared. Bullets make holes in things, and holes are usually dark, so bullets really lose in the end, anyway, or anywhere else.

Girls like bullets O.K., but they usually don't like sharp loud noise. Why is this? It is because they associate loud noises with thunder and thunder with long, hot things, lightning flashes. When they hear a loud noise they are afraid that they will sweat, because they sweat when they are hot.

Deodorant is an extension of the ideal armpit. "War is hell," Sherman said, because it was hot in Georgia. The Andersonville prison was described as a "hellhole." It was hot there. Because it was hot, the men sweated, and their minds connected heat with sweat and sweat with hell and hell and hair. Some people, when they see long hair, think, "Hell." Deodorant is God for the underarm area—the "armpit," if you will, the term "pit" also associated with imprisonment. When a human being begins to stink he fears he is in prison. Females shave their armpits because they do not fight in wars. They generally associate sweat with things other than prison but hot things just the same. Dogs and cats sweat, too, but they run around naked and do not shave anywhere.

Sleeping is easiest when one is not awake. Dreams are the septic tank of the mind. What boy has not awakened in the night and wished himself asleep again? It has been said that "dreaming is hard," but it is harder than sleeping. Going to the bathroom is a big deal for young kids, but the novelty soon wears off. Dreams are different. The sleeper is the director, producer, and actor, sometimes. Post-nasal drip is a severe detriment to dreaming and sleeping in general but perhaps is better than having the nose clogged up. It is just as easy to sleep with the mouth open as otherwise, unless the sleeper is frightened of living creatures crawling in.

A grandmother once got a mosquito
stuck in her ear and said that it
sounded "just like a rocking chair."
Now, the ears are to hear with, but,
as has often been said, "Who can tell
me what to sow?" It is clear that the
old lady could not see the chair. She
merely heard what she thought
sounded like one, and perhaps it did,
sounding so close.

It is easier to hear in the dark than
in the light because there is less in-
terference. The eyes and ears some-
times confuse the brain. At night,
however, even the eyes can concen-
trate on hearing. This is why blind
persons hear so well—their eyes have
nothing to do but listen. Read a few
lines of poetry:

And so to make sure order stayed
And nothing scared the ladies,
Millie showed them something
frayed—

A photograph of hades.

Now, read the same lines in the
dark. See the difference? Of course
not, because seeing is hard in the
dark, if not impossible. Now turn the
light off and on rapidly. Does the
poem go away when the light goes
out? Who knows? It is easy to be sure
the paper is still there—just put your
hand on it, but where does the poem
go? When you read it it goes in your
eyes and comes out inside your head,
but where does it go when the light
is gone? Where does the writing in
books go when the books are closed?
If it isn't read, it is as good as gone.
When Beethoven conducted his
Ninth Symphony he couldn't hear all
of it, really, but what about it? The
musicians still played and maybe
smiled or smirked a little. Beethoven
could hear the music in his head, but
music and words aren't quite the
same. When a person has music on
his mind, he is usually whistling or

humming or singing or acting like an
ass. When he has words on his mind
he may speak or he may not. When
he has pictures on his mind he usually
doesn't speak but may do other things,
depending upon the pictures. One
doesn't have to see to eat, but it is
a good idea. Several small children
were once playing in a pasture, and
one said to another, "Close your eyes
and open your mouth, and I'll put
something nice in it." It was a cow
pasture.

"Nice," of course, has many mean-
ings. If the child had been able to
see, he probably would not have
opened his mouth, unless he had been
told by some figure of authority that
the substance was "chopped steak"
and was "good for" him. As it was,
he did open his mouth, although he
did not swallow. It would have been
"nicer" for him had he kept his mouth
closed.

Ever since and even before Tris-
tram was asked to . . . out of the
window, night has come when the
sun has gone down. Windows let
dark in as well as out, and doors,
also. When a bird flies through an
open window it is not because he
wants to see what is "on the other
side." It is because he doesn't care.
As in the case of people who pop
flashbulbs from halfway up the
Orange Bowl, ignorance is not con-
crete, but it is obvious, just the same.
When the night comes some things
end and some begin in more ways
than one, which is a worn phrase
but still carries meaning of a sort.
As Olre Kaapre once said, "Give me
a good book and an ugly woman
and you can have the book if it's dark
and the woman if it's light." When
it is dark there is no ugliness, but
something replaces it and it is *not*
beauty.

(Continued from page 31)

said he'd had a nervous breakdown
and was in a mental institution in
Florida. The administration, predict-
ably, said nothing, but merely hired
a new teacher to take his classes.

For some time, speculation on Mr.
Ruhl's mysterious disappearance con-
tinued to be the primary subject for
daydreams and idle conversation.
But, like most topics, it soon became
old, and eventually people stopped
speculating, stopped wondering, and
finally forgot all about it.

* * *

She used to dream that it would
happen all over again. She would be
sitting in the classroom, a student
again, she would hear Mr. Ruhl fall
silent, see him staring out the window,
watch him slowly rise and walk to
the door. But this time, this time she
would go with him.

"Please, sir," she'd say, "Let me go
with you. I have to know. What is it
that you see out there? Why must
you go? Where? Please, sir. I need to
know. Where does an old man go
when he walks out into an October
day?"

"Yes," she thought, "That's what I'd
ask."

But he could not have told her. For
he'd know, as she didn't, that in
having to ask the question, she could
never understand the answer.



Ah, Americana

Coming Next:

The Chronicle Literary Edition

Final Issue (if we have any money left)

Photo Feature on the Daytona 24 Hour Continental

Photography Contest Results
(by the way, this is announcing it—contact Chip)

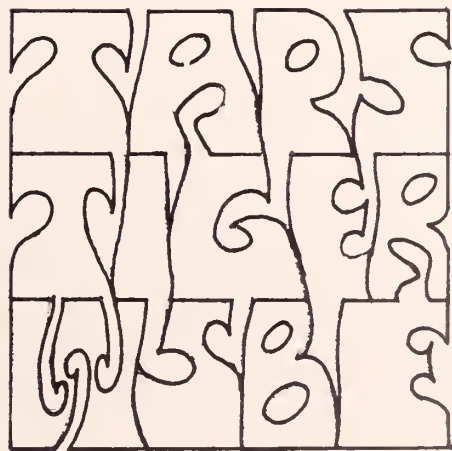
Study of Student Government This Year and Next.

Photo Feature of Judi Kossler

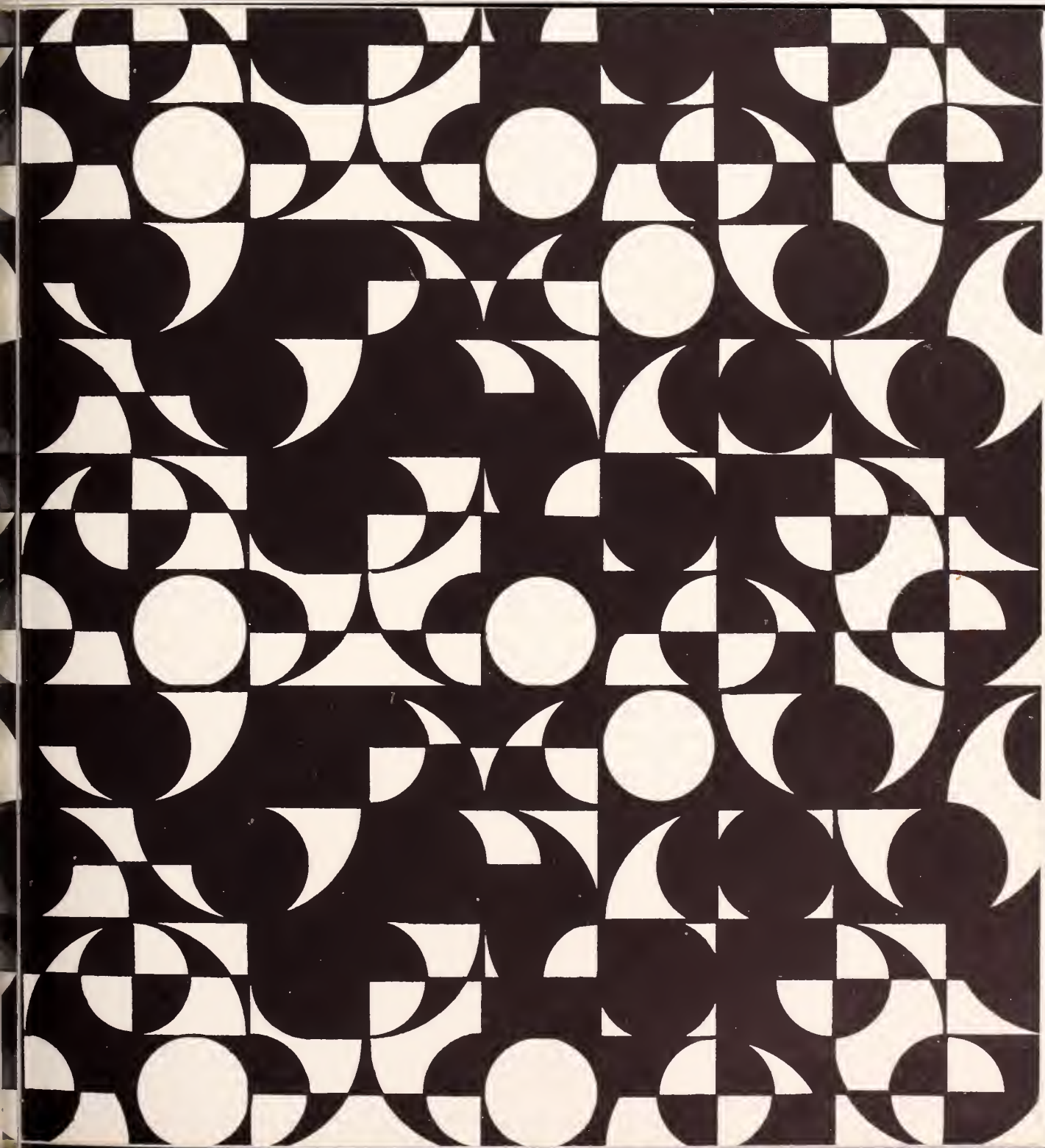
More Fiction and Poetry

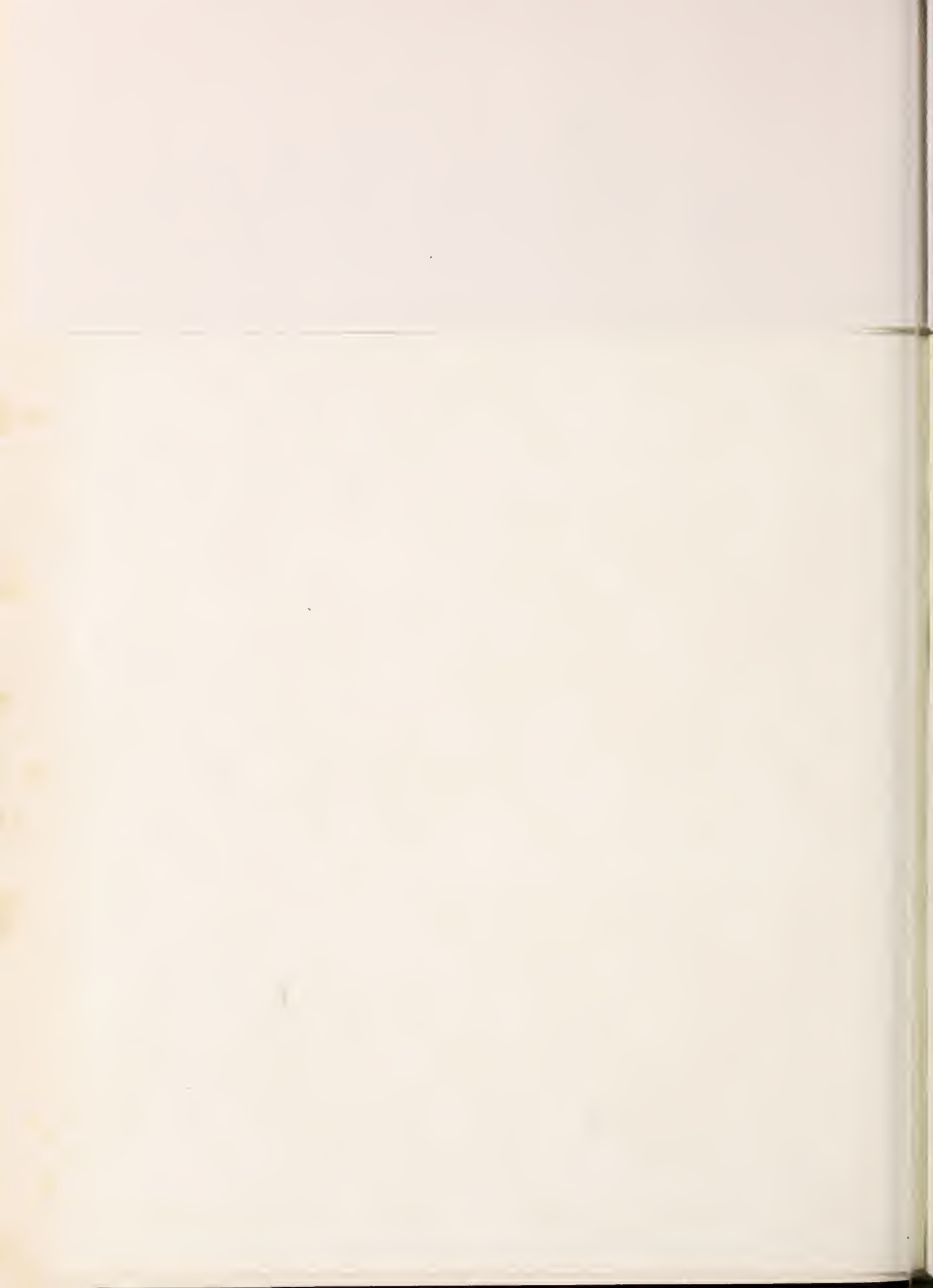
Next Year's predicted Wave Makers

A New Editor-in-Chief



Claremont University
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THE CHRONICLE LITERARY EDITION

APRIL 1969

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Ghost Children of Concrete Park

By GARY LIGI

Silently I follow the street
To where the asphalt laps at a driveway,
Becoming an ancient mosaic sidewalk,
Deeply lined and faded where my knees
First became aware of it, while still
Too foolish to be young.
Beyond the cloud of cataracts lies the fence,
And the wall we used to play at
till our hands bled.
At nights we'd come here and fill our heads
With quart purchases of dreams,
Laughing loudly till the cops came,
softly when they left.
We loved, all of us, as young as true Gods,
Fighting for the passing throne
and its pimpled queen,
Discussing our important things,
which I've since forgotten,
Hesitating at the door of each tomorrow,
And slowly walking home.

But the park is empty now for us.
The wall still shouts its slogans,
and holds all those tired names.
I can see our faces on the new hands,
the future blood to cover yours.

When the snow cuts through the courts,
When it's too cold for old men
and children
and no one
stops to question
I'll sleepwalk past
our concrete
yesterday
Tossing my dead rubber ball against your headstone,
remembering.

Characters in a Childhood Play Distorted

By LARRY ABERNATHY

I

The two of us
Grew together,
Wrote our pitiful verse
First . . .
Then we read
Our childish lines,
Snuck a smoke,
And spoke . . .
He wrote of that
Which I couldn't
Seem to see
In me . . .
He tasted of the things
I only heard about
At school,
The fool . . .
He wrote of Nancy's breasts
And back-seat whispers,
Of innocence decayed
He said . . .
And ridiculed my lines
Of life, of leaves
Of trees.
I see
That he used dirt
Like I used love,
To try and free it
See it . . .
We wrote not what we felt
But what we longed to feel,
I guess we lied
Inside . . .
I called him a "frustrated realist"
Yet he never left his pen —
He called his pen "his master"
And me a "cockeyed bastard."

II

Father Foster was young
And he took it upon himself
To guide my steps
And keep me clean.
My own father poetically
Called him a "rock"
Mother whispered that
He was "God-sent."

His patience was my foothold,
His insight my basis
For childish decisions,
And when I left
He told me he
Was proud of his
Creation.

When I returned
I asked of Father Foster,
And in his house
I spoke with his
Female praything
Who told me he was
Night-shift operator
Of a drive-in
Confession Booth.

III

Ruth had a wart on her nose
she saw it
thrice daily
when she ate
and seldom otherwise.
She had a wart
that she never grew to love
because
she never looked ahead
just sideways.
Her lovers kissed her crooked
to keep from touching
the thing
and she raised it
toward the crucifix
at mass.
Ugly, malformed seed of flesh
but it was hers
or her
alone
unloved.
She died and they burnt it off
and powdered of nose
she lay there unidentified —
few noticed
but me
and I gave a damn.

Hospital Dirge

By SAM SMITH

*Great was the difficulty
In writing the words
Which we know must remain
Suspended close*

*over the bodies waiting together
(What, is it your leg I'm wearing?)
in the hospital beds
for final surgery.*

*Or whatever,
they are as in life,
well attended.*

*They, being prepared
as though to make love to the queen
All the hair removed from the arms
In unison to wash
Carefully not to touch the filth they forgot to remove
And occasionally to gaze to the outside:
At the rain falling
To create the flesh smell
Of green things
That never meant so much before.*

Snow

*I've been here before; once before I came at night
And fell on you and made you white—not pure, but white.
You cleaned off my cleaning white,
You bathed again in ashes—no longer clean.
Now you lay sleeping and again I come
and softly fall on you.
When you awake you'll be clean again.
Do not wash me off,
For the next time I come
I will fall on you in fire.*

By RICHARD C. KERRIGAN

"DAK"

By KATHY LAWRENCE

I. THE SNOW

Great bulging gray clouds, heavy with snow children, hung low in the sky. The clouds diffused the early morning light until only a few thin rays found their way down to the frozen earth and cast not warmth but only a pallid gray-yellow light over the camp. With the dawn's arrival the inmates began to awake, stretch their scarred gaunt limbs, and, pulling on the coats given them by the Red Cross, trudged toward the dining hall. They were a small group of those who had survived the deadly maws of Bergen-Belsen, Buchenwald, and a host of minor Nazi death camps. Skeletal forms, shivering in the cold air, they wore the nametag of thwarted death tattooed on their arms.

After breakfast they scattered around the camp. A few flakes of snow came sifting down, then the sift became a tumble and the air was filled with the billowing stuff. It covered the roofs of the barracks. Some stuck to the window-panes only to melt and become glistening icicles hanging from the sills. A soft carpet of it covered the ground and soon would be crushed into the mud by rag-shod restless feet until the mud froze.

Flakes caught on eyelashes, melted, and ran down the gaunt cheeks. Flakes kissed the sign at the entrance and clung there until the words "Displaced Persons Camp No. 5, Laronne, France were hidden. Ice fairies danced in the air, evoking thoughts of the years before, the years of "O Tannenbaum" and Holly wreaths and sleighs gliding through the country lanes. It smothered the earth in a silent lovely shroud.

II. THE NURSES

"There he is, Yvette. Sitting on the lumber pile. He's the boy I told you about the other day."

"Oh yes, I remember now. Poor little thing, he's just like all the others. I guess the only way we could understand them would be if we had been through it ourselves. It's harder on the survivors too, since they have to live with the memories. Anyway, has he talked to anyone yet?"

"No, not that I know of: It's strange, most of them can't stop talking when they finally realize they're safe, but not him. It's his eyes that fascinate me. He sees you when you speak to him, I mean he knows you're there, but it's as though he's also seeing something else, maybe right behind you. His name is Dak, but I've nicknamed him 'scary eyes'. I wish I could speak German since he probably doesn't understand French."

"What do you know about him, his family and all?"

"It's the same as most of the other children. He was in Bergen-Belsen for a year. His parents' whereabouts unknown, they're assumed dead. He's Jewish, no relatives left that we know of. He's about eight or nine years old, and his only friend is a Russian Jew named Sergei who was at the camp with him. That's all the record has about him."

"Well maybe someone will turn up, an aunt or cousin or someone who lived near him. Come on, we'd better get on to work."

III. DAK

He sat on a lumber pile with the snow tumbling down around him, but he seemed oblivious to it. They had given him a heavy woolen coat which was too big, it's cuffs dangled several inches below his wrists. It made his neck itch, but it was warm. One of his shoes had a hole in it, and the woolen socks, also too big, bagged down around his ankles. One knee was bared to the storm by a gaping hole in his pants. A tuft of brown matted hair brushed his eyelashes and his thin cheeks turned to pink in the cold air. His eyes were big and brown and one of the nurses had said they were scary.

He wished he had a mirror so he could see them. He had never known anyone with scary eyes and he was proud of them. The snow that caught on his hair was melting and ran down onto his neck. It had snowed like this back in Germany. It would snow every year until the long time came that had made his eyes get scary. They kept asking him questions here, but they had always done that. First the questions would be gentle and kind, but later would come the beating and the shouting "Jew boy" and words he couldn't understand. The questions were still gentle here, but they would change, just like they did before. Sergei said he should answer them because there were different people, not like the others. Sergei was fifteen and he should know what was right, but the others back in Germany had been even older and they hadn't known.

Anyway, to answer questions was bad. He had learned that a long time ago. The soldiers had asked him questions and he had been afraid to answer. Then he had told them the truth and they had gotten angry. Later when he hurt all over from the hitting he had told them lies and they had smiled at him. He had smiled back because he didn't want them to be angry. Mama had always told him it was wrong to make grown-ups angry. Several days later when the pounding had come at the door and the soldiers had taken them to the train,

he learned that his lies had made the soldiers angry at his parents. He had cried on the train and told them about his lies. Mama had kissed him where the bruises hurt and said it was all right. She had said that sometimes not even the very bravest people could always tell the truth, and she had told him never to think about it again. That was a long time ago, and the long time had made his eyes get scary.

IV. SERGEI

"Hey, why are you sittin' out here in the cold? You're gonna freeze to death. Come on inside . . . well alright then, I'll sit here with you. Listen, there's something going on here. I won't know about it for sure until tonight, but we might be getting out of here soon. You'd come wouldn't you? You wouldn't have to talk to anybody, I'll do it for you. But you will come? God, Dak, I wish you'd talk to me. I know you can because I heard you call me the other night. You didn't know about that, did you? You were asleep and sure enough I heard you say: 'Sergei, don't leave me.' You don't have to worry, I won't go anywhere without you. We're friends and I'll take care of you. You don't have to talk to be because I know what it is that you're thinking. Someday you'll tell me the inside part of it. Anyway, I'll stay with you unless I freeze to death here first! Let's go inside."

V. DAK

It was warm in the barracks. The stove in the middle of the room sputtered and smoked a little. There were twenty-four beds, each with a tiny cabinet for personal belongings. The room smelled like smoke and sweat, but no one minded or even seemed to notice. He and Sergei stayed here, and Sergei slept in the bed next to him. Since they were the youngest, they had the beds nearest the stove. A soft murmur of conversation flowed over the room. At night there would be snoring sounds, and tossings and turnings. Sometimes a cry of terror would pierce the sleep and they would wake, sweat-bathed with fear.

He sat down on his bed and took off his coat. Sergei joined some men on the other side of the room and in a little while they left. Sergei had said they might go away somewhere. He wondered where. But it didn't matter much as long as they were together. He wished Sergei had said something about his eyes.

The man at the next bed was talking about his wife and children. He talked about them all the time. He said they had died at Aushwitz and that the filthy Germans had killed them. He wondered why the man always called the Germans filthy. He was a German and when he had first heard the man say that, he had gone and washed himself. But the man still said it. His mother had made him wash every day: in the morning, before supper and at night. Once a week she had made him take a bath, always saying to him that "clean-

liness was next to godliness." That's what she had said before she went away for the last time.

They had gone through a long line at the camp and when they had come to the table where the officers were, they had to say good-bye. He had a red tag because the officers thought he could do simple tasks. She had a blue tag because she had to go take a shower. The train ride, she said, had made her dirty. Then she kissed him and the soldiers made her go away.

It was much later when he saw her come out of the showers. They were in a wagon, arms and legs and faces with terrible wide-open shiny eyes. He had known then that his mother was the bodies, his mother was the wagon. She was clean with wide open shiny eyes. That was when he stopped talking. How could he tell them that his mother was the wagon and the arms and legs and faces? That his mother was clean and he wished he were clean too.

VI. SERGEI

"Wake up Dak, wake up. Remember what I said this afternoon, that we might go away? Well, it's true. You and I and lots of others. We'll be leaving on a boat in about three weeks. It'll be a big boat, an ocean liner almost. You'll like it. Are you afraid? Come on then, sit close to me. We're going to the Holy Land. I know you've heard them talk about it. They say it's the best place there is for us. We'll be brothers, and they said there will be farms there for us to work on. You'll like the boat ride. Maybe we'll even see some sharks, or porpoises. It'll be different over there, you'll see."

VII. DAK

He said we'll go together and we'll be brothers. I never had a brother. And we'll be farmers, too. Mama used to talk about the Holy Land. She always said she wanted to go there, so it must be a good place. He said we'll see sharks and fishes. Maybe there'll even be a girl-fish like the one in the picture book Mama gave me. When we get to the Holy Land I can tell Sergei about Mama being a wagon of arms and legs. And I can ask him if my eyes are really scary.

The Fountain

By FRANK EDLER

*The rat; stilted, tip-running, misses
And lurches into the yielding water-pool.
Lashing-kicking, near-drowning, the rat tires
And slows, kneading the liquid.
Oilslickish circulets smear the surface
Of the water tracing its wake.
The motionless marble hand hangs
Suspended above the water—cupped.
Snagging a finger, the rat clings—
Then clambers up. Haunched, it sits
Shaking dry in the sun.*

Variations On an Odored Theme

By PETE SNYDER

*I. Go crawl in a hole
And pull the dirt in over you.
So when you begin to rot,
You can crawl out again
And smell the fresh air
Like others smell you now.*

*II. Go bury yourself
And hide from the world
So you can germinate
And sprout in better form,
Green and taught,
A strength to your presence.*

*III. Full, sick and creating,
You need time
To gather faith
In living.*

Go hide.

The Letter

"Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

—coleridge, "*kubla khan*".

Nay, thrice me not, but twice me, twice me.
Oh, I am twiced to death.

Morning's become the problem. None are easy, not yet. Don't expect it that early, hit you in your sleep. Things to do in mornings, though, should take the mind away. No. Not my mind. Keeps going back. Can't get away from it. Useless in world now. "I'll never climb those stairs again. . . ." Down falling's been too long, still no ground in sight. Hard bottom waiting. Fall like this could kill a man. Easily.

"This is where the rainbow starts, at the bottom . . ."

Painful seeing all the pieces of me lying where they fell. Knowing that they're all there, not a piece missing. Intact, but not together. Watching dust settle on pieces. And only try to remember where they all belong, in case I ever need them.

Where were the letters then, time to stop it? Where were Promises? Filled up now with useless love and silent promises. Love fad crowding out my self space. Letters now thought written all day long. Silly, though; can't get it back.

Today's letter:

Babybabybaby, I miss you, Angel, so much,

You've pushed me out here, in the jungle, where I don't belong and don't know my way. I don't know what to do here. I'll sit and wait for you to come out and find me, take me back. But you'll be too afraid then to come out, and I'll be too afraid to move out here, even to find my way back. Night, and now this jungle is a lonely place. I'm scared, too, out here, but mostly I'm just lonely. I don't even know where I am, or which way you went, and if you forget where you left me I'll sit here forever.

Please don't worry about coming back, for I will be soft and gentle, quiet; all I want is you to find me, and bring me back to you; but you're afraid of me in some way, so you won't come out, ever, and you won't let me back in. So we'll both sit, alone, in love and afraid.

rememberingremembering all the smiles,
do you remember me?

Sealed now, and mind-mailed, prayed back to baby. Take years to get there, that far back; not even sure of the address. Used to be sure. Confusion, now, is like a friend. It has no heart.

Seconds of dark, numbing of nerve centers, brain cells cringing before the wonder of/it all. Confusion; where was I? Back there, so far away, and so hard. Fear, knot of pain pushing through the eyeballs to the brain. Empty sick stomach feeling.

Yesterday's thought-for-today:

Suicide by pill. Good side affects. Long sleep, no clocks to scare you lonely awake. No mind to bring you back, over and over. Stomach ache forever, though; inability to move. Must haunt passively by guilt. Like the razor blade idea better.

Changing now. Suicide dream becoming ghost-floating memory. Sad realization that two years is not enough to judge a life on. Now another island lost. Watch, mother, watch. They'll all go down. Can no longer move, act; cheated of last freedom—to be one's own undoing. Sorry to see it leave. Need something, anything, left over. Something breathing on me. Hard to tell which I'll miss more, suicide or angel. Too late, of course, both are gone.

Must go out. Someplace. Someplace new, with none of her in it. But lonely, then, without memories. Problem of contamination. Love fallout killing all my people, whole cities at a time. Try to get back, stop too-fast clock.

Wish more of my mind. Wouldn't have lost her. Shouldn't have. Couldn't have? Me? Death wish creeps in on little cat feet. Run. Run now. The truth is "No, not even that is left."

By RICHARD C. KERRIGAN

Obscenity

By FRED BALDWIN

*Falling in circles we stared
At the gap where they had gone
Now we were alone together
All the same
All the same things were changed
We had quite forgotten even
What they had looked like
And we were just about all
Cooled off when some deviate
(there is always one)
Heated his passions by removing
His gloves*

A Study of Elegant Misproportion

By PETE SNYDER

*Thin shoulders, fat elbows
thick ankles, pigeontoed
(hips are nice, tho)
And all the mechanical array
displayed
to hold up earrings
under too closely cropped hair
(saves salon money)*

*Smoothed hair, clean blouse
freckles beneath
and a wayward strap of lace*

*It seems so funny
structural expression hidden
but always escaping
(stocking straps)*

*Frivolous voice—saying nothing
pretty pretty pretty*

*Illusion swept, the perfect one steps forward,
machine-like and skin treated,
(too bad she's afraid it's loose)*

*A fat woman loving,
sweating,
is so much more real
(no artificial airs about her)*

Blackwater Dairy

By FRED BALDWIN

*Something of interest for all
Spun down from the spider-haired
Old loon
You see, he said, green is an idea
Of old money and wounds
Save your time and wear your clocks
In prominence as you make your pleas*

Save it save it

*He said
And we gobbled it up like
Water eating fire
How it made us feel
Like new hums in motors of
Some giant machine turning
Out copies of old laughs and sighs*

*In our souls we dissolved and
Boiled this new thing until it
Became very pale, even in the
Light of our inner candles
Which by now were moving nearer
The kindling of the door*

*We made our pleas
But the old loon's smile
Would not hold them all
And buckled like an umbrella
When the wind shoves by
His smile, inverted,
We could not ignore.*

THE VISITORS

By KEN BURROWS

Outside it snowed and the land looked darker where the snow settled. The bald heads of the trees dropped scurf onto the last few brown sprigs of lawn and the girl at the mirror looked uneasy. "Not a good day for my visitors" she thought, watching the reflection of the darkening lawn and the grey snow falling and the light creeping away in her mirror as she put another white bow in her hair. It was long hair and took a deal of combing and she spent a good deal of time here thinking and dreaming. This scene outside was not anew to her and it was as though she could tell the difference of each individual day of the year by the changing shades of the lawn, the aging of the trees by the high garden wall and by the coming and going of the light—reluctantly, echoing towards Spring; betraying the watcher as it sidled off in the direction of Winter. Yet even now dark as it was, she could see by the light of the mirror: see the white patches of the bows in her long hair, the white high neck of her muslin robe, and the smudges of snow and night against the reflection of the window. She paused, her hand on a few gathered strands of hair, the comb resting on her shoulder, its arm across her breast. "The years had passed so slowly and yet almost carefully" allowing her to put each Friday into place—the day the visitors came, but never to this corner of the room. This was her corner, with the mirror facing outside, over the wall and the lawn and the tree. This was all she had seen—the reflection of the wall, the lawn and the trees and the seasons filtering by all these years and it was beautiful. There was peace here. She felt the snow, the winter and the falling leaves—as it were through the window and neither the cold nor the heat could touch her. Here combing her hair in the mirror, gazing on the world outside and dreaming she would live forever, untouched and unharmed! She smiled and the pause ended. The narrow straight lips turned up a

little in a smile in the mirror and the comb began to work shaking the little white patches of the bows and smudging even more the movement of the window's reflection. The silent girl sitting in darkened room in a darkened world, with only the glimmer of the mirror.

Two doors away, down a corridor that glimmered copper and glass and a gold thread carpet, behind the polished panels of a stained cedar door, Bonnie stood, at the table, thoughtfully greasing the soles of her old winter boots, and wandering about the weather and the coming cold and the visitors. "There'll be no going out for me tonight," she thought and tipped wistfully a touch of lard into the unseen spot near the arch of the worn boot. "But they'll do for tomorrow. Tomorrow there'll be a clean white cloth on the ground" and already she could see through the window, she could see the ground beginning to give off its own light as the snow settled thicker and the faint light from her kitchen pushed out of the window down onto the lawn and sneaked to the foot of one of the big trees that lined the wall. "What a shame she'd let the house go" she thought "and it being such a big and joyful old place once, specially at this time of the year, when every tree concealed a Christmas elf and the house could never be cold and dark when it didn't want to be, and so like it was cut-off." She had been young then and nannied the poor, silly thing in the white muslin in the room down the corridor, who didn't come out and waited only for her "visitors" every Friday and glared at her flimsy face in the mirror all day. Bonnie had got no older except by a few years which had added brightness to her eyes and strength to her heart and body. She was still the nanny, looking after the girl down the corridor, showing in her "visitors" week after week, with a pity devoid of weakness and a deceptiveness devoid of sin. She put the boots down on the reddened floor and glanced out of the window. "Yes. They would be here soon. She would call her in that bodiless voice that seemed to care nothing whether it be heard or not for it was spoken to the mirror, and Bonnie would be there at the door a few yards behind her to say that "they were coming, love, and I think I just heard the gate go and I'll pop along down and see if it isn't them," and the girl would not pause again but carry on combing with the right arm across her breast looking blandly at the house-companion's profile in the mirror.

She pushed a damp curl back from her forehead, puffed a little with the bending and kicked the greased boots a little further under the table. Five minutes to seven! Yes she ought to go. She quietly opened the door that had once kept the warmth in on many a busy scene and closed it soundlessly behind her. She moved down the dark corridor, her slippers hissing a little on the thin carpet and stopped outside the door of the little room. She would be there she thought as always, with that one only motion she ever made and the few frayed ribbons in her hair reminding her of the old linen sheet flapping against the window in her bedroom that had frightened her when she was only a child: she was still a little frightened even now when she was no longer surprised—even after all these years! To see her framed in the mirror, and always only the almost invisible glimmer of the face she could see half exposed, of the girl combing the long hair and smiling a little. "Bonnie"—there it was, the lightest catch of the voice as the girl called her—not caring whether she was heard or not. And Bonnie always heard it, standing as she did, waiting at the door. She turned the knob and entered and as always gave a little frightened start at the sheet-like movement in the corner and the faint gleam of the girl's face in the mirror. "Have they come yet, Bonnie?" she said, as though they had been together chatting for the last heaven knows how long, when the only words ever spoken were these! "Who, dear?" said Bonnie as she always did. "My Friday visitors." she heard, and the combing paused and the comb rested on the reflection of the white shoulder, because it always did and she always watched it to time her next words. "Not yet, love." she said taking the cue, "but I think they're just coming and I heard the gate go a minute ago." and her breath came quicker as it always did now when he had said this. "Go and see then Bonnie" came the nerveless voice from the mirror and she turned silently and left the room to hiss smoothly away past the kitchen and up the stairs to the back bedroom that gave out onto the town-road, where everything was kept. She took away the large dust-shroud and moved out of the room, back downstairs past the kitchen, breathing heavily with the weight of the thing and silently entered the dark room again. The girl turned towards the door, the face perhaps animated, with a breathed "I knew you'd come" and Bonnie laid the mirror against the wall and left.

Sam—and the Taking Away of the Right to Be Prejudice

By C. S. ADSON

*Sam was kind to no one
and hated all he saw
He cursed his preacher
never paid his doctor
and despised his mother-in-law*

*He beat his wife often
and also beat his kid
To make his life happy and content—
but something had to happen
and, of course, it finally did*

*He was walking around mumbling about
something one day
When someone overheard and reported
him for Negro-hating, so he
was clubbed and jailed away.*

Love Is A Warm Balloon

*Buy me a balloon you said so I did
And you carried it on your stick
Through the itch-grass near the
Marble dolphins and the old ducks
With grass protruding from their nostrils*

*Isn't this nice you said as you drove
As always your blue car through the
Trees and onto the soft black
Parking pit isn't this nice
You said there as you put the
Balloon on the back seat*

*How nice and cool you splattered in
The pool as I watched you dissolving
Your problems nice and cool
You grinned and made an interesting
Bow*

*Our love is like my balloon you said
So full and yet so light and happy
Your hair smelled wet as we walked
Back to the car the seats were torture
The air was thick with heat*

*Look I said and pointed to the balloon it
Had burst in the sun
You looked at me*

By FRED BALDWIN

On Riding the Bus and Seeing a Woman Whose Face Was Covered With Warts

By MIKE SEARS

*You're from ear to ear warts and
warts and ugly blue eyes*

*Don't stare at me old lady
I can't look at you
Do you envy me, hate me
or do you pity me
But don't stare at me old lady*

*Look at your blind husband
beside you
He's slobbering on his
overalls—tend him and
don't stare at me old lady*

*Helplessness and ugliness married
and in perfect proportions
in a divorceless pair
So pull the cord and get off and
be a blindman's second cane
And I'm glad you have no children.*

George Elvanour's Falling Down

By JEFF STEINFELDT

A man named Lucas was having a family outing with several invited guests on a piece of wooded property adjoining his home. Among the many sports and games offered at the picnic was this host's favorite pastime—archery. In the course of demonstrating his remarkable skill, and reinforced by several mugs of draught beer, he positioned his young boy, set the proverbial apple upon his head, and stepped back twenty paces. The arrow was released and split the apple in half quite handily much to the delight of his guests. The missile continued to soar and splashed into the side of his dog which was innocently taking a pee on a tree in the background. "Now that's what I call killing two birds with one stone," the indomitable Lucas laughed.

Twenty years later the land was tactfully divided into plots on which successful families built houses. The subdivision was christened William Tell Hollow in honor of the builder's one great love and became the comfortable home of doctors, lawyers, and rising executives. Today on the very piece of land on which this now forgotten feat took place stands the home of the George Elvanour family. Last year was a very bad one for George.

George Elvanour portly in the middle years, hair graying at temples, gone on top, standing drunkenly over toilet 1:00 a.m., New Year's Eve. Never very good around the house, but a master at the intricacies of business. The toilet burps a large wad of toilet paper, chewing gum, and turds down his front. Very bad beginning thought George flushing the toilet.

He was at that time next in line for the job of vice-president in charge of marketing for North Midland Consolidated Chemical Refining Corporation of America. He looked himself proudly in the eyes at his morning shave. Family and friends were understandably delighted with their George. He had his own secretary, a private inner office, and an airline credit card.

His inability to cope with even the smallest of household emergencies became a running joke in their five bedroom, two story colonial-modern home with a pool. Indeed it became such a panic for his family, one lovely daughter, 19, twin boys, 17, and his adoring wife Juanita, that they would gather in the entrance when Daddy came home. Mums would sigh that a light switch was

broken, and they would all laugh at him. He would take it with the grace of a man who knows that he is the bread winner and tell his wife to call a repairman. This admittedly got a little old, but was good fun.

He knew that he was a success at forty-five, and he sincerely looked forward to the leisure years of the life ahead of him when he could look back on his many conquests with a glow of satisfaction and a puff of his pipe. In short, he was getting tired. After the nightly scene at the front door he liked to put on his slippers, light a good mixture of imported tobaccos, and read the evening newspaper from beginning to end. Supper was called every night on page 10. They would quietly discuss the day's events and excuse themselves to their own activities. Lynne, the daughter, would go out. The boys, Tom and Jerry, would go to their rooms and read dirty magazines while George continued reading his newspaper. Juanita would come into the living room on the first page of Section B and turn on "Ozzie and Harriet".

Jerry: Dad would you come up here and fix the sink?

George: Coming.

All: Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha

(He pours Draino down the hole.)

George: That ought to do it.

Jerry: But it was the faucet that needed fixing, Dad.

All: Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha

George: Well we'd better call a plumber. I don't want to monkey with it. I'm a businessman not a plumber. We'd better call a plumber.

They went to bed half way through the 11 o'clock news and slept soundly.

Up in the morning at 6:30, showered and dressed by 7:15, breakfast half way through the A section of the morning edition grabs his hat and off to the freeway at 8:00.

"Good morning, Miss Lorino."

"Hey there, Mr. Big."

Oh Ellie Lorino of the lavender eyes and bouncing bosoms thought George. He steadied his honest hand, picked the mail deftly off her desk, and danced with a Bossa Nova step into his office a smile and wink passing over his shoulder. Not heard from again until noon except to whisper "Hey there, Miss Lorino" over his new inter-com system. Appears for lunch.

"May I take you to lunch today, Miss Lorino?"

"Sorry, George, but I really doubt it."

Downstairs to the cafeteria a hamburger with mustard, coffee, a Fifth Avenue candy bar, and up to the office again. Hat misses the rack. Cha-cha's through the inner office door a Latin smile aimed at Ellie of the bouncing bosoms. She clucks her tongue as the door closes.

George was a carefree man. All was going smoothly and smiles were everywhere through the entire spring of that year. There were no catastrophies

at home, and he continued to make money. The first mild winds of the flower season indeed brought back a nostalgic attack of "spring fever". In moderation. Soon the thawing was completed and the first powerful rays of June sun began to burn beads of sweat off his shining head. It was during this period of tempting summer relaxation that it began.

He appears at his office door at three o'clock to play handball with an old army buddy in purchasing.

"See you later, Miss Lorino," said George with a jaunty step.

"I don't wear underwear you know, Mr. Elvanour."

"Oh my gracious! Why not?"

"Cramps my style." She slit the top of an envelope with a very long fingernail leaning comfortably back in her chair. George forgot his hat when he left the office.

The hot invigorating spears of water splashed off of his weary body. Tired but alive George smiled directly into the streams of water, turned it off, grabbed his towel and went to his locker to dry briskly and dress. He enjoyed feeling his blood move and flexed as he passed a mirror. His pectorals juggled. Dressing now pulling socks over damp feet he noticed something rather peculiar. His left foot seemed to be slightly larger than his right. Wasn't like that before, he thought to himself and looked at the ceiling. Finished dressing quickly and went home instead of back to the office as was his habit.

"Juanita."

"What, George? You're early." She smoothed her dress. She was out of breath. There was a loud splashing noise coming from the pool. She put her hand over her mouth and looked at the floor.

"What was that in the pool, Juanita?"

"Oh probably just a bird or something. What's wrong with you tonight, George? You seem awfully pale."

"Oh nothing," he said in somewhat of a daze. We went up to the bathroom to have another look. It was bigger. Now what could cause a thing like that he wondered. He sat on the toilet looking at his foot for a long while.

"George, your dinner is getting cold," His wife reasoned.

"Leave me alone," he replied.

"What are you doing in there, George?"

"Shut up and leave me alone, Juanita."

He was generally very fond of summer sports, but in his new condition found it necessary to awkwardly bow out of the numerous invitations to the beach and private pools. His family began to worry about him because he had always spent a great deal of time in their own pool, but this season nothing. The change was taking place. His shoulders became rounded as he stooped from chair to chair immersed in thought. He stood long hours staring out of windows at birds. The joy and comfort of life he hesitantly released to thoughtful horror.

He watched with daily excitement the progress of his extending limb. From work he went straight to the bathroom for his check-up. His mind wandered, and he became obviously disinterested in the daily affairs of a family man.

"I don't know what's come over him," said Juanita to her coffee friends. "He won't eat, and when he comes home he goes straight upstairs and stays there."

"Be thankful for that," said her coffee friends. "At least he's not out screwing around."

The dreary summer days passed into autumn, and the unraked lawn, the unstormed windows, and the peeling paint testified to a minor drama taking place within the Elvanour home. A decaying sort of sickness had taken hold of George. He had meant to paint the house that summer. He had meant to do a lot of things. He seldom spoke to his neighbors anymore, and they were becoming rather curious. He found himself alone under the nearly emptied trees walking through the damp leaves. His foot had grown to a full size twelve, his right remaining at ten, and showed no sign of letting up. It had become knobby and distorted from being packed into his new size eleven brogans—a vain compromise. Here in the privacy of the woods he felt the ecstasy of a bare-footed walk through the lush dampness of earth humbly carrying his shoes in hand and deeply in thought among the silent trees. If the present was unbearable, the future seemed torturous. He broke a stick off a barren bush, swatted indifferently at the leaves, and stared silently at the outline of his home barely visible through the branches. His life had come to this he thought. He remembered happier days when he looked forward to his retirement. How his entire energy was spent on concealment. He passed a tree with the cryptic epitaph "Here lies Fido—1944" inscribed at the bottom and thought of his youth. Those were happy years. Now he had lost his promotion to a less qualified underling because he could not apply himself. He had fallen out of touch with his own family. His very health was failing rapidly. All for a foot.

Then in the peace often afforded by nature he began to come to terms with his problem. He realized that God must have had a reason for causing his foot to grow. It was his "Cross to bear" so to speak. His heart lightened when he thought of his family which had always been understanding and would be sure to help him through this and any other crisis if he would only confide in them. What a fool he had been! He reached the edge of the woods with nearly forgotten joy, put on his shoes and hobbled toward the house.

He burst into the kitchen, his face pink with excitement.

"Juanita?" She was at the table reading the morning paper.

"What, George?" she asked. He fumbled a bit with the coffee pot cord.

"Oh nothing. It's beautiful out today don't you think?" he smiled.

"What are you crazy, George? This is the most dreary, damp day I've ever seen. What in the hell is wrong with you lately?"

Doubt began to creep into his mind. He remembered how they had laughed at him for his clumsiness around the house. Could he trust even them? In all fairness they had stopped their ridicule when he failed to pull out of his slump during the summer. They were beginning to worry. He pondered his situation while walking into the living room where he sat in his over stuffed chair. It was true after all. He would have to keep this to himself as long as he lived. He felt like crying for the first time in his adult life.

By November George Elvanour was nearly a broken man. He no longer danced into his office to impress Miss Lorino, he seldom even looked at her, for fear of drawing attention to his affliction. In this clear, chill month he went over the edge. He looked for peace and perhaps an answer in the freedom of youth. Surely they must find some comfort from their many pressing problems in the shocking colors and sounds with which they surrounded themselves. He had seen even his own children escape into this magic world from time to time. He decided desperately that he must try it at least.

The record store was a churnnig, flashing whirlpool of color to his sagging eyes. He kept his head lowered and arms at his sides meandering through the shouting aisles music filling his head. Choosing at random he bought a Doors album and the Moody Blues, wrapped them in a bag and hurried home heart beating surprisingly fast. Straight upstairs without greetings to the den stereo playing with great volume alone. Four hours.

He came slowly down the stairs, face hanging, same, family comfortable in living room all eyes fixed on his.

"That's the worst junk I've ever heard in my life," he pouted.

"Now you're getting your old spunk back, George," said Juanita excitedly.

He turned haltingly and went back up the stairs. The lock clicked on the bathroom door. Family stared at the spot where George had been standing.

"What could be the matter with him?" said his wife dipping a hanky into her eye.

"I think he's wrecked, Mums," said the twins in unison and drifted out the front door.

One morning he slumped into his office throwing his hat half-heartedly at the rack. He didn't even look.

"Morning, Miss Lorino."

"How would you like to feel this, George?" she asked pointing to a breast. He began to whimper silently and disappeared into his office without picking up the mail. He reappeared at ten o'clock, took his hat and left the office. Miss Lorino smiled at this humble figure shuffling across the room. He never went back to work.

Family gathering. Interested neighbors sipping cocktails. Conversation ebbing.

"George, you just bought a new pair of corfam shoes didn't you? Fred was asking about them." Juanita smiled gayly at George. He quickly stuffed the big one under his chair. Reflex now.

"Fred tell me. What do you think is going to happen in the Middle East? It could be the start of another general war don't you think?" George looked interestedly into Fred's eyes. The conversation made a perfect turn. George had become an artist at dialogue control.

End of Thanksgiving month George watching first tiny specks of snow drifting to the earth. Fond memories of youth through the sparkling pane. Out of work. New pair of size twelves, left foot thirteen inches now, right shoe stuffed with a ball of kleenex. Stopped watching football games. Giving up.

On the fourth day of the numbing snow month of December George had his first heart attack. He had managed to keep the knowledge of his foot confidential to the bitter end. Dr. Bluwitt was extremely concerned and managed to impress the seriousness of the situation on the rest of George's family. They immediately began making the necessary arrangements and waited on him hand and foot. "Sign this, George."

The week before Christmas George lay limp in his bed. The room was cold and white with snowy reflection. He gathered his strength for a trip to the bathroom and stiffly brought himself to a sitting position on the side of his bed. Carefully putting on his robe and slippers he stumbled along the hall to the bathroom as quietly as he could, using the wall for support, and finally eased himself down on to the toilet seat. He took a tape measure from his robe pocket, shook his slipper off, and the feeling of swallowed worms came into his stomach as it always did when he measured his foot. Fourteen inches this time. He felt dizzy looking up at the sink and his whole body had the tingling sensation of a foot that is asleep. The bathroom light, the mirror, the curtains, the flowered towels all blended and swam around his head with aching brightness. The pain of a stake being crushed through his sternum sent him to the floor in a heap.

His saddened family gathered themselves around his bed in the season of good cheer. No joy in the Elvanour household this holiday. A sweating pitcher of water and a cup stood untouched on the table by his bedside. He stirred somewhat, and the spectators all focused on him from their chairs. He lay still then and their thoughts quietly wandered.

"Remember last New Year's when Dad had that run in with the toilet?" remarked one of the twins. They all looked sadly at their hands and mother dropped a tear. Once again their attention was drawn to George as he pulled the covers up closer around his neck.

"Oh my God Almighty! Look at that foot!" exclaimed his daughter pointing with disbelief at the deformed monster left exposed at the end of his bed. George started, jerked his foot back under the covers, groaned and died.

210 N. Clemson

*The house is empty . . .
Everything is in its place . . .
I force it to speak
of deep, forgotten moments—
only a month old—but ivy old
I play the same record . . .
but flowers are gone.
The music squeezes the wounds . . .
but only gently.
You are all that's left—
I try to suck what little love is left
in your walls, curtains, and shadows . . .
to fill myself.
The lights from outside and inside
merge on the window pane—
warped . . .
The brown lumpy-springed
couch looks at me
From a revealing fold in her yellow toga.
It's better now . . . I move again . . .
My thoughts recede to honeycombs of memory
Where each is time-sealed.*

By FRANK EDLER

Paper Poem (Part I)

*The future does not lie in eggs,
but in origamists' palms.
Before the fiber of this face had hardened,
or this name had set in its pulpy skull,
I was made and laid aside,
a finely polished figure,
by hands that gave my own;
hands that creased this face into their mold,
were gently strong, yet fearful,
while I was too dumb to doubt.
Still I love those forceful fingers,
but now—*

*but now I've long traced my lifeline
across their hollow palms,
reaching tips struck numb.
Soon they will curl
 just once more
 around a string of black beads
 and a somber black book,
while I must wander along new lines,
creating with the hands
they forced me to use.*

I

*It was a holiday, and you were Christmas,
Making love from colored paper.
I sat by the fire, watching a lifeless zoo
 in a living room,
 slowly drinking my coffee,
 feeling,
 listening to the warm.
Staring through my many changing mirrors,
Catching spring with my lingering eyes,
 I loved you.*

*I love you.
But I've seen this game before.
Someone once gave me
 a paper heart.*

II

*I thought I had wanted a real bird
with feathers and wings;
one that would sing
every morning and night;
catch the passing wind
and drift into the clouds,
or fly to the sun, leaving
only sparkles behind;
one that would just
be as free
as I had ever hoped to be.*

I was

*disappointed when you said
you could only make paper birds
to hang from the ceiling,
or on the wall,
but as your hands labored lovingly,
and your fingers spread
like so many legs,
letting his printed wings stretch,
and glow bright blue-green in my room,
I realized I would want him there forever,
and
it was better he had never tasted sky.*

III

*For a moment I wanted to be
Some exotic piece of wrapping,
Looking as if someone had splashed me
with too many colors.
I would easily fold into your hands,
and gratefully
Feel your fingers gently
Travel the crease of my back,
While I'd pray
quietly
that you made no mistakes
And try to bend me too quickly,
or too sharply,
And have to throw me away.*

By GARY LIGI

An Understanding

By LARRY ABERNATHY

It was dry. The kind of dry you could taste. The kind that makes you want to spit and blow your nose. Marcus Dobbs stood in his bare feet outside the dirty white hotel contorting his toes in the dust, watching the small tufts rise, spreading into drifting clouds, and finally disappearing to hang indefinitely in the wordless breezes.

Marcus had little to say to his father who stood next to him staring blankly at the brown sky of the lifeless evening. The pretty picture that the tourist comes to expect of the Mexican sunset had never made itself known to Marcus. It was always a dull, soupy brown, as if the sun did not object to going down at all, but was glad to disappear into the nothingness beyond human eyes where it could be itself, do nothing, or just rest.

Clark Dobbs, Marcus' father, stood at the base of his own long, dim, distorted shadow in the irreproachable guise of deep thought. He absently picked at the tuft of hair that protruded from the hole in the armpit of his gray tee-shirt.

He glanced with disgust at the dirty old two-story house that managed to stay in business as a hotel. His disgust for such places was growing numb, however, for this was but one of many of such places he had been forced to call home for the past four years. Four years. It had been four years since Cynthia, Marcus' mother, had died. Four long years.

"Let's go inside, Mark, and get some water."

"Okay, Papa."

Indeed, it had taken the elder Dobbs four years to realize exactly what he had been running from since his wife's death. Ties. Ties of any type. Whenever he had been in a place long enough to make friends, enemies, or have someone care enough to feel sorry for him, he had to leave. Maybe he was ashamed that he had once been a successful engineer, but now traveled around accepting menial

labor, mostly construction, and never working the same job for more than a month or two. Ashamed that he had developed a strong fondness for alcohol because that was the only way he could forget. Ashamed? Maybe he was ashamed.

Inside, Marcus sat on the lumpy, unmade double bed, running his finger absently around a brown stain on the sheets. The room was small. There was the bed, and unfinished dresser with cigarette burns on top, a two-burner stove, a small refrigerator, and the tiny, added-on cubicle in the corner that housed the small bathroom. Everything was a carbon copy of numerous other places they had been staying for the last four years. Except for the mirror. It should have been cracked, but it wasn't. In fact, it looked fairly new.

The fading life of the gray sky took on an air of age and filth when diluted with the seven dirty window panes. Its personality was accentuated by the wink of the gray cardboard square, a substitute for a now-nonexistent pane of glass. Marcus remembered Texas, and the drunken old man with the dead eye.

He watched as his father moved silently about the room. The silence was pierced by the relieved gasp of a beer can being opened, and Mark's father sat down in the scratched and squeaky old rocker that sat in the middle of the room, enjoying its position of importance. He took up his battered volume of Shakespeare. He had had that old book ever since Mark could remember, and probably before. It was worn and tattered. The pages were taking on a yellowish hue. But the man read it every night, not unlike, Marcus supposed, some people reading their Bibles each night before retiring.

The heat was the kind that surrounds your entire body with a damp warmth. The kind that never lets you alone, slowly condensing on your forehead, under your arms, and on your back. It made you wish you had some new air to breathe because the air you were using had been used many times; it was stale and much too warm to breathe.

Clark Dobbs rose with a sudden movement, tossing the book to the seat of the chair.

"God, I hate this heat."

Marcus was silent.

"C'mon partner, let's see if it's any cooler on the porch."

It wasn't. The heat was alive outside, wrapping itself around your throat, resting heavily on your chest. The sky was experiencing its last few moments of life, without any resistance or any attempt at final glory. It was gray. It was low. The world was exceptionally small and cramped that night.

They sat on the low wooden steps of the porch, practically unaware of each other. The father was once again lost in thought, and the boy just didn't

feel like talking. A duet of steady breathing was the only sound except for an occasional door slamming or a person shouting in the distance.

Three boys stood near the corner. They seemed bored, which is not an unusual attitude for someone trapped hopelessly in a desperately simple life during that fascinating period between boyhood and manhood.

The three boys were quite alike in appearance. Black, shiny, stringy hair, soiled white tee-shirts with the sleeves rolled over their shoulders and faded denim jeans, tight and worn low on their hips. One had a cigarette that was seemingly fused to his lower lip. He kept his right eye in a constant squint to keep the smoke out, yet he never removed the cigarette.

Almost simultaneously, the boys turned to look down the street. Marcus looked. A young girl, probably eighteen or nineteen was hurrying down the road apparently on her way somewhere. Her face had the fine strong features of having been carved from a beautiful piece of wood by a true master. Her black hair was thick and fell loosely over her shoulders. She wore a low pullover blouse of coarse cotton, and a colorful skirt that billowed around her full hips. She was barefoot.

As she approached, the three boys spread out in a loose line that covered what was surely her intended path. They spoke lowly to one another, smiling at each other sideways while trying not to take their eyes off of the girl who had slowed her pace but was advancing cautiously.

Marcus thought his father must have known what was going to happen because his body became tense and his calloused hands contracted into tight fists.

She stopped just before she reached the boys. But before she could turn and retreat, the boys sprinted to her side in several long, quick strides and surrounded her. Her eyes took on the wide look of terror like a trapped animal, wild and beautiful, with a strong, inborn fear of losing its freedom or being injured.

They pressed closer and closer to her. The boy with the cigarette dropped it on the ground close to his foot. He leaned close to her and put his hand on her shoulder. She drew back directly into the arms of another of the boys. He pushed her roughly to the third boy and she stumbled against him. The beautiful animal had nowhere to go, nowhere to turn, too scared to scream, too weak to fight. They pushed her from boy to boy, embraced her roughly, laughed at her fright and said crude things about her body. A sharp rip sounded, and the girl clutched at her torn blouse, trying in vain to cover the exposed swell of her breasts.

Marcus saw his father tense again and again as he witnessed the scene. His fists were drawn tight, and his knuckles were white. His body trembled slightly,

and he kept rubbing his eyes, as if hoping the terrible scene would disappear when he lifted his head. Finally, he turned to Marcus.

"Go on up to the room, Mark."

"What'cha gonna do, Papa?" questioned the boy with fear creeping into his face.

"Get on up there, boy, I'll be up in a minute."

Marcus bounded up the stairs two at a time with a tight ball of fear growing from the pit of his stomach. Tears made the room swim, and he threw himself down on the bed with a loud sob. He shivered and jerked. He had terrible thoughts of his father being killed. He tried to escape in the darkness of the sheets, but the picture of the three boys was vivid in his mind.

A shout rang from the ground below, and Marcus ran to the window, thrusting it wide open and wiping tears from his eyes in one motion. His father was lying on the ground surrounded by the three boys. They shouted and laughed and finally one of the boys kicked him in the stomach. Mark saw his father draw up into a tight ball like an animal ready for death. The boys continued to circle their prey with a restless energy. The man groaned when one of the boys knelt and slapped him, cursing loudly.

Looking around anxiously for someone to call to, Marcus saw the girl running down the dirt alley beside the hotel, still clutching the torn blouse to her body.

He wanted to scream, or cry, or call for help, but he knew it was useless. He stumbled across the room and knelt beside the bed, resting his head on the side of the bed in a prayerful position. He would have prayed, but no one had ever taught him how. He let his hands fall to his sides, scared and confused. He gagged, and felt like he was going to throw up.

"Somebody please!" he choked, "please . . ."

Time was a slow process of sobs, fear, and imagined things. Finally, the door opened slowly and Clark Dobbs came into the room. He was bent over at the waist and he clutched his stomach tightly. His face was red and swollen, and his clothes were torn and dirty. His breathing was strained, and he stumbled into the tiny bathroom.

For a long time, Marcus heard water splashing and his father moving about in the small room with an occasional sigh or groan. When he came out, his face was still wet, and set in hard, straight lines. His face looked little better, but he had changed clothes and he walked straighter.

"You did a good thing, Papa."

"I started something I couldn't finish."

"But the girl got away."

The man remained silent, moving across the room. He picked up the old volume of Shakespeare and eased into the old rocker with a slow painful motion. His breath eased slowly between his teeth, and he let his head sway back, shutting his eyes.

"Papa?"

"Yeah, partner?"

"I was scared, Papa, real scared."

The smile that crept onto his face looked painful, but Mark was sure it was sincere.

"Me too," the man whispered "me too."

This time, the silence between them was not heavy. Marcus lay on the bed with his eyes shut and his father was absorbed in his book.

The silence was gently, almost fearfully broken by several light taps at the door. It was the girl. Her eyes were wide, her hair disarrayed, and she still clutched the blouse to herself. Her feet were dusty brown, and there were dark, serpentlike paths carved by the sweat through the pale dust on her chest, running in strange patterns toward the valley formed by her breasts.

She looked up at the man in the door in silence, and then at the boy. She leaned forward on the tips of her toes, one hand tight across her chest, the other reaching out to touch the man's shoulder. She whispered slowly in his ear for a moment, and then leaned back on her heels, her head down.

The man hung his head, breathed deeply, and ran his hand through his graying hair.

"Listen," he spoke, slowly and firmly, "I don't know who you are or anything about you, but you owe me nothing. Those boys on the street were animals. I'd like to think I was a little better than that."

Marcus couldn't read the look on the girl's face, although it held a certain amount of surprise. His father shut the door gently, moved slowly across the room, sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Marcus.

"You understand that, Mark?"

"Yes, Papa . . . I understand."

At Morning's End

By GARY LIGI

*We shared the night, and our blood flowed
through a single heart
as she had beckoned,
drawing me to her warmth, engulfing with
tender blades, kissing with moist, earthen lips,
pleading with limbs dissolved in black light.
Together, we later waited, until
the moon disappeared beneath her head
and morning's glow appeared at her feet.*

*Time came for him to live. Impatiently
I watched
as she spread her mountains,
releasing him from the warm, misty darkness
of her shell, felt the sun's newborn red glow
emerge from her laboring womb and
Peer out upon his world, rise towards
the peaks of her knees,
evaporating his afterbirth.*

*We were there when he should have grown,
watched as he placed
unknowing, instinctive lips
to the well of gentle hills, drawing life into
his film-shrouded body, saw him try to
become more than kindle, failing, rush
To nowhere, refusing to feed longer.
His lips slid from her love-laden breast,
and he staggered across the sky.*

*As his fetal glow faded to ashen gray,
I watched him go from flint-spark to ember-glow
as she offered herself to him, saw her lift damp,
without ever blazing, saw him fall near her head,
darkening arms, groping in his dusk-light
To hold him one last eternal moment.*

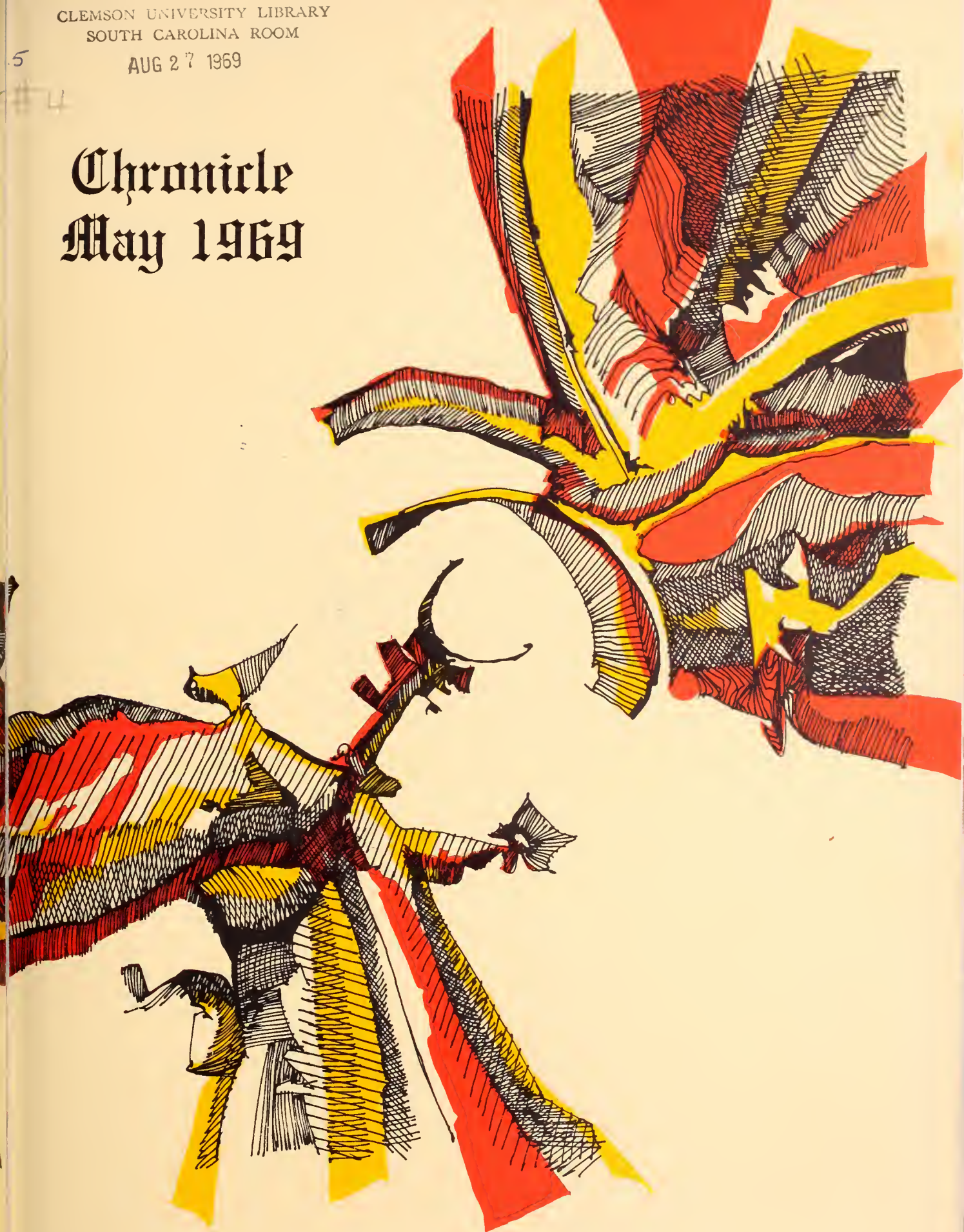
*I watched as she drew him to her cheek,
saw the clouds
of night and cold
descend upon her, felt him, scant hours
after sunrise, depart, becoming his memories,
left to stones, flowers, grass and mass-cards.
He spread himself in a crimson pool.
She drew him tight, back towards her breast,
but the glow and warmth vanished,
becoming the earth.*

*I was no more than there
when they laid his last chilly rays beneath her head,
felt the tears of night gather on the grass and flowers.
I listened to her mournful wind, felt her
damp breast shiver beneath me, watched
As she weeped around me,
saw her spread behind me.*



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I feel like a midget.

I am very nearly through with whatever it is that I have been doing here at Clemson for four years. This is usually the time to express sadness at leaving, and a premature sort of nostalgia, but I'm afraid I feel these things neither strongly nor often. Only when I'm walking alone on the campus at night—not that I'm anti-social. I just have an aversion to daylight.

No, I probably won't miss Clemson too much. I'll miss a great many people, but I doubt that I'll miss the buildings and traditions that usually constitute the definition of Clemson. I don't like many of the buildings, and traditions drive me nuts. But the people.

I'm not going to miss football games because after my sophomore year I didn't go to many, un-American as it sounds (quite simply, my wife and I decided that it would be more expedient to have food for a couple of days than to buy her a ticket), and I don't think I'll miss ROTC too much either. I will be able to do without the dining hall, the canteen, Dan's, the tin cans, the library, Homecoming Weekend, the Physical Plant and Death Valley. But then there are the people.

The people. You see, I had a professor who cared so damned much about his students, a man who listened so intensely and so warmly to their problems, that he worried himself sick seeking solutions. I had another one, in my freshman year, who told me that we Yankees were ruining Clemson, this at a time when I thought for sure that the war was over, and he wished we would stay home. I had a professor who told me to get the hell out of his office before I had a chance to offer whatever lame excuse I was using at the time for over-cutting, and who then turned out to be one of the best professors I have ever had the very next semester. Isn't it funny the way he changed like that? Two of the professors I have had showed me what I am alive for at a time when I didn't even know that I was looking for a reason. It's funny how these things sneak up on me. Several of my professors have tried to point me in the wrong direction altogether.

I met students who tore down posters and burned them on a dance weekend. I have met others who put posters up whenever they see them lying on the floor. I have met at least one student who has dedicated his entire college life to his fellow students, and others who couldn't have cared less about them. They have been black, yellow, and white. Intelligent and stupid. Liberal and Conservative. Leaders and followers. Strong and weak. All crashing madly into each other. How could I possibly give a damn about the old Geology building when I've got all of these people to think about?

There are those people who are desperately trying to hold on to a way of life that they see drifting away from them. (I realize that I am not giving you the benefit of any sort of continuity, and I'm sorry about that.) There are others who are fighting just as desperately and just as truly to correct old mistakes and create a better world. I feel like a failure when I stand next to anyone from either side because I don't believe, or feel, or is it care strongly enough to fight, passionately fight, one way or the other.

Why failure? Because when I started working on the magazine I had very

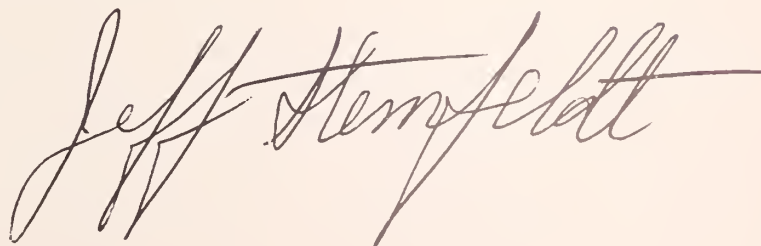
noble intentions. I think everybody up on the ninth level had the same ideas and the same energy. We were, in short, rather elated that Tim Rogers had won the election, and were ready to conquer Clemson. (This was the feeling you see. The meaning was in the climb, as it turned out.) When the first edition I put together, I possibly playing a minor part after all, when this first edition was burned by a number of students and received badly on all fronts last year, at a time when I should have pushed forward harder than ever because this, if anything ever was, was an indication of progress, I stood stil and thought about it all summer. I slowly turned around. I investigated what sort of magazine Clemson students wanted because they are, after all, paying for the thing. I also wondered who in the hell I was to tell anyone else anything. Bad move. This meant that I had to stop and take a look at myself because it turned out that involvement had been an escape. Rationality is the cause of more apathy than anyone will ever know. At any rate I honestly don't know after an entire year whether I was right or wrong. Should the magazine have been for me or for the students? I know which way I would rather have had it, but. . . . However, I do believe that this whole year's worth of magazines has been a failure. I can't stand to look at them, with the possible exception of one, and I'm glad it's finally over. We won nine out of the ten of the awards offered by the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association this year. There is obviously some mistake. Perhaps I am just very tired right now because the deadline is tomorrow, and it's late as usual, but I am honestly thankful that it's the last. Again it is the people that I will miss (the staff), but not the magazines or the office.

Now, what in the hell could have caused all of these changes in me? (I knew I would get back to the first paragraph sometime.) Was it the English building? Was it Dixie Day? Fat chance. It was people. Clemson people. Clemson. Buildings. Why should I miss the traditions of Clemson? I have avoided them at every turn. But I can't discount the people.

What is the one thing, after four years, that I can pin down and say I believe in? It is that every man should be free to do whatever he damn well pleases, as long as he doesn't hurt another human being either physically, mentally, or emotionally. Some compensation for four years. Maybe soon I'll find something to fight for again, but for now I see a strange sort of beauty in all human beings—no matter what they believe in. And, again, no matter what they believe in, unless they violate the above statement, I cannot honestly decide whether they are right or wrong. I don't even know whether being in this position is good or bad. I am obsessed, for now, with leaving people alone. Buildings.

I wonder if getting lost in this whirlpool of human beings, watching them intensely beating their heads against walls, and then writing about them is worth my life's work. Is it better to look for the beauty in the situation as it stands, or to jump in the middle of it all and fight to change it so that it is a better place for ME to live? I don't know. At any rate, this is why I feel like a midget. This is also why I doubt that I'll be thinking about Tillman Hall and Rat Season too often in the future. But the people.

I'll see you in another lifetime.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Jeff Stempel". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

IF FILM IS ART, . . .

BY VICK BOST

Two years ago a number of students and a smaller number of faculty members decided to form a film club on the Clemson campus. The purpose of the club was to exhibit films of the finest quality.

From the start, the Fine Arts Film Club was to differ from other organizations showing films in Clemson. The other organizations exhibited films for a variety of reasons. The Foreign Language Film Club presented films with non-English soundtracks, the purpose being to introduce students to foreign languages as painlessly as possible. The YMCA had a theater which served as a rerun house for films one to two years old. And, of course, the Clemson Theater showed current films from Doris Day to 10:30 specials.

In all cases, the film organizations held to some rigid standard—whether foreign language only, or last year's films only, or current films only. A new organization sponsored by APO seems to be the only exception, but in this group, the films are usually action films brought to campus to make money for worthy projects.

There was a need for a film club that would not be bound to any particular class of films. The students and faculty members founding the club wanted a different emphasis. Films were to come from all countries. Films were to include examples from

the earliest days of the cinema to the latest in underground films. In addition, the club would sponsor new film makers and perhaps bring speakers to the campus to discuss films. Thus, the Fine Arts Film Club was started and continues.

However, the question what should be the criteria for the selection of films arises. At the first meeting, one student wanted Brigitte Bardot, and one faculty member wanted KING KONG. In short, everyone wanted a different film; therefore, most of the first programs were exactly that—a wide selection, artistic and creative and otherwise.

One of the first programs to emerge from chaos was one of the most successful, TRIUMPH OF THE WILL and NIGHT AND FOG. The films were made years apart and in different countries, but a new idea was produced by showing the films on the same program. TRIUMPH OF THE WILL is a Nazi propaganda film of the Nuremberg Party Conference of 1934. The film opens with clouds seen from the front of the plane on which Hitler is arriving. The next shot is of the crowds on the ground looking upward at the plane and awaiting its arrival. When Hitler steps off the plane, women bring their babies up to him to hold. Shot after shot shows the crowds and the soldiers in an endless parade of pageantry—torchlight,

processions, patriotic speeches, and loud military reviews.

The next film on the program, NIGHT AND FOG, was a stark contrast to the preceding one. Made by a French director after the war, the film portrays the horror of the Nazi concentration camps. Shots of piles of corpses pushed into pits with bulldozers and shots of shower rooms used as gas chambers to kill millions of people portrayed the horror of the extreme nationalism seen in the first film. The audience made the connection between the films: from the frenzied triumph of nationalism to the night of human suffering.

But the films shown continued to be random selections. The question what would be an artistic and creative film still remained, or as John Russell Taylor put it, "If film is art, who is the artist?" Is it the writer, the cameraman, the producer, or the director? Taylor concluded that the person who maintained the direct control over all phases of the film, usually the director, should be considered the artist.

In Hollywood, the question of controls has always been in doubt. In the early days of cinema, film making was too easily the product of business. Bankers would not invest money on a film that could prove to be a risky venture. If a studio had

ar that the public liked, the picture as an assured success. For a while, any film with Rudolph Valentino could make money, regardless of the script or director. This situation continued even into the fifties. Thus, when Marlon Brando did not like director Stanley Kubrick, Brando told the bankers and the studio to fire Kubrick. The result in *ONE EYED JACKS*, however, was not altogether successful.

Even a successful director like Alfred Hitchcock did not always have complete control over the finished product. David Selznick tried to dominate Hitchcock's first American film *REBECCA*. Orson Wells had his film *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS* taken away from him before editing. Many other directors have been faced with similar situations.

On the other hand, some other countries give virtually complete control to the director. He can pick his characters, write his script, and edit his footage. In short, he can complete the film without studio pressure. He can have artistic control from inception to completion. Ingmar Bergman is an example. During the shooting of *THE VIRGIN SPRING*, a number of rare birds flew over the outdoor setting. Director, actors, cameramen rushed to the top of a hill to watch. Bergman later said where else could he find such freedom to make a film—no money pressures, no studio pressures.

Recently there has been a change in trend in the U. S. The star system is on the way out. The superstars like Marlon, Taylor, and Brando will no longer bring a sure financial success to a film. *THE COMEDIANS* and *REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE* are bombs, while films like *THE GRADUATE* and *BONNIE AND CLYDE* with new actors and new di-

rectors are box office hits. Hollis Alpert of *SATURDAY REVIEW* believes there are two major reasons for the decline of the star system. The stars' personalities, usually formed at the studio, or "types" appear in great quantities on the TV screen. More important, the new film generation demands a more "visually dynamic film" with a more total film experience.

The new style is found in the new commercial films like *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*. Kubrick, once fired by Brando in the fifties, chose a computer to play the lead. Secondary parts went to other unknowns. The finished product is a total film experience. It has impact without a pat explanation of meaning. When I saw the film in Charlotte last summer, a thirty-ish mother was dragging her young son out after the final scene. The boy kept saying, "But I liked it, Mother." The mother said, "I thought it stunk." The child, a new moviegoer, could understand the film for its visual effects; the mother, used to older film standards which depend on plot, could not understand.

This new style can also be seen in the non-commercial films or the underground films. Freed from any studio pressure or the need to have an established name, young directors are shooting their own films in more realistic locales and with untrained actors as the characters.

These films are far removed from anything seen in the movie houses today. Often the film will concern some current controversial event as the war in Vietnam or the student riots at Columbia. The directors are not experienced film makers in the commercial sense. They go where the action is, and they film what they find. The underground newsreel of the garbage riot in New York is an ex-

ample. In order to show slums in the midst of costly fashion, the film makers, who are the participants themselves, attempted to dump garbage cans in Lincoln Center on the night of an opera. The result was a bit crude, but the new style is far more effective and realistic for today than Busby Berkeley's dancing extravaganzas of the 1930's.

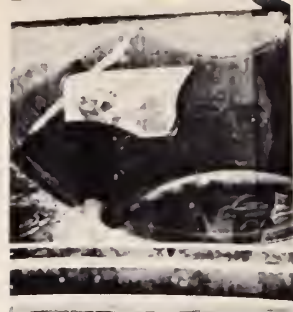
In Clemson, Bob Hunter and Sam Wang are among those actively making films. Hunter's first film *PILE-DRIVER* shows the cultural sterility of today by superimposing stills from popular magazines with a shot of pile-driver endlessly driving a post in the ground with a repetitive, dull sound. His much later and far better *HOMO SAPIENS* portrays the common man with his lack of an identity. Hunter shows a man changing plastic masks. The man with the face of a monster from one of Tod Browning's 1930 horror hits is unable to find a combination of masks that will let him be acceptable in society. The combinations of masks suggest a psychological portrait rather than a mere physical effect.

As new standards for films are forged and as a new audience seeks a more total film experience, new films of higher quality must be shown. The critical standards of yesterday no longer apply. Thus, the Fine Arts Film Club is shifting emphasis to the best in creative film work today—from the new commercial cinema to the non-commercial cinema, even to work being done on the campus today.

The new program for 1969-1970 will be called "Cinema 70" and will contain animations, documentaries, fantasies, cinema virite, experiments, underground shorts, and for the purpose of comparison, silent classics and sound classics.



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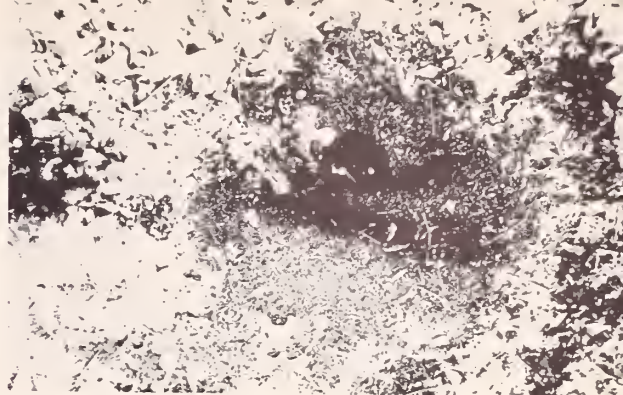


NUSBICKEL



YARBOROUGH

JONES



JONES



JONES



USBICKEL





THE ODD COUPLE

BY VICK BOST

Contrary to popular belief, something takes place on campus occasionally which proves to be completely delightful. Such was the Clemson Player's production of Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*. Despite long runs on and off Broadway, a motion picture adaptation, and widespread familiarity, Simon's play remains quite enjoyable and very humorous. It is packed with hilarious lines as well as a great deal of more subtle humor.

The humor of the play comes about when two divorcees, Felix Ungar and Oscar Madison, attempt to share an apartment. With Felix portrayed as an immaculate homemaker and a very sensitive individual, and Oscar presented as a hard-shelled sportswriter content to live in wall-to-wall trash, one can readily imagine the humorous conflict that takes place. The play presents not only a very funny look at this conflict, but an intriguing look at two drastically different personalities.

In the campus production, Felix Ungar was played by John Carson. From beginning to end, Carson was excellent. He ran a wide field of emotions, threatening suicide one moment, crying for his wife the next. He was sensitive and pathetic in his portrayal, not to mention very, very funny.

David Dutt portrayed Oscar, the slovenly, hard-living sportswriter. This character has most of the really funny lines in the play, and Dutt handles them well. He is convincing as an un-



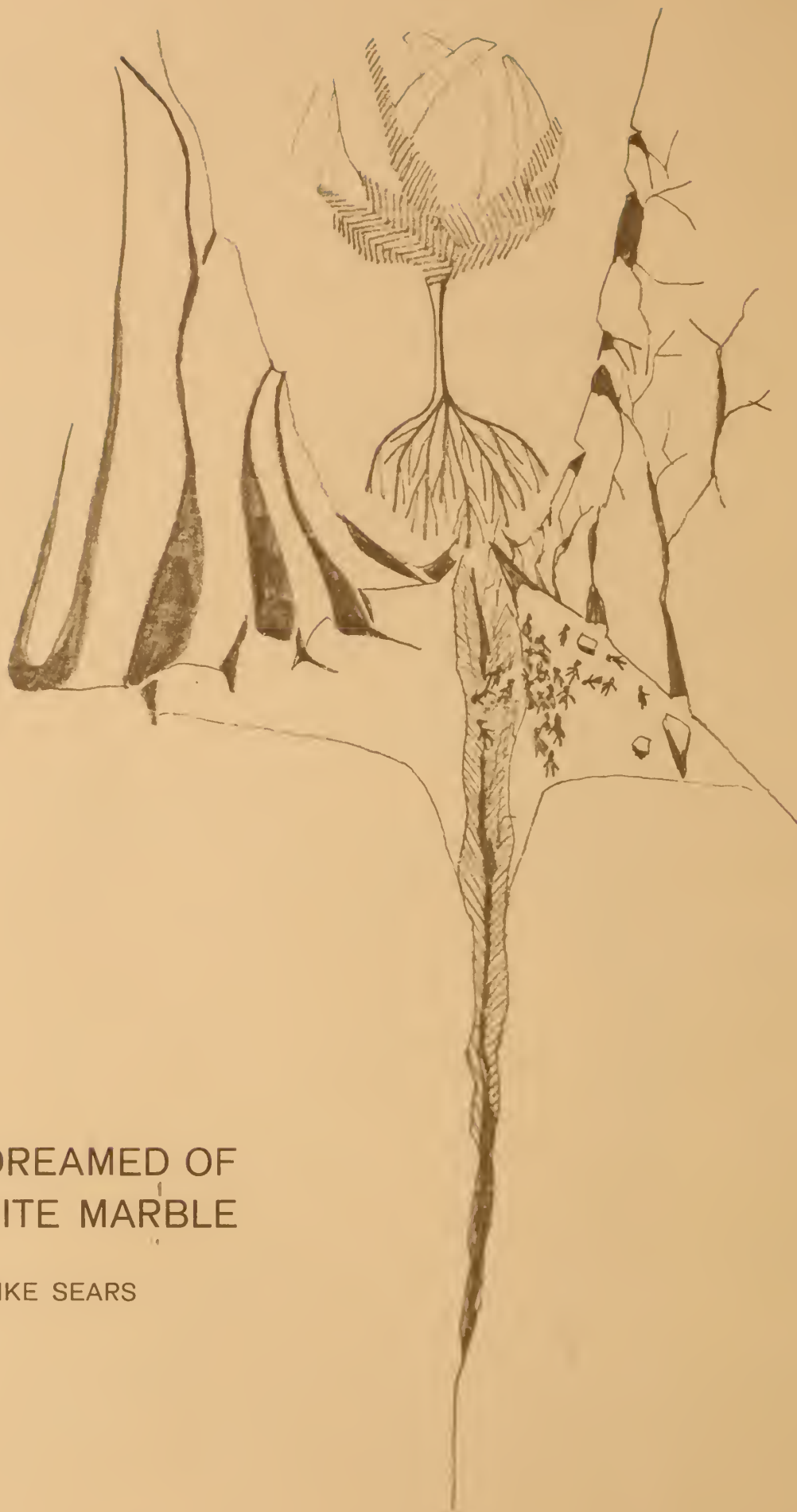
believably sloppy but contented slob in the first act, and he is convincing as a man on the verge of insanity in the last. At one point, while raging at Felix for pinning notes to his pillow which were initialed "F. U.", Oscar states that it took him thirty minutes to figure out what "FU" meant. Dutt throws out such lines in a matter-of-fact manner that add not only to the humor of the play but to the reality of it as well.

Just one step behind Dutt and Carson are four modern-day court jesters waiting to make their contributions to the collection of belly laughs. Robert Moffat's sarcastic portrayal of Speed, the boisterous member of the weekly poker party, offers him many humorous lines at the expense of his less rhetorical friends. Steve Dubay is excellent as Murray, the not-too-bright cop. His deadpan comments and his oblivious nature come through well, and somehow he *even* looks like a

cop. Gerard Sammons is creditable in his portrayal of Vinnie, the butt of many barbed comments, and Myron Butts comes across well as the outspoken Roy.

The production was, by no means, professional, but it didn't seem to matter. The actors made the characters seem very *real*. The casting for the various parts could not have been better. I am convinced that David Dutt lives in a pigsty somewhere on East Campus, that John Carson has an immaculate room in the tincans where he turns out gourmet delights nightly on a hot plate, and that Steve Dubay wears a gun under his coat. There were some obvious flaws in the play, but I didn't care. After five minutes I had dropped my pad on which I record comments, and had completely forgotten that I had to write a review on the play. I just sat back and laughed. But I'm still trying to figure out what "FU" means.

Larry W. Abernathy.



AS I DREAMED OF
WHITE MARBLE

MIKE SEARS

And there it lay—the land of white marble. The mountains glistened in the sunlight by day and sparkled in the moonlight by night.

The land was divided by a chasm extending the width of the plain, and all the people lived east of this division. The land west of the chasm was mountainous—high swirling mountains of marble reached into the cloudless pink sky. One of these mountains towered greatly over the rest; this was the mountain of the yellow beam—the principle recipient of the people's abhorrence. The people often speculated as to who lived on the mountains, and all wondered who controlled the yellow beam, but all of the opinion on the subject was mere conjecture and nothing more. The reasons for the roads spiralling up the mountains and the identity of their builders had been lost through the ages. There were even some who thought that what appeared to be roads were not roads but simply the freakish products of nature. This, however, did nothing to explain the yellow beam.

The eastern region was completely disparate from the land west of the chasm. The East was completely flat, except for a marble wall half a mile from the chasm, which ran the length of the chasm. The wall was as high as the mountain of the yellow beam, and this prevented harm from reaching the people who lived behind it. Near the bottom of the wall were holes and cracks through which they made their dash when their time came.

Between the wall and the chasm lay the millions of cripples. They had become the prisoners of the yellow beam. Each had made the run, and each had failed. The chasm was their goal, but even on the darkest nights when hundreds would rush forth from the wall, no one could reach it. The yellow beam sought out each individual to cripple, dismember, or paralyze in the instant it passed over him.

Its victims lay peacefully throughout the day, but when night came

they awoke from their silence. As the sirens of the West ceased their screaming, the cripples began to *shriek* and cry in their pain and helplessness, curse at the mountain of the yellow beam, and beg the people behind the wall to come out and aid them in their misery.

From behind the wall the people listened to the cries in the night. Some cursed the mountains, others cursed the day when they would have to go beyond the wall, and still others cursed the crippled and maimed.

One person said nothing; he only stared toward the chasm. He was a man of average height, small eyes, with the typically hairless head. He had but one ear, and it was closed over so that he could not hear with it. He stood naked in the shadow of the wall and looked upon the land. He looked upward toward the mountains and wondered who it was that governed them and manipulated the yellow beam. He asked himself why there was no mercy, but he found no answer.

The chasm also interested the man. He would be there in a short time, and then, like the millions before him, would have to run in the path of the yellow beam. He wondered what was in the chasm. Maybe there was peace for the people and freedom from the yellow beam. But no one had ever reached the chasm and no one would return if he did, and so the man with one ear gave up trying to reason with the mountains.

He turned around and sat down with his back to the wall, and immediately went to sleep. He slept well—he had no fears. After being struck by the yellow beam, he would have no more children, but then he was not sure that he was responsible for any now. He would not miss seeing anyone; and he had never been able to hear or speak, so this would surely not be missed. Little would change no matter what his future might be.

He was awakened the next morning by a kick in the leg. Before he could get up, he had been stepped on

several times. All of the people were scrambling for the wall to look out toward the mountains. The yellow beam had gone out and the sirens had stopped. People were walking out beyond the wall, and many lined the chasm to peer into its depths. Everyone was leaving the protection of the wall to walk out into the open where the crippled lay. The deaf man also went to the chasm. Some spoke of jumping into the darkness before them, but none did. For many hours they simply looked into the soundless dark and tried to guess its purpose.

Finally the attention of the people was diverted from the ground to the sky. A cloud was forming over the mountains—this had never happened before. It frightened the people. Three jumped into the chasm—then thousands. At first there was silence, but finally the shrieks of the first to jump were relayed to the top by the people who followed them. This made many turn back toward the wall.

The crippled and helpless were picked up in an attempt to get them back behind the wall. But before this could be done, a breeze sprang up from the East. The crippled were dropped, and everyone stood still and silent. They had never before felt the wind. The breeze grew into a gale, and eventually it became so strong that the people began to be blown back toward the chasm. There was nothing to grasp on the shining white marble, and as the wind continued through the night, the deaf man, the crippled, and everyone else were blown into the chasm.

The next morning was clear and calm. The sun was shining brightly in the pink sky, and the mountains were looking as lovely as ever. The yellow beam came on to scan the East and then went out again. An acorn, which the wind had brought in during the night, rapidly began its growth in the rich black soil of the New East. Toward night there was a rain cloud moving in from the West, and the river that divided the mountains from the plain began to overflow its banks.

Dirt Roads

By MIKE SEARS

And steadily the land grew,
Bright from half-a-moon's rising, as frozen dew
Glistened atop ridges of the once-plowed
Ground. A small stranded cloud
Was over the near woods, and only at a distant dogfight,
The cold, and the decaying shanty lay under the night.

Inside the two rooms of cracks
And breaks, four naked babies with their backs
Against the wood sat huddled and stinking
In a corner. The slow blinking
Eyes of a mother-of-a-grandmother were
Nearby, but the old woman in her
Loneliness and worn-sheet of a dress faced
An empty wall. Her numb fingers traced
An accidental scratch on her swollen black
Hand as her mind went briefly back
To ruined kingswomen. She heard half-sleeping
Coughs and felt the wild dogs creeping
By underneath on their nightly hunt. Then,
After a time there was no fear of men,
No thoughts of fear, not even a face
To think of—there was only left a place
To go. But the children awoke and crawled through
The open door onto the steps and were too
Weak to smile at the warmth of the forming light
So they stayed still and staring and turned back with night.

On another morning with skinny limbs they
Pulled themselves into the sun and lay
On the steps. At noon two mothers arrived
And carried off all who had survived,
And much later the sheriff got there
With a handkerchief-mask sniffing the air.



After spending most of last football season in the shadows of All-Conference performer Buddy Gore, Ray Yauger will step into the key tailback position when Clemson's fighting Tigers again take to the gridiron to prove their prowess. For Ray last year was one of thrills and upsets. He scored the winning touchdown in the upset victory over tough N. C. State—an act which earned him Atlantic Coast Conference Player-of-the Week honors. After gaining over 200 yards rushing in the North Carolina game, Ray suffered a broken arm. The injury caused him to miss the game about which every Clemson player dreams —The Clemson-Carolina classic. Nevertheless, Ray surpassed Gore's all-time sophomore rushing record, and Clemson coaches feel that Ray will break many of Gore's rushing records before he completes his football career. On the field, Yauger combines raw power, alertness, and an innate ability to stay on his feet despite bruising punishment from the opposition in his explosive ramblings down the field.



Political Science Professor Richard Fredland appears to those around him a sublimely happy person. You've probably seen him driving his bicycle across campus, hair blowing in the breeze and manifesting a glowing inner smile. That is his charm, both in and out of the classroom. A hard-core idealist, he is nevertheless always willing to listen to alien and often trite viewpoints. Peace, human dignity, and reason are three of his cherished values, and he works toward their realization quietly, without the slogans and clichés of too many liberals. Wherever he decides to stay, students will do themselves an injustice not to at least hear a prof who is truly one of the beautiful people.



Quiet spoken and mild-mannered, yet perhaps one of the most active juniors on our campus, is Rick Oborn. He is one of a rare breed that shoulders a responsibility, completes his task (job), and goes on his way with little said. An honor student majoring in English, Rick is always a valuable source of manpower and energy that only needs to be tapped for campus activities. The recipient of an Air Force scholarship, Oborn has shown a further interest in ROTC by joining the Arnold Air Society this year. His proven ability and sense of responsibility while on the WSBF staff has earned him the position of president of the radio station. A member of Alpha Phi Omega for three years, Rick is presently serving as first vice-president of this service fraternity. Not only does Rick take an active interest in his many and varied activities, but he takes a sincere interest in the people he works with.

In his own words, Rick "wants to work and do the jobs that other people have failed to effectively carry out."



John Norton is a flaming idealist. He spends hours expressing himself by writing editorials for the Tiger. His merit as a writer is obvious to the other members of the Calhoun Literary Workshop, Gamma Alpha Mu honorary writers' fraternity and the Tiger Senior Staff of which he has been associate editor this past year as well as next. John was a Student Senator last year; next year he will be a justice on the High Court. John has been a leader of the student centers' famous graffiti writers association. A progressive liberal, he has worked hard to make Clemson a better place by informing others of what we have here and how we can and should improve the university. "Gordo" as he is known to his close friends, was the original founder of the Southern Student Organizing Committee.

About his beloved Clemson John says, "The Clemson student body is just being born. Our major problem now is what to do with the afterbirth."

Terry Clyne is an activist trying to do something for the students. He is the secretary of student government's new department of services. Next year, under Terry's supervision, the department will provide over a dozen new services to Clemson students. Refrigerators will be rented to students; train and bus trips to Duke, Ga. Tech and USC football games will be offered; a book cooperative in conjunction with APO will try to reduce book costs to students; travel services, reduced cost student insurance, job placement, both permanent and summer will be offered through the NSA; reduced prices for periodicals, a central booking service for speakers, films and bands, and a student record club will save students money; but the really special service Terry and the committee will offer is the birthday cake service which will give the parents a chance to give their children a pretty, fresh cake for any special occasion. Terry is trying, but he can do only so much.

"The opportunity is here for the development of a service organization sponsored by student government for the benefit of Clemson students, faculty and existing campus groups. However it is essential that we have a high degree of participation especially during the infancy of this type of operation, not only by patronizing our services, but also through the suggestion of new ideas and an active physical participation in our department. I would like to encourage all students who have any inkling of desire to take a part in student government to consider the many varied areas where help is needed and wanted."

A somewhat high-pitched nasal twang, garnered no doubt from his early years in the greater Washington area, gives Professor Joseph Arbena a perfect medium for his frequent jabs at things as they are. A logical liberal, he has the enviable ability of quick perception, and only the most well-informed need even attempt to sustain an argument with him.

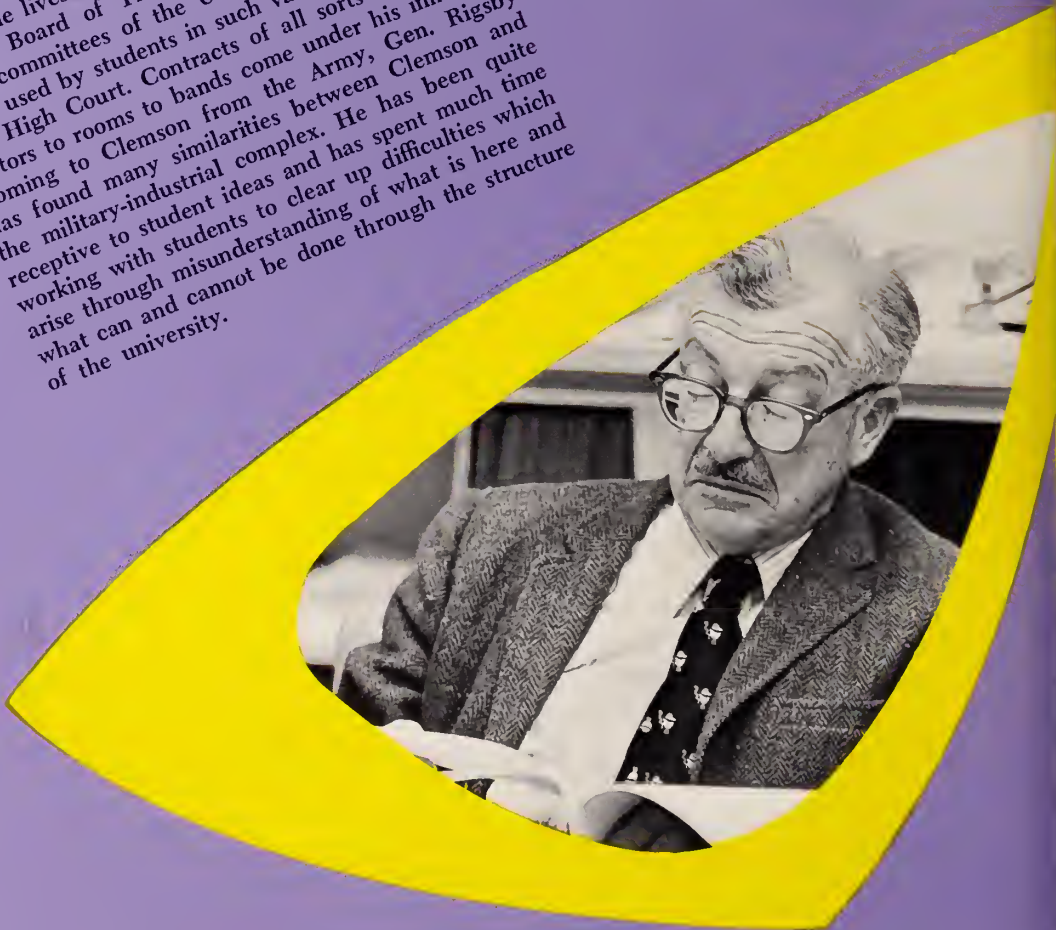
Arbena might be termed "Director of Latin American Studies" within the University history department. He teaches the three (soon to be four) courses offered in that area and is presently hard at work on his Ph.D. in Latin American Studies, which he explains is "a welcome diversion to grading blue books."

He serves as advisor to the Campus Crusade for Christ and as a willing mentor of young liberals. Young and vitally "in" with the times, his cryptic comments frequently appear in the local media, gently haranguing the illogical with his own mixture of satire and insight. "The most revolutionary challenge in the world today is still the two thousand year old admonition that we love one another as Christ loved us."



Jim Hoffman is in a position to be right in the middle of what is happening among students at Clemson. As Director of Student Activities, he is the administrator various student groups can go to to get help, advice, and positive ideas. Coming to Clemson after schooling at the University of Miami, Bellerman, Kentucky, and the University of Arizona and working as a high school teacher in Louisville and an administrative worker at Arizona, Hoffman is aware of what is going on across the country. His first year at Clemson has been a long, slow, educational one. He has been feeling out his position relative to the administration and the student body. Next year he is expected to take a much more active role in the workings of student organizations. Hoffman has learned a great deal about Clemson, now it is only a matter of time before he begins to assert himself as a vital and interested administrator.

As legal advisor and assistant to the President, General Wood A. Rigsby has been influential in making decisions that have and will continue to affect the lives of Clemson students. He is secretary to the Board of Trustees and serves on the top level committees of the University. His advice has been used by students in such varied areas as WSA and High Court. Contracts of all sorts from refrigerators to rooms to bands come under his influence. Coming to Clemson from the Army, Gen. Rigsby has found many similarities between Clemson and the military-industrial complex. He has been quite receptive to student ideas and has spent much time working with students to clear up difficulties which arise through misunderstanding of what is here and what can and cannot be done through the structure of the university.





A woman expected to make waves at Clemson next year is Libby Pitts. She has been elected president of the Women's Student Association. While maintaining a 3.8 gpr, Libby has served on WSA Association Council, Order of Athena honor society, Sigma Tau Epsilon academic honorary, and Delta Theta Chi with duties as president of the pledge class, homecoming chairman, and pledgemaster. She feels WSA has a place here until Clemson eventually eliminates its women's regulations. By her own admission she likes to water ski, likes to party, likes people in general, is moody and sensitive, and when given responsibility she pushes to get the job done. She wants to get more people interested in WSA, and she wants to lessen the WSA penalties which she feels are "way too severe."



Clemson is about to lose one of its really important people, Mrs. Sybil Albert. She has served Clemson as secretary to Dean Washington back when President Poole was heading Clemson College. For the past fifteen years she has been secretary to the Dean of Students. Mrs. Albert has been an institution here. She has known and loved students and has been rumored to make some very important decisions affecting the lives of Clemson students. She has cared enough to fuss at students when they violate time-honored traditions because she really wants to see everyone make the best of what they've got. Mrs. Albert has figured into many of the financial transactions of the student organizations; she has worked with the Tiger, Chronicle, CDA, Taps and WSBF and probably knows more about them than anyone else alive. She has spent countless hours giving her time trying to advise individual students like a mother away from home. Even though she sometimes has put up a stern front in her work with students she says she has had a wonderful time working here. Mrs. Albert faces her retirement with mixed emotions; she will be away from her much larger family, but she will be away from her much larger Clemson University family. She will be missed.

Sensitive, artistic, concerned and interested in his students, Sam Wang had come to be a highly respected man in the School of Architecture. He goes out of his way to help his students because he feels each one can become a great designer or photographer. If a student shows interest in one of his courses, he gets back tenfold what he puts in because Sam Wang loves his work and he wants to be a positive influence on the people around him. The Fine Arts Film Club, painting, printmaking, still photography, films and photographically related areas like silkscreens are his interests which consume much of his time not spent teaching basic design and visual arts. He thinks Clemson is excellent in a few areas, but weak in the development of a whole and complete student.

Reflecting his Eastern upbringing Sam Wang says, "The name that can be named is not the true name."



In a collegiate sports world dominated by football quarterbacks and seven-foot basketball centers, Roger Collins is truly a novelty. Roger is an All-American javelin thrower. As a senior in high school, he won the New Jersey state championship in the javelin throw. Later that same year Collins won the Golden West Invitational meet in Sacramento, California. Last summer he culminated a successful Atlantic Coast Conference season by winning the league meet. He followed this with victories in the North Carolina A.A.U. and Southern Track and Field Federation meets. The NCAA tournament was next and Roger finished fourth against the most difficult competition in the nation. He missed a berth on the United States Olympic team by one place. Again this season Roger is displaying championship form as he prepares himself for the ACC meet and a strenuous summer on the tournament tour.





A teacher who is up on what is happening and tries to make his classes relevant to the moving and vital world of today is Mr. Ken Birtman. A native of Chicago, Birtman attended LSU, Northwestern Louisiana, Steven F. Austin, and the University of Houston. He rates Clemson above average, and he is probably a big factor in making it such. His classes in Sociology are lively give-and-take sessions. "Very good" is Birtman's appraisal of the Sociology Department. He is high on his associates and the job they are doing. He attributes this in part to the great amount of academic freedom they are afforded. Birtman encourages student discussion and action. A student dressed as a hippie drove his motor bike into one of Birtman's deviant behavior classes and got extra credit for it. This man's classes are relevant and exciting because he is.



One of the new breed of activists on campus is David Littlejohn. He graduated from Spartanburg high on top of his 531 member class and accepted a Robert F. Poole alumni scholarship to attend Clemson. As a freshman, David became an important photographer on the Tiger and won the Phi Eta Sigma math contest. This year he has been the Tiger Chief Photographer, a student Senator, and a Chronicle contributor. As an executive of the Southern Student Organizing Committee, he has been involved in confronting and solving student problems. He is the man responsible for SSOC's newsletter, the Shaft, which is distributed at school, across the state and to every Southern state. David has sponsored bills in the Student Senate aimed at eliminating women's hours and lessening grade pressure in the academic classrooms. He has been active in changing Clemson for the better.

"Most people tell me that there will be changes made at Clemson sooner or later; what I want to know is what the hell are we waiting for?"



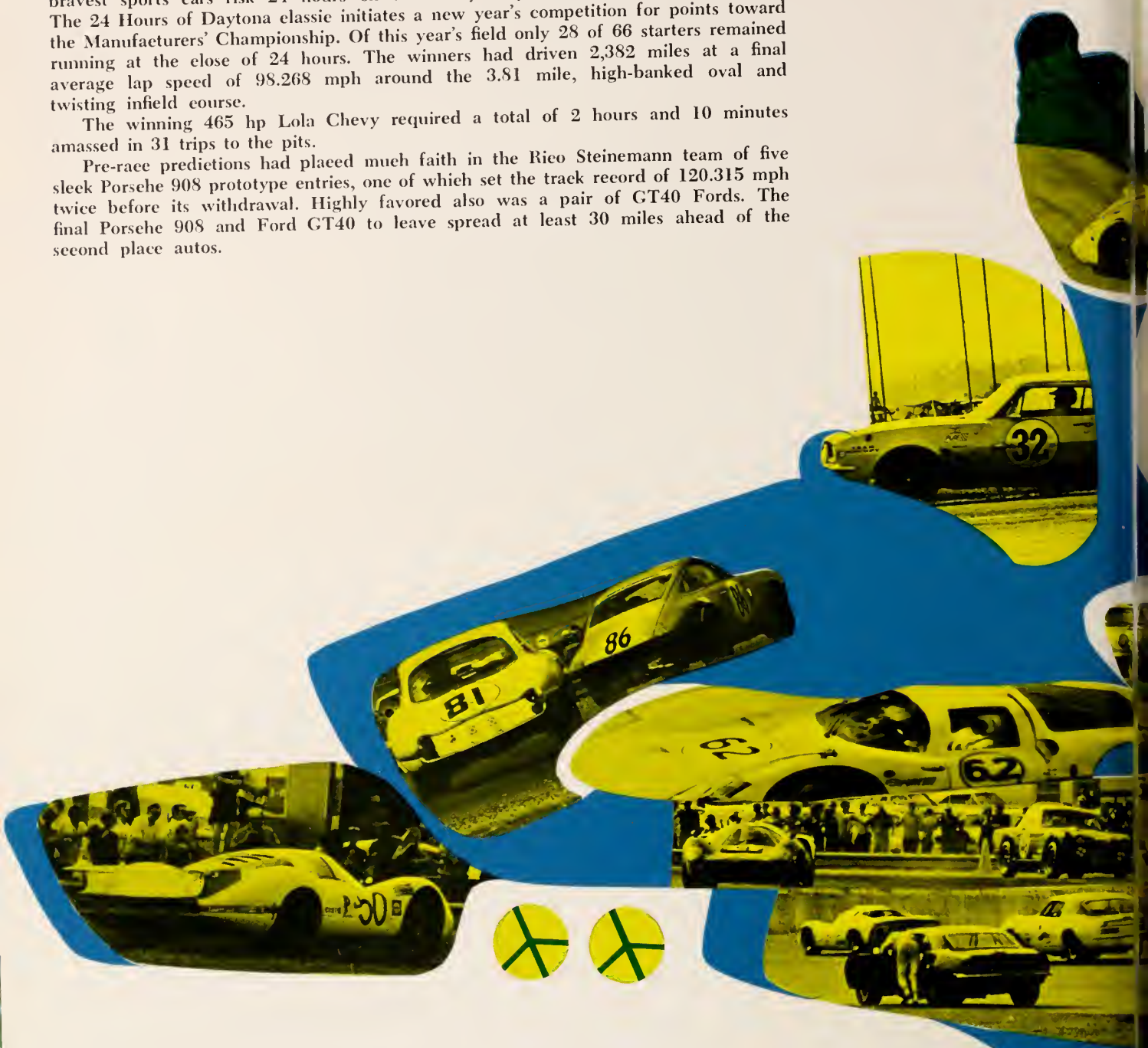
By Chip Nusbickl



As February rolls in, the sun usually clears at Daytona, Florida, where the world's bravest sports cars risk 24 hours on the tricky Daytona International Speedway. The 24 Hours of Daytona classic initiates a new year's competition for points toward the Manufacturers' Championship. Of this year's field only 28 of 66 starters remained running at the close of 24 hours. The winners had driven 2,382 miles at a final average lap speed of 98.268 mph around the 3.81 mile, high-banked oval and twisting infield course.

The winning 465 hp Lola Chevy required a total of 2 hours and 10 minutes amassed in 31 trips to the pits.

Pre-race predictions had placed much faith in the Rieco Steinemann team of five sleek Porsche 908 prototype entries, one of which set the track record of 120.315 mph twice before its withdrawal. Highly favored also was a pair of GT40 Fords. The final Porsche 908 and Ford GT40 to leave spread at least 30 miles ahead of the second place autos.



First place Lola-Chevy, driven by Mark Donahue and Chuck Parsons, fulfilled the dream of 31 year old owner Roger Penske. A more familiar face in the pits was that of James Garner, whose Ed Leslie/Lothar Motschenbacher driven Lola-Chevy finished second. The most shocking crown went to the Jerry Titus/John Ward Pontiac Firebird which placed third overall and first for its Group 2 Class. The Grand Touring Porsche 911T and 911 cars swept across the 24 hour mark with fourth, fifth, eighth, ninth, and tenth place trophies. Another Garner Lola-Chevy entry took seventh, making a happy crew at the American International Racing pits.

Although large car failures reduced the enthusiasm of some fans, the race compensated for this by providing manufacturers with a look at overall weaknesses, which is the ultimate purpose of the race. No one could have asked for better weather, and accidents were kept at a moderate low.

The crowd of 24 Hour observers is indeed a unique gathering. Sport car enthusiasts hold an identity not found at any stock car competition.

Most fans come prepared to the hilt with the purpose of observing the entire event from the pseudo-comfort of their infield campsites.

Progress of the race is easily distinguished by odors characteristic of the hours. The earliest sensory perception is that of a settling Florida dust as cars scramble about the infield to grab a stake nearest to the action of the course. As the field of competitors begins to spread, the track emits a smell of rubber and exhaust combined with a series of roars, screeches, and whines. Towards dusk, canvas rises to house the fans; hamburger and steak scents mingle with the confused atmospheres. The first stage of exhaustion sets in by midnight; beer cans will continue to scatter. Cars will continue to drown out the drone of loudspeakers. Lights blink and blend.

Dawn reminds sleepers that the pits have remained active. Bacon aroma is warmed by a Sunday morning glow. Final predictions are made under a heated sky. The 3 p. m. checkered flag is excitedly awaited. The nation's longest sports car race is given a fresh importance.

Fastest lap: 1:54.0, 120.315 mph, Jo Siffert, 3.0 Porsche 908, new record. (Old record 1:55.7, 118.04 mph, Phil Hill, Chaparral-Chev, 1967.) Car number 50.



Photos & Feature

By Chip Nusbickle

PLACE	DRIVER	CAR	LAPS	CAR NO.
1	Donahue/Parsons	Lola-Chevy	626	6
2	Motschenbacher/Leslie	Lola-Chevy	596	8
3	Ward/Titus	Pontiac Firebird	591	26
4	Wetson/Jennings/Adamowicz	Porsche 911T	583	20
5	Everett/Johnson	Porsche 911	581	14
6	Gunn/Kleinpeter/Beatty	Chevron-BMW	579	39
7	Patrick/Jordan	Lola-Chevy	578	9
8	Williamson/Drolson	Porsche 911	577	47
9	Duvall/Nicholes	Porsche 911T	571	68
10	Wicky/Garant	Porsche 911T	569	48







MAILER'S BOOK

by Jeff
Steinfeldt

Mailer. *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*. Good book. He dives into situations and becomes them. Mailer. Good writer. He can't seem to stay out of trouble.

In Miami he couldn't help noticing new Nixon. He still couldn't stand him. (An objective history.) First he goes, "They snipped the ribbon in 1915, they popped the cork, Miami Beach was born." He leaves nothing out. Outside it was unbearably hot. Inside cold and sterile. Buildings were huge refrigerators: "natural climate transmogrified by technological climate." Nixon, the smooth and perfect politician, remembered everyone's name. Rockefeller still hoping. The outcome was never in doubt, at least for Mailer. He writes about it women and girls on the streets, cigars and paper hats. And the secret meetings upstairs while the world waited for Nixon. The opening prayer, and Everett Dirksen. The vice-presidential episode when Lindsay turned out to be a good boy. And the horrible lack of excitement. He went home and reported the tail end of it from the front of the "tube." Few reporters tell you that.

"But the reporter is obsessed with him. He has never written anything nice about Nixon. Over the years he has saved some of his sharpest comments for him, he has disliked him intimately ever since his Checkers speech in 1952—the kind of man who was ready to plough sentimentality in such a bog was the kind of man who could press any button to manipulate the masses—and there was large fear in those days of buttons which might ignite atomic wars."

He began by nosing around in Convention Hall before anyone else

was there. He greeted a baby elephant at the airport. Some beautiful, beautiful lines. He tells us not only what is happening at the convention, but what he is doing there—which is almost always more interesting. Mailer. Set the stage for Chicago.

With bits and pieces of speeches, descriptions of surroundings, interviews, and the ever present thoughts of Norman Mailer on just about everything that is America and Republican, the reader is given a fine piece of writing on American political life, and just plain America. His writing is the exact match for the situation and, as it should, changes from one convention to the other. Mailer's searching, inquisitive, and interesting mind arrest the reader from beginning to end. If he writes well about Miami, he is in his glory in Chicago.

"Perhaps good Mayor Daley's jawl was the soft underbelly of the new American axis. Put your fingers in V for victory and give a wink. We yet may win, the others are so stupid. Heaven help us when we do."

In Chicago all of the crises, forces, entanglements, beliefs and confusions that are America came to a head. Mailer has bitched about them for years. He also loves them. He can't stick to writing exclusively about the convention, of course. Mailer loose in Chicago is a story in itself.

He sat in his room watching the streets and acknowledging fear of getting involved in the riots. At first of course. After a couple of bourbons he gave them a speech after walking all the way along the line of reserve units, placed neatly along the street, in mock inspection. He felt badly about not getting into it sooner because Ginsburg and Southern were in it from the start. He did, however, finally find the side on which he wished to fight. Of course he did.

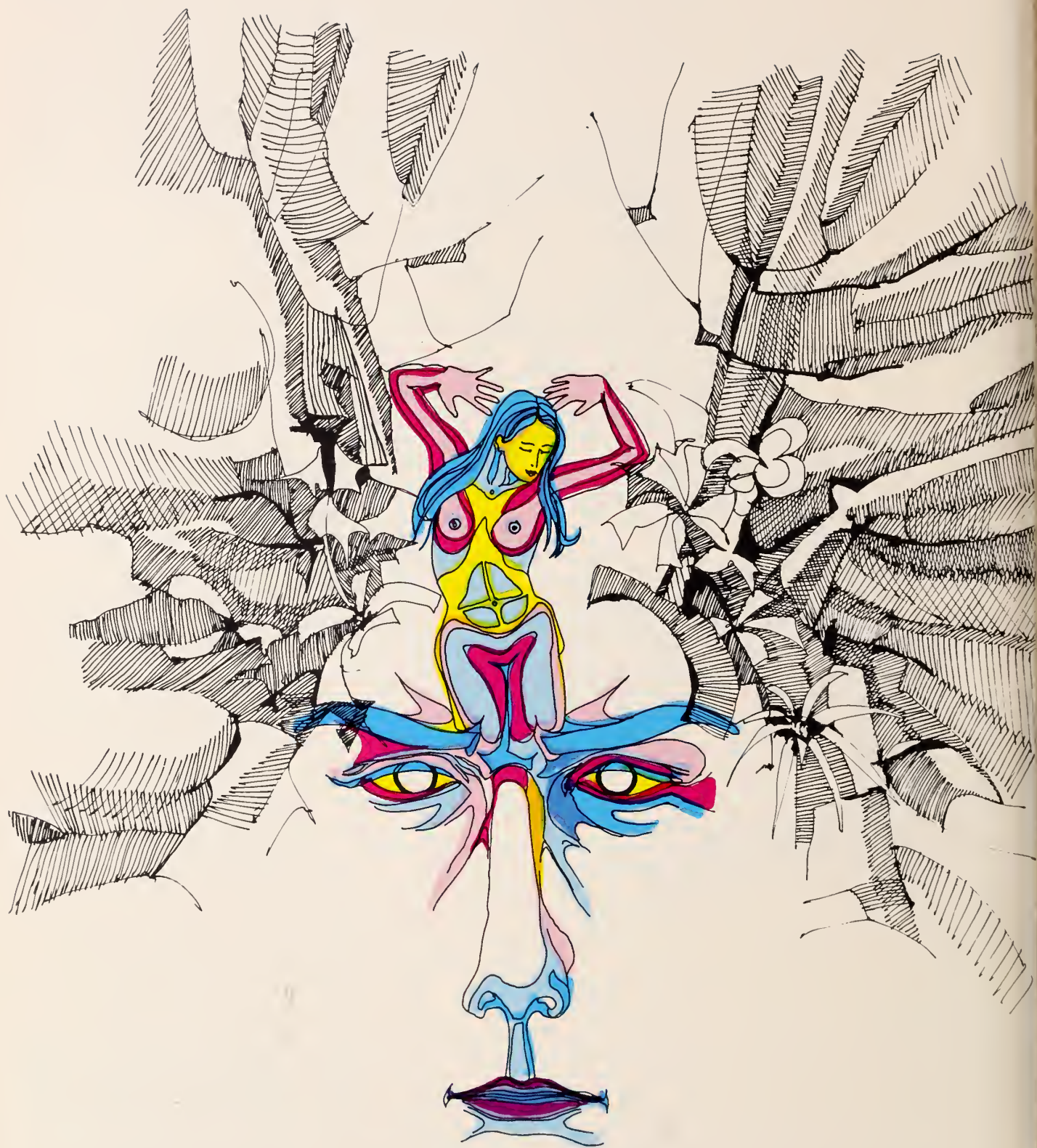
"It was a curious convention, all

but settled before it began, except for the bile-bubbling fear of the nominee that he would lose; it was locked, yet extraordinary unsettled, even if totally dominated by Lyndon Johnson."

A scene. Mailer standing in front of one of the riot jeeps with barbed wire mesh across the front of it for clearing out crowds. He is taking notes. The National Guard, standing immediately behind the jeep is getting nervous and nasty. They tell him to move on. This is on the morning when it is nearly all over anyway. He explains that he is taking notes for an article in his best Harvard accent and proceeds to look at the mesh and take notes. They tell him to move on. He asks, "On days when you take it out, what do you do to get the old flesh off?" They tell him to step back. He says he can't. Mailer is arrested. The judge had read his books.

"Eldridge at least was there to know that the barricades were building across the street from the camps of barbed wire where the conscience of the world might yet be canned. Poor all of us. The fat is in the fire, and the corn is being popped."

If you are after a complete, objective, and traditional history of two political conventions held in 1968, I would advise you to find another book. Objective it is not, and I'm afraid it isn't too traditional. If you want a stirring manifesto of the New Left, colored by a contemptible sneer at the establishment, this one is not for you either. But if you have read Mailer, if you like Mailer, if you think you might like Mailer, along with at least a half-hearted interest in the conventions reported on, then you are going to like this book. Because just like everything else he has written, whether fiction, reportage, or political essay, this book is saturated with Mailer.



4TH FLOOR

BY ROB MATTHEW

Students of today find, perhaps to a greater degree than ever before, that they are misunderstood and misinterpreted. The "leadership" accepted by the press and society in general as being spokesmen for students opinion and indicators of students direction seem to achieve this distinction, not by referendum, but by excelling in antisocial behavior and espousing the most shocking causes. The assumption of student status today brings with it the social stigma of implicit association with the most suspect of the subversive elements of our society.

That students in general are dissatisfied and disturbed is undeniable. Their discontent is evidenced in the increasingly familiar "Berkeley phenomenon" and its elaboration on campuses large and small throughout the nation. As to this the

events of Chicago, Mexico City, Paris, and Prague and the incontrovertible proof of an overwhelming disillusionment with "things as they are" is all too evident. An excerpt from a speech by Mr. Allen Tanaguchi, Dean of the School of Architecture, University of Texas at Austin is particularly revealing in its analysis of the situation:

"We must have some understanding of why students are reacting as they are. Historian Arnold Toynbee has made as succinct a summary as any.

"He says that alienation, demonstrations, violence and counterviolence are all symptoms of 'one and the same Complaint: frustration'. The individual feels that he is not the beneficiary but the victim of the social systems into which he has been born. He tries to put his case and to



obtain redress by approaching the traditional institutions: family, school, university, government. He finds himself up against the wall. He cannot obtain a hearing; the 'establishment' shows no intention of taking him seriously and no intention either of mending its ways on alternative lines of its own choice.'

"Frustration is indeed the key work and the key experience. Students like many of us when we are thoughtful, feel helpless in the face of powerful inflexible forces. The population explosion, despoiling of our resources, the Vietnam War, dehumanizing aspects of our culture, aggrandizement of violence and power . . . these seem to roll on and on, almost unchecked, in spite of general knowledge of their danger. But students are the *now* generation. They want changes *now*. They want hypocrisy eliminated *now*. They want a part of changing society and helping others *now*.

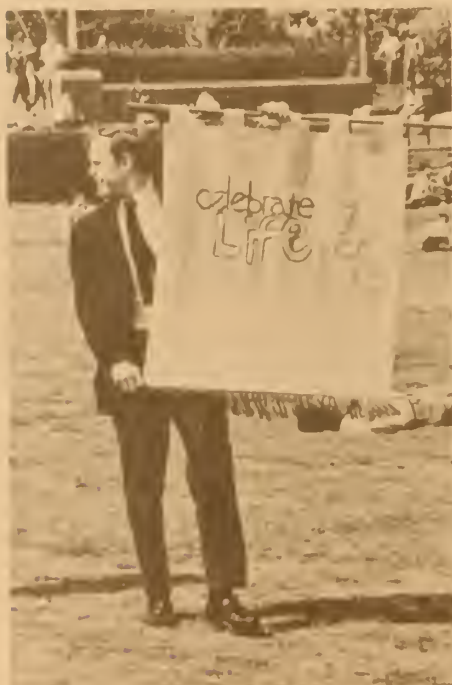
"So what do students do? Toynbee continues his description by saying that the individual is "left with a choice between two extremes: he can renounce his rights and duty as a citizen, contract out of social obligations, and let things rip, or else he can resort to violence which seems to be the only form of protest to which the establishment reacts: A colorful, attention getting minority of students follow each of Toynbee's extremes, and they capture the fancy of journalists and headline writers. the so-called hippies, with their passion-



ate belief in instant aesthetics and salvation-through-palpitation, do indeed drop out of society and withdraw all sense of obligation. The activists (of the right and the left), having an equally passionate belief in instant

morality and salvation-through-confrontation, enhance the rhetoric of violence and cannot stop short of violence itself especially when 'then at least something happens'. These are minority reactions to general frustration which pervades student life. The majority reaction is no different than it has always been: apathy! The vast majority of students are worried and disturbed but hope to ride out the storm somehow. They remain uninvolved, do what is absolutely required of them (with little zest or enthusiasm, of course), and then take a big weekend once in a while to unwind. But there is a *fourth* kind of reaction along side these others. No one has named his group, and no single word or simplistic description catches up the more complex reaction.

"This group shares with others the demand for authenticity, for substantial change, and for a vital role in an improved society where *people take precedence over things*. They are not satisfied with any institutional structures they know—not home, school, church, government—but they realize that structures and forms of some kind are essential to achieving justice and human community in life. And they are willing to undertake the long, hard task of altering our institutions so that th



ore clearly manifest our ideals and values. That is, they are willing if we can make progress *now*! They do not demand the millenium now, nor do they feel that all must be destroyed before anything better can take its place: but they do demand immediate and far reaching changes in directions which they see as constructive. We need to listen carefully to the hippies and the activist—they are both leveling pointed and valid criticism at our society and our institutions. We also must recognize that there is the majority group of apathetics too. But our real opportunity lies with those unlabelled students who do not fit any stereotyped pattern, who are willing to dig in and use their vast energy and capacity in the complex task of improving human life. Without them there is no bridge to the alienated of the apathetic, nor is there any ground on the far side of the bridge."

Tanaguchi goes on to describe these students further: "They are impatient with all pretense; they mistrust most existing structures; they suspect any advice, especially if it comes from the past; they demand immediate relevance and demonstrated performance; they are highly motivated, very resourceful, and self-reliant to a degree; and they can go through every delaying tactic."

This group, a largely unrecognized part of the student generation made up of neither the dropout, nor the activist,



nor the apathetic, has been called "the Fourth Faction." It draws its allies from diverse groups, judging men by philosophy and action rather than appearance or position. It commands respect from all it touches: those it works for, those it seeks to unseat, and those who simply observe it in action where the real "movement" of our times is unfolding.



WHAT HAVE

By TIM ROGERS

WE DONE

The answer to the question of what have we done is best broken down into two parts. The first deals with those acts of achievement for which we bear complete responsibility.

The first of these that comes to mind is the creation of the Department of Services, and more comprehensively, the introduction into Student Government of the "Services Approach". Such an approach springs from two purposes. The first of these is to provide for students those services which are either not otherwise provided them, or which we can provide at less expense to the students than is now the case. The second is to provide for Student Government a source of income from its own energies. This does two things: It first makes Student Government independent of the controls which come with money received by way of grants from the University, the Alumni Association, or any other such source, and secondly, it gives to Student Government a larger and more sound financial base from which to operate. This means that Student Government can be more efficient, can in turn provide students more services, and most importantly, it means that Student Government itself finance, if necessary, more controversial programs for which there might not be funding available in other quarters. (I think most readily of a Course and Teacher Evaluation program which would be published and made available to students, an idea that seems to be meeting with some significant opposition

from Faculty and Administration circles at present.)

Along with the creation of the Department of Services came a comprehensive reorganization of the Executive Branch. This involved the elimination of several superfluous positions, the creation of new positions with definite responsibilities, as well as a more clearly defined hierarchy structure.

We were also successful in the closing days of our administration to have approved an extensive reform of the Judicial Branch, so extensive, in fact, that it would be impossible to outline here just exactly what it entails. Basically, however, it involves the restructuring of High Court and the Appeals Court, along with the procedure followed in our student judicial system. We also reorganized the process by which our student attorney staff is selected, trained and maintained. The reform dealt with all the recent complaints concerning our Judicial Branch with the exception of those surrounding the integrity of our Court members themselves. And that, of course, is an area in which we don't have the power to legislate.

There were also several victories of sorts for Clemson students in 1968-1969 whose winning was in significant part a result of efforts of the Executive Branch, along with other segments of Student Government. These include the abolishment of mandatory ROTC in the university curriculum, the significant liberalization of women students' hours, involving the elimination of curfews for

Seniors and students over 21, and Juniors and Sophomores with parental permission, as well as the liberalization of curfew hours for Freshmen coeds and the significant improvement of the quality and quantity of commercial establishments in the Clemson area which compete directly for the student market. These three areas that I have cited comprise victories in the sense that equaling with improvement. In each of the areas, there is great need for further progress, and it is presumed that the fight will continue on these and other fronts.

There is an additional area of significant achievement that I would ignore, and that is the matter of student procurement of date tickets for home football games and other home athletic events. We have arrived at a policy which every student will have an equal opportunity to purchase date tickets for as many home football games and other home athletic events as he desires. This will be done on an order basis, during the early summer, in the same way as faculty, alumni and IPTAY people acquire their tickets. We regard this as a major "coup", and I wouldn't want to comment on my year as President without mentioning it.

As to what we did not do, or to do it another way, what we have left the administration of President Hunt to accomplish—well, that is another story. Keep reading your "Tiger", and you might come upon it one of these days. Peace.



JUDI

By Yarborough, Nusbickel & Jones







MAE WEST

By DEBRA COX JONES

Mae West flat-assed on the ceiling
Looked to drool on my navel,
If, as if, I moved a muscle or a hair.

Stretching in black-boned light
Room stretched with smoke
Stretch our eyes
Blue and red circles, wide,
Waiting for something.

The snake, fat to come,
Coiled old color, thinly
Crawled through the screen,
Shaped up my leg and peering
In, said, quite seriously, I think,
Not today honey,
But
Come up
And see me
Sometime.

FATHER, I LOVE YOU MORE
By DEBRA COX JONES

Father, I love you more,
Knowing that you did not kill,
Never killed a man.
I could have loved you, too, even,
If like my friends' fathers,
You had dreams, scared my mother
In '45 with screams and sweat,
If you puffed your chest, secret
With ribbons, at war movies.
I love you more, Father,
That you learned your job well,
That you used your mind to win
The war, that instead of guns
You taught your sons strategy
And how to write in Japanese.



CRIES

I pass afraid through ancient, dying towns,
On narrow streets by drives too neatly treed;

Past noble clapboard houses; haunting shapes
Of windows, weeds, and shingled gables.

I glimpse drab forms, and feel the rhythms
Of rocking chairs in time to dirges almost sung.

I hurry on; I cannot bear the residue of other generations;
The cracked and broken faces of men and cobblestone;

The silent cities, where words cannot perform half
the service cries do,

And I cannot spell a cry.

POSE

A man can really think with his anus open.
There's not much else to do; though this one may prefer
the news,

and that one Orphan Annie.

Sitting on some alabaster crock,
have you ever considered the consequences
of defecation?

Sometime I'll take you down to the sewers and you
can sort it out and show me yours;
as one who so abhors the loss
of individualism.

—*By John Norton*







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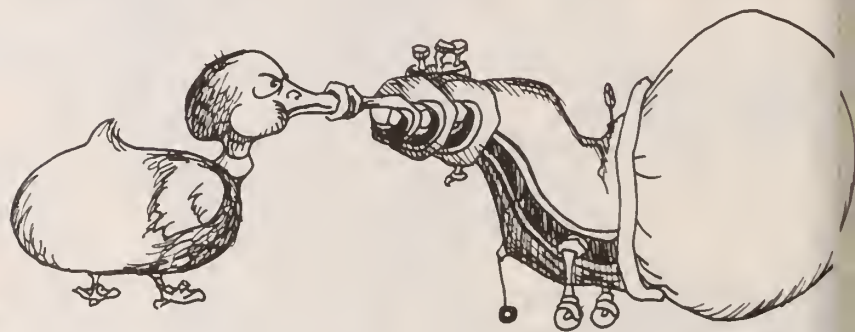
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AT WHIT'S END

Clemson is a dead place. The town is closed by eleven with only the theater and two beer halls open past midnight and they are closed by midnight. The university gym and canteen are closed too early, and there is nothing to do to break up the monotony of endless hours of studying.

Finding a place to take a date is next to impossible. For that matter, finding a date is next to impossible and when one does manage to get a date, there is really nothing to do with her around here that could be classified as good clean fun after the sun goes down. Tiger Tavern and the canteen close too early, by eleven or eleven-thirty, so there are only a few Coke machines to feed the hungry students after the midnight hour upon us.

But this is not news to anyone who has been around Clemson for more than one weekend. The big dance weekends and football games are fun and do provide

releases for a good many students, but they are much too infrequent and do not cover much ground in satisfying the demands for recreation of a student body of over 6,800. The YMCA has some good programs with ping pong, pool tables, a swimming pool, a weight room, and a theater, but if one-tenth of the student body were to use the "Y" at one time, it would be too crowded for anyone to have much fun.

It is common knowledge that students are full of energy. They come to college to live and learn, and a recreation program is a necessary part of living while learning. Hall hockey, bathroom flooding, trash burning, dumpster burning, and other sorts of fun and games do not benefit anyone, but they do come to be a substitute for more civilized recreation since there is so little to do on or off campus.

Clemson University needs a student union-student center. President Edwards knows this, Dean Cox knows this, Dean Delony knows this, as a matter of fact, all of the deans know this. The Office of Student Affairs has said time and time again that we need recreational facilities urgently. The students are hard pushed to find something worthwhile to do for recreation.

So, the solution is simple: build a student union. Build it with lounges, television areas, record playing areas, pool tables, quiet areas, student government offices, publications offices, club rooms, game rooms, and anything else anybody can come up with that will begin to fulfill the students' need for recreation facilities and keep it open twenty-four hours a day.

The need is here. The support from the administration, the student government, the major student organizations, and the students is evident. The only thing left is getting the show on the road. This can be done and when the state legislature addresses itself to the problem and sees that Clemson University needs a student union. The legislature can come up with the funds to finance it, especially if they know the people of this state really want the union building.

We urge everyone who reads this to let his representatives know what is going on. Drop them a post card and tell them we need a student union with the necessary equipment to make recreation available to the student body. Do it, and do it now.

32 COMMITMENTS

The following summary outlines the crusading activities of the Christian Nationalist Crusade, Gerald K. Smith, National Director. The Crusade has been credited with sparking as many as 2,000 right-wing organizations, carrying on stronger than ever as its influence expands.

We will Talk.

We will Fight.

We will enlighten youth.

We will Lobby in Congress.

We will fight the Mongrelizers.

We will preserve racial self-respect.

We will expose and fight the Black Plague.

We will sound the Alarm (as did Paul Revere).

We will restore the right of Christian prayer in public buildings.

We will continue to send out literally millions of pages of free material to new people.

We will continue to uncover the moneychangers who determine world policies.

We will resist the antichrist and all his satanic attempts to evaporate the name of Christ from our rich traditions.

We will expose the apostates, who have been agents of the antichrist who have infiltrated the great Christian denominations of the world — both Catholic and Protestant.

We will continue to send out increasing tons of printed truth to key personalities, influential in every segment of our political, social, cultural, and religious structure.

We will continue to maintain subtle and confidential contacts with scores and hundreds of conventional patriotic organizations not publicly associated with us, but drawing on us for materials and stimulating truth.

We will continue to publish the most fearless magazine in the world of its kind, *The Cross and the Flag*, which carries no paid advertising and is subsidized only by the loyal contributors to the movement. The subscription price pays for less than the cost of the magazine.

We will Plan.

We will Teach.

We will resist Economic Chaos.

We will fight and expose corruption.

We will defend true Christian tradition.

We will defend Constitutional tradition.

We will name the traitors and identify the treason.

We will fight Communism and all its perverted offspring.

We will support National Defense in its most masculine and patriotic form.

We will continue to maintain a strong informative contact with significant members of Congress.

We will carry on our campaign to enlighten and sensitize important persons in positions of power and influence.

We will not wince or flinch or retreat as we absorb the satanic smear, the ruthless abuses and the lethal threats of our enemies.

We will campaign to rescue the Christian shrines in the Holy Land that are now in the hands of the Jewish enemies of Christ.

We will maintain our subtle lobby in New York City in resistance to the admission of Red China to diplomatic recognition in the U.N. and in the United States Government.

We will never retreat. We will never compromise and we will never surrender. We join with Patrick Henry who said, "Sink or swim, live or die, we give our hands and our hearts to this Cause."

We will continue to ask our friends to send in to us names of responsible new people who need or desire free literature. Names and addresses of people who should receive free literature should be sent to the address indicated at the end of this notice.

WILL YOU JOIN THIS DYNAMIC CAMPAIGN?

For further information and a sample copy of the official organ, *The Cross and the Flag*, address your inquiries to Christian Nationalist Crusade, Box 27895, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027. If you desire to subscribe outright for *The Cross and the Flag* it may be had at \$2.00 per year.

If you desire extra copies of this tract, they may be had free upon request. Kindly enclose small donation to cover the cost of mailing and handling.

(editor's note: this information is legitimate; if you do not believe it write to the above address and they will set you straight.)

The Origin Of Clemson College

By B. R. Tillman, Jr.
Written 1912

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is taken from a selection by B. R. Tillman, Jr., the son of the founder of Clemson University. The article includes "The Origin of Clemson College," dictated by B. R. Tillman, Sr. to his son. The concluding remarks, written by the founder's son, describe the original plant at Clemson as well as many members of the first faculty and student body.

While at Clemson attending the reunion of the Class of 1896, "Little Joe Hunter" requested me to write, as I recall it, of the opening of Clemson College and the incidents attended. . . I am going to take advantage of this invitation to tell you the story not only of the opening of the college but the part played by my father in the foundation of the college . . .

I was born in 1878, thirteen years after the close of the Civil War and two years after the redemption of the State under Wade Hampton, from the Reconstruction and Carpet Bag rule and debauchery. South Carolina at that time was a very poor State. There prevailed in the State as the principal industry only agriculture . . . By 1888 there had been some recovery, because shortly after the war, cotton was very high and remained so for a few years, but there was complete demoralizing of labor; land was cheap; agriculture as a pursuit was improvidently done; and owing to the Lion Law and high rates of interest charged farmers, there was much poverty, many farms heavily mortgaged and Negro labor paid a very low rate of wage. They were predominantly the labor used, but there was a large number of whites who owned no land but "rented" and "share cropped", eking out an existence, rather than a livelihood. Of course there were some prosperous planters and some successful business operations, but as a whole the State of South Carolina was at a low ebb, as a result of the War and the Reconstruction period incident and following, we might say the community was partially, at least demoralized. In 1886 Benjamin R. Tillman conceived a dream to rehabilitate and to revitalize the State of South Carolina by educating the poor youth of the State agriculturally and to make an opportunity for training the young women

in normal industrial ways . . . His first series of letters outlining his program was written to the *Charleston News Courier* in 1886 . . . Here is his own story of Clemson College, dictated in 1912 and signed by him

The Origin of Clemson College

In August 1885, I attended a joint meeting of the South Carolina State Agricultural Society and State Grange at Bennettsville, S. C., in Marlboro County, as a delegate from the Edgefield Agricultural Society. The depressed condition of Agriculture in South Carolina at the time, with the well nigh bankrupt condition of a large majority of farmers, including myself, had caused me to think very deeply on the subject of farming as it was then conducted in our State . . .

. . . I arrived at the conclusion that we needed in South Carolina a different system to that in vogue and above all, the young men and women of the State should be trained industrially, keeping the fact in view, that the head alone, could not supply the body but that the hands and eyes, as well as the intellect must be trained for the best results . . . I offered resolutions in the meeting advocating the establishment of a Department of the South Carolina University for the purpose . . .

The resolutions were voted down by the delegates and I returned home very angry and much disgusted.

Having failed to obtain the support of the the leading farmers of the State who were the Heads of the Grange, the State Agricultural Department, and the State Agricultural Society, I set to work to make out a scheme for consummating the purposes I had been advocating. To wit, the establishment of a technical and industrial school in South Carolina and began the discussing of the question in the columns of the *News and Courier* in a series of letters advocating a separate Agricultural and Mechanic College . . .

My letters in the *News and Courier*, written in November and December, 1885, received the endorsement of many hundreds of men from all over the State whom I had never seen, who wrote me to encourage me; and the result was, calling a Farmer

onvention to assemble in Columbia to take into consideration the whole question of the management of the Agricultural Department and the betterment of the farming interests . . .

. . . So far as I was individually concerned there were no politics in this organization, but realizing that the Legislature alone could act, and that we could accomplish nothing except with the co-operation and assistance of the State Government, the movement naturally drifted into politics . . .

I was invited to make speeches in a great many counties of the State to which I had never been, and an opportunity offered I accepted these and made addresses, thus extending my acquaintance and knowledge of conditions throughout the State, and increasing the number of supporters of the Farmer's college idea. Among those who had been reading the papers and thus became familiar with the subject was Mr. Thomas G. Clemson, who was then living the life of a recluse at Fort Hill, Calhoun's old home. As I afterwards learned, upon visiting Mr. Clemson at his request, he had long had in mind the necessity of the State to do something in the interest of industrial and scientific education, and on the occasion of that visit went to Pendleton, was met by Mr. Clemson in his carriage, and carried to his historic home, "Fort Hill," where I spent the night.

. . . Mr. Clemson's will had become noised around among the leaders and his death, April 6th, 1888, with the knowledge that there was a large plantation and \$60,000, in cash for the purpose for which we had been striving, was the signal for reviving the demand of the farmers for a separate College in full vigor.

The College opened in July, 1893, approximately four hundred young South Carolinians seeking an education, arriving at Clemson to be assigned to rooms in the barracks, organized into classes and begin their work and to receive military training. Lieutenant T. Q. Donaldson, U.S.A., was at the college as Commandant. Dr. E. B. Craighead was resident. There were a good many boys who came to

Clemson at its opening who had had some military training and these were very helpful to the Commandant in organizing the corps of students into a battalion of cadets, and our own beloved classmate, R. E. Lee, became Senior Captain, and he remained Senior Captain for the four years of my cadet life.

The College buildings had just been completed but the incident litter and scraps of lumber, etc. were on the campus and had to be removed. Clemson College consisted at that time of the main college building, one three-story barracks, the chemical laboratory, the mechanic hall, the experiment station, the infirmary, the dairy barn, a small horticulture building and residences for the professors, a plant comparatively small to what is there today. There had been no grading of fields or leveling off of the hillsides and most of our drilling was done on the parade ground in front of the main college building, since planted in trees. There was in front of the main college building a huge pile of saw dust, which was hauled away by cadets who were given the privilege of working two hours a day and paid at a rate of eight cents an hour. The first uniform was of jeans and cost \$7.50. Board in the barracks was at the rate of \$7.50 a month. (You have no right to jump to conclusions because at that time a dollar had value packed into every cent,) but even at that, an education could be obtained at Clemson very much more economically than at any other school in the State. During the first few days following the opening of the College, when there was not anything more than a housing process of the cadets, there was some demoralization, but on the whole order was good. There was a small percentage of "rowdies" and a few expelled from other schools who were disinclined to either discipline, self-control or orderly habits. One of my memories which is very vivid was the method of delivering mail. Jule Shankin, who was mature and must have been twenty-one years of age, would get on a barrel in front of the barracks and call out the names of the cadets and pitch the letter to that cadet . . . There were four companies at first, A, B, C, and D. By 1896 when we graduated there were six . . .

TRIVIAL FUDGE FACTORS

Clemson uses 19,750 parking tickets annually.

Clemson uses 32,028 pounds of bacon annually.

Clemson uses 95,850 rolls of toilet paper annually.

Clemson uses 4,300 sq. ft. of new glass panes annually.

Clemson uses 127,092 dozen eggs annually; that's 1,525,104 really.

Clemson has 101 professors of the staff that graduated from Clemson.

The *Chronicle* staff, in its never ending search for truth, justice, and the American Way, went down to our favorite library and got lost. On the way through the mazes we were amazed at what we saw. We found 21 of the weirdest books in the Robert Muldrow Cooper Library.

So we decided to set up a contest. The rules are simple. Any student, professor, or friend can enter. Simply go to the library and compile a list of twenty or more books less useful or more cool than the ones presented here. The ten entries deemed best by the editorial staff will receive, absolutely tax-free, a one-year's subscription to the *Chronicle* (provided the entrant is a student — if not, a subscription will cost 2¢).

Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight January 22, 1970, (a dark night in the *Chronicle* history). The books have to be in the library or at least have to be listed in the card catalogue.

Read over our listing and get on it — time's a 'wastin'.

DEPOSITS IN CLEMSON COLLEGE CORNERSTONE

from the news account in the *Charleston World* of the laying of the cornerstone at Clemson College, July 28, 1891, datelined Fort Hill July 28.

The following things were placed in the box:

Mr. Clemson's diploma as graduate of the Royal School of Mines at Paris; sketch of the life of John C. Calhoun, by Mr. Clemson; phrenological chart of Mr. Clemson, by Fowler; sketch of the life of Mr. Clemson, by Col. R. W. Simpson; record of the entire proceedings in the case of Isabella Lee vs. R. W. Simpson, executor; copy of the *Charleston World* of October 7, 1890, containing a full account of Clemson College; three copies of the *Pendleton Messenger*, 1817-1819 and 1823; *Charleston Budget* of July 26; *News and Courier* of July 1 and July 23; *The State* of July 27; *Semi-weekly Greenville News*, of July 24; *Daily Greenville News* of July 26; *Anderson People's Advocate* of July 27; *Charleston Sun* of July 25; paper containing the following names of Clemson college officials:

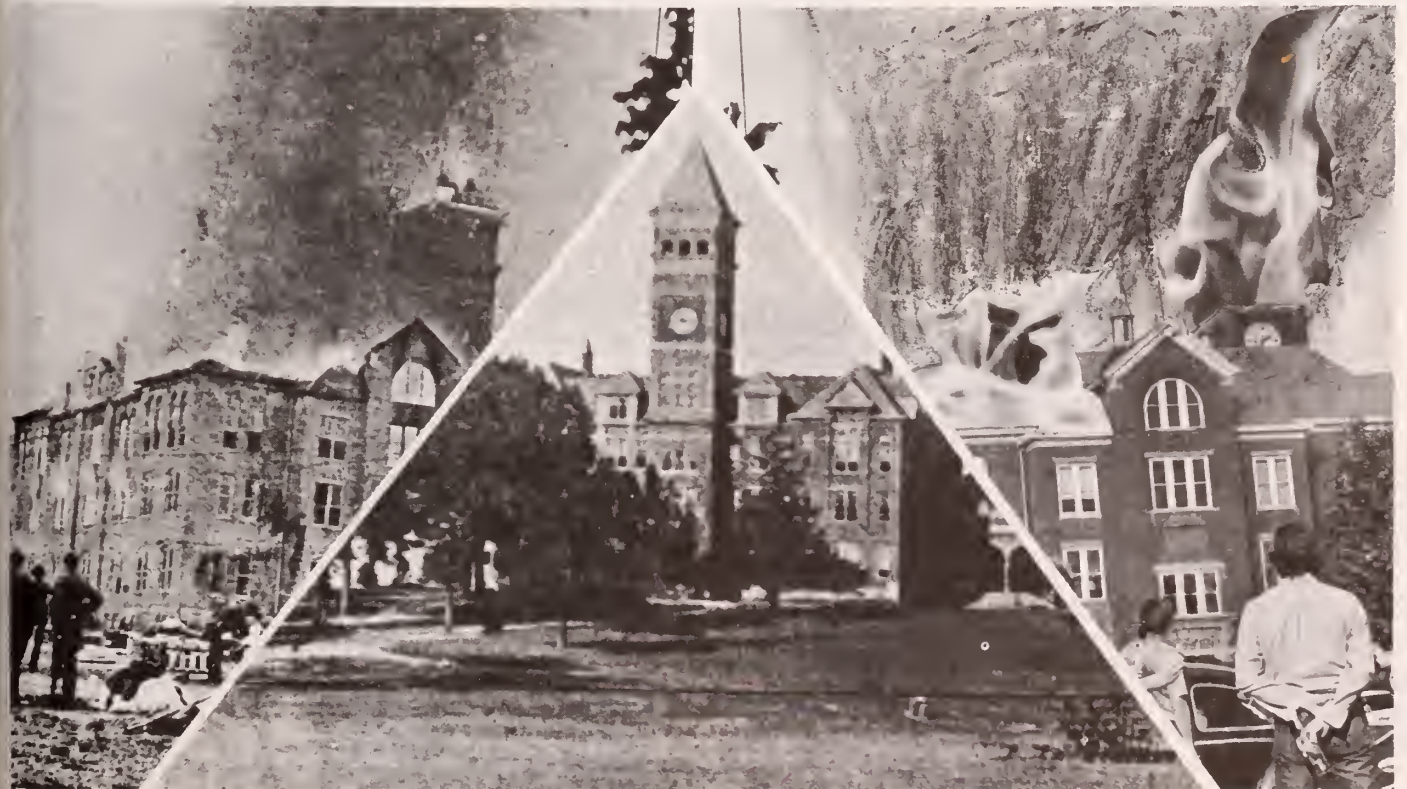
Trustees — R. W. Simpson, chairman, Pendleton; J. K. Norris, Hickory Flat; R. E. Bowen, Briggs; J. E. Bradley, Hunters; M. L. Donaldson, Greenville; J. E. Hannamaker, St. Matthews; J. L. Orr, Greenville;

J. E. Tindall, Columbia; E. T. Stackhouse, Little Rock; Alan Johnstone, Newberry; J. H. Hardin, Chester; D. T. Redfearn, Mt. Croghan.

Executive Committee — R. W. Simpson, J. L. Orr, Alan Johnstone, R. E. Bowen, D. K. Norris; secretary and treasurer, P. H. E. Sloan.

Photographs of the trustees, including one of Col. B. W. Edwards, of Darlington, deceased; \$4 in continental money donated by J. B. Watson of Seneca; officers of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free Masons of South Carolina; names of officers and members of Pendleton Lodge, A. F. M.; names of Ancient Free Masons at work on the building; names of officers and members of Barnett lodge, A. F. M. of Piercetown; names of officers and members of Seneca lodge; gold, silver and copper coins of the United States; history of Pendleton by D. U. Sloan; specimens of Confederate money; synoptical history of Clemson College; copy of the *Cotton Plant* containing a history of the Pendleton Agricultural Society; copy of *Enterprise and Alliance Monitor* containing President J. William Stokes's address before the state Farmers' Alliance at Spartanburg last night, and ten cent pieces, cigars, flowers and trinkets donated by spectators.

TILLMAN HALL





"Smokey" Edwards

WEAVING AND DESIGN '33

Block "C" Club, Freshman Football, Manager, Assistant Varsity Football Manager, Phi Psi, Rifle Marksman, Laurens County Club, ROTC Camp, Ft. McClellan, Ala., Private, Corporal, Sergeant, First Lieutenant.

"Joe" Sherman

GENERAL SCIENCE '34

Block "C" Club, Freshman Basketball, Varsity Basketball, Baseball, Member State Championship Baseball Team, *Tiger* Staff, Sports Editor *The Tiger*, Clemson Sports Publicity Director, Pickens County Club, Minaret Club, Day Student, Day Cadet, Private, Private, Private.



"Gee" Coakley

AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS '41

Block "C" Club, Baseball Basketball, Central Dance Association, Alpha Chi Psi, ROTC Camp, Ft. McClellan Ala., Private, Corporal, Sergeant, First Lieutenant.

"Puss" Cox

GENERAL SCIENCE '39

Block "C" Club, Freshman Football, Varsity Football, Sigma Phi, president, ROTC Camp, Ft. McClellan, Ala., Private, Corporal, Supply Sergeant, Executive Lieutenant, Grand Canyon Award.



"Nicky" Lomax

EDUCATION '63

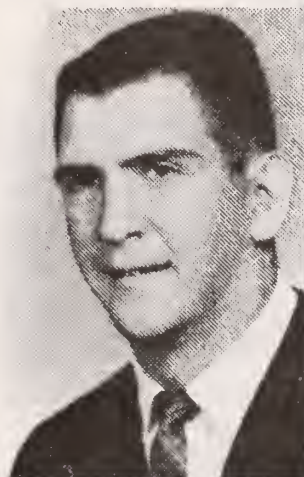
Block "C" Club, Baseball, 2nd Team All-ACC Baseball Team.



Thomas Jefferson Tisdale

INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT '65

Student Bandmaster, Tiger Band, Drum Major, Mu Beta Psi, SAM, Circle "K" Club.

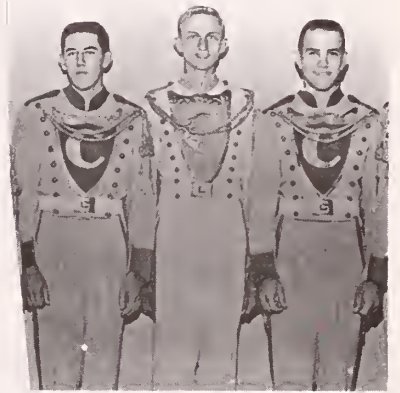
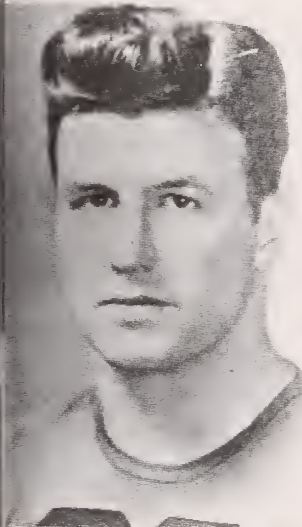
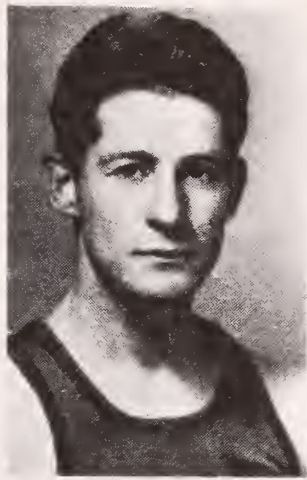
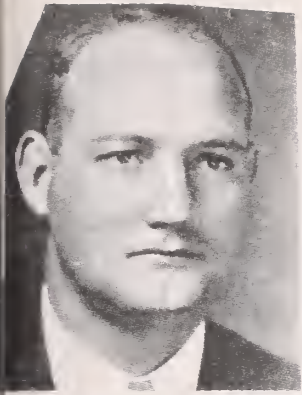


*The Bashful Baron
Of Barlow Bend,
Alabama*



Captain Guggino





What's this about an Athletic Monopoly?

by Thomas Priddy

There exists at Clemson an athletic monopoly of sorts. Ignoring the inevitable "Big deal, so what else is new?" which you have just uttered forth, I believe a definition of terms is called for before proceeding further. I will begin by defining monopoly, and then will classify the extent of the monopoly and over which it rules so I can be sure everyone understands the rules of battle before we begin the war.

According to Webster, a monopoly is (1) exclusive ownership through legal privilege, command or supply, or concerted action, (2) exclusive possession or (3) a commodity controlled by one party.

As for classification, the Athletic Department has: (1) exclusive ownership of the canteen through legal privilege (Department of Services cannot have a canteen of its own by verdict of the Executive Council), (2) the Athletic Department has exclusive possession of the bookstore (there is no place else around Clemson for us students to get books for school), and (3) the Athletic Department controls practically all vending machine commodities on campus. Profits from all of the above go toward athletic scholarships. That's what I would call an athletic monopoly.

The next step in clarifying the situation, calls for an examination of exactly what all of this means. I am certain everyone will agree that Bell Telephone has a monopoly on all the telephones in the nation. All telephone users must tie in to its system. Bell has the only network, and if you want to talk to your aunt in Phoenix you have to either pay what they demand and use their phones, or pack up and take the Greyhound to Arizona. In this case, though, the government must act as an overseer to Bell's monopoly to keep prices within reason. But they do have a monopoly.

Accordingly, if your professor tells you to get a textbook you must either search the bulletin boards by the Post Office, or go to the bookstore. Chances are you won't find what you want offered by other students because demand is high and books sell very fast. So you must trot off to the Clemson bookstore, the only source of textbooks for miles around. Upon finding your book (lots of luck) you must pay not only for the value of the book, but you also have to pay a high percentage to the Athletic Department funds.

If you want a hamburger and a Coke, and for some reason have neither time nor initiative to go off

campus, you must go to the canteen and pay another cut to the Athletic Department.

On Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon, or at night for that matter, when the University and the town of Clemson roll up their sidewalks early, you are forced to use a vending machine by the closed canteen, and again pay a share of the price to the Athletic Department.

The time has come to compare the two monopolies I have described, and make a few observations.

As far as I know, complaints to Bell on their prices are relatively few. Granted, they get criticism for service, but so do all companies. Prices are fair, and Bell gives adequate service. Why complain when monopoly such as this exists?

The athletic monopoly is a different story.

During the last school year, between \$75,000 and \$80,000 was unjustly pulled out of our pockets by the canteen and the bookstore. \$75 to \$80 thousand — pure profit for the Athletic Department.

It might be well to discuss the entire realm of athletic monies in addition to the canteen and bookstore. IPTAY donated \$240,000 to the athletic scholarships last year. During that same period of time \$60,000 was taken from activities fees for admission to games. Gate receipts also constitute a major part of their income. The *Atlanta Journal* estimates that Clemson profits from this year's Georgia Tech game alone were \$150,000. All told the Athletic Department pulls in at least one million dollars annually. Why do they have to get canteen and bookstore money too?

For this and other information I went to see Bill McLellan, assistant athletic director. McLellan, I must add, was very cordial, and explained just about everything I wanted to know. Basically, what follows is his side of the story, as I interpret it.

Football is the only sport that pays for itself by gate receipts, and somehow other sources of revenue must be found to provide for other sports. Running a team, any team, is expensive. Officials cost about \$100 each for each game, travel costs plenty when transporting a team, coaches, cheerleaders, press and sometimes band to away games also cost money. Scholarship rates go up each year; injuries must be paid for; and don't forget the coaches' salaries.

A basic prerequisite for all teams is the uniform. McLellan says "We dress them first class," and that costs them plenty. An exact breakdown of the

Athletic Department expenditures is not available, and I don't think we have the right to demand it. Instead I'll quote an article from a recent *National Observer* on the prices of equipping the University of Oklahoma football team.

"It costs about \$250 to outfit one football player. Retail costs for equipment are as follows: helmet \$30, shoulder pads \$35, jersey \$10, undershirt \$2, hip pads \$5, pants \$8, knee and thigh pads \$4, shoes \$20, socks \$2. Each player must have from two to four sets of some of these items."

Also quoted in the article were costs for the University of Oklahoma Athletic Department to send cheerleaders to away games as well as other expenses — \$2,000. It cost them \$4,000 a year to pay for meals for the press at home games.

Arguing about whether or not we keep up the level and pace of our athletics and seating arrangements at the games is not for me to discuss, at least not in this report. If we stay at the same rate, the Athletic Department is going to have to rake in a heck of a lot of money. The canteen, bookstore, and vending machines do their share of the profit making — taking money out of our pockets. They have for quite a few years.

More intelligent readers may be wondering by now, "If this injustice has been going on for years, why has the uprising only been started recently?" The answer is it hasn't.

In 1961, the April 21 issue of the *Tiger* carried an article about the Student Senate resolution passed after close investigation of the canteen and bookstore. This is how that resolution read:

After investigation of the operation of the Clemson College Book Store and the use of its

profits, the Student Senate is convinced that the use of the profits for athletic scholarships is unjustified. Since each student is obligated to have many dealings with the Book Store, we further feel that it should be operated for the benefit of all the students, and we also feel that this end can be best accomplished by a non-profit operation.

In the same article, Angus McGregor, then student body president, was quoted as saying:

It is my opinion and it has been confirmed unanimously by the Student Senate and other members of the cabinet that the use of profit for athletic scholarships is unjustifiable. I feel that if money is going to be made from academic means it should go to academic ends. I want to make one thing clear. We are not trying to undermine athletics. That is the last thing we want to do. I respect the Athletic Association for the job they're doing. I just would like to see things put in proper perspective.

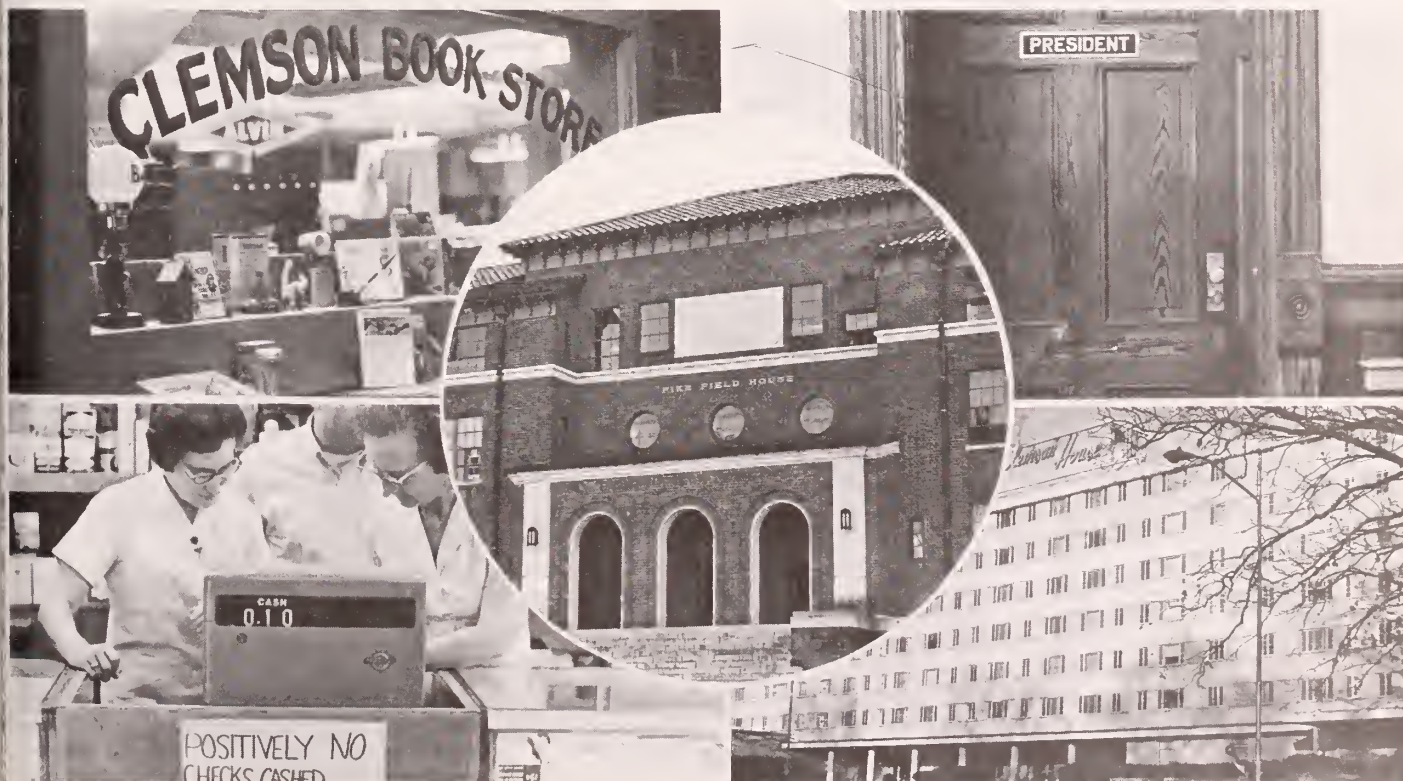
In a later issue of the *Tiger* there was a story about the referendum held by the Student Senate in which 80% of the students who voted overwhelmingly agreed with the Senate.

The following fall Dr. Edwards, president of Clemson, printed a letter of explanation about the book store in the *Tiger*. The letter, in its entirety, reads as follows:

TO CLEMSON STUDENTS:

There is a matter of institutional policy I would like to discuss with the student body in sufficient detail for an understanding in regard to it.

That there is a problem in the area was brought to my attention last week in a special session with the President's Student Committee. At this meeting, representatives of Student Government advised me of a proposed plan to hold a referendum within the student body for the



purpose of asking opinions in relation to the operation of the College Bookstore and the profits derived from the Bookstore.

The Bookstore, as most students know, is operated by the Athletic Department and the profit derived from the sale of books and academic supplies goes into the athletic scholarship fund and is used to help support the Clemson athletic program on a basis of excellence that will enable Clemson to compete favorably in the strong Atlantic Coast Conference.

In discussing the issue, let me say first that our program of intercollegiate athletics at Clemson is entirely self-sufficient and is probably one of the relatively few self-sufficient programs of intercollegiate athletics in the nation. Operating costs of the Athletic Department are derived from gate receipts. Funds to support athletic scholarships are derived for the most part from gifts to IPTAY.

Beyond that, the Clemson student as an individual (through student fees) pays less in support of the Clemson athletic program than is being paid by any student at any other college or university in our conference. This is a factual statement, determined by a survey of athletic fees paid by the students of the other seven institutions. Clemson student fees will never be used for athletic scholarships.

At Clemson we want every program to be the very best that it can possibly be, whether it is the program of electrical engineering or the program of intercollegiate athletics. And, too, we are determined as a part of our long-range planning that the program of intercollegiate athletics will not only be self-sufficient, but will be able to make a very significant contribution to our academic program. What I mean by that is: just as soon as the Athletic Department's financial position will permit, excess funds above operating costs earned from gate receipts will be utilized to further Clemson's academic programs. This would include funds for academic scholarships.

The Athletic Council, Dean Walter Cox as the Dean of Student Affairs (of which the Athletic Department is a part) and Athletic Director Frank Howard are thoroughly aware of the Administration's plans in this respect and concur heartily with this longrange objective. I do not know, in terms of a definite timetable, when this will be possible, but I do assure the student body that it will be done just as quickly as it can be.

Now, back to the specific of the College Bookstore being operated by the Athletic Department. For many, many years—I do not know how many, but I do know it was for more than 25 years—the official bookstore at Clemson was privately owned and operated as a part of an off-campus, downtown business venture. Profits realized from the sale of books accrued to owners, who were in no way officially affiliated with Clemson College. This was entirely proper.

In April 1956 as a result of a chain of events relating to the private owners of the bookstore, the opportunity presented itself for the bookstore to be acquired by a unit of the college and moved to its present location in the center of the campus, far more accessible to the student body.

To effect this move, a considerable amount of money was needed for the initial investment—to purchase the Bookstore from private ownership. The state does not appropriate funds for use of this nature, so if the Bookstore was to be moved

to the campus it was necessary to find funds with which the purchase could be made. The College as an academic unit did not have these funds; the Athletic Department as a self-sufficient program of intercollegiate athletics, was in position to invest the necessary amount.

Following Administrative recommendation, the Board of Trustees at the April 1956 meeting authorized the Athletic Department to purchase the Bookstore from private enterprise and to operate it in the College facility where it is now located.

It was erroneously stated by a member of the President's Student Committee the other day that the prices charged for books at Clemson are "exorbitant." The student who made the statement and those who believe it are simply in error. We have—and do continuously—compared the Clemson Bookstore prices with those of other area college bookstores and find them to be identical in the very great majority of instances—never higher.

The Administration at Clemson is intensely interested—and will always be dedicated without reservation—to keeping the cost of education at Clemson at its very lowest level consistent with quality programs at every point. I pledge to our student body that they will never pay an "exorbitant" price for any part of their education that is within our limit of control.

Whatever profits may be realized by the Clemson Bookstore, within the framework of comparable prices with other colleges of the area, are combining with other avenues of athletic income to help secure and insure a Clemson athletic program that can compete favorably in the Atlantic Coast Conference. To deprive the Athletic Department of any of its avenues of financial support will weaken our ability to compete in our Conference and will delay, considerably, the day when the Athletic Department can make a significant financial contribution to the overall academic program of the college.

The administration is constantly working through every avenue of financial support available to it for the purpose of strengthening Clemson's academic programs at all points and to the end of enhancing the prestige of Clemson College and the Clemson diploma.

I'm sure the student body will be pleased to know that scholarship aid now available to Clemson students has more than doubled in the past five years and is on a continuing increase. In addition to that, the College is assisting several hundred students for whom it is providing part-time employment.

It is my continuing hope that the Clemson student body will have faith in their Board of Trustees and their College Administration to decide institution policy in the best interests of the total student body and in the best interest of the total institution. This we are striving to do at all times and at all points.

Sincerely,
Robert C. Edwards
President
(*Tiger* April 28, 1961)

NOTHING WAS DONE!

In the September 5, 1969 issue of the *Tiger*, Edwards as well as Cox, is again quoted on the bookstore:

The SSOC leaders asked if the university would make the book store and canteen non-profit to better serve the students and were met with a strong objection from the president.

He explained that the Athletic Department uses the \$50,000 net profit yearly from the book store to educate athletes.

Cox said that the Athletic Department needed the funds to compete with other schools vying for a national football championship.

The SSOC leaders then said they felt the Athletic Department had become too powerful on campus. "What do you mean? You can't separate the Athletic Department from the university; the Athletic Department is the university," Cox said.

He told the SSOC staff it was being absurd in questioning the necessity and power of the Athletic Department.

"If you have any notion that we are getting out of the football business, I'll tell you right now we aren't" Edwards added.

In the September 19, 1969 *Tiger*, Bob Behling's poll of the student body reached the same conclusion as the 1961 referendum:

Students at Clemson overwhelmingly agree that profits on educational supplies are not justifiable.

This was the opinion of 85 per cent of the students questioned by the *Tiger* research staff on the loggia Monday.

The 517 polled, representing approximately 8 per cent of the student body, also responded to three other questions concerning the present controversy over the Clemson University Book Store.

The present policy of the Book Store, according to Vice President for Student Affairs Walter Cox, is to make a 20 percent profit on textbooks but more than that on other items sold. Cox said all of the profit is used for athletic scholarships.

Obviously, nothing has been done. That was 1961. That's eight years ago. The injustice still stands. It's clearly not a 'good' monopoly. Will I be reading about another investigation of the Athletic Department's dealings with bookstore and/or canteen in a 1984 article in the *Tiger*?

Football

by KELLY SMITH

Your leg is broken

Your ankle sprain

Football is a fun game.

Your neck is cracked

Your knee is lame

Football is a fun game.

A muscle spasm in your back

You can't walk the same

Football is a fun game.

A pretty bruise upon your head

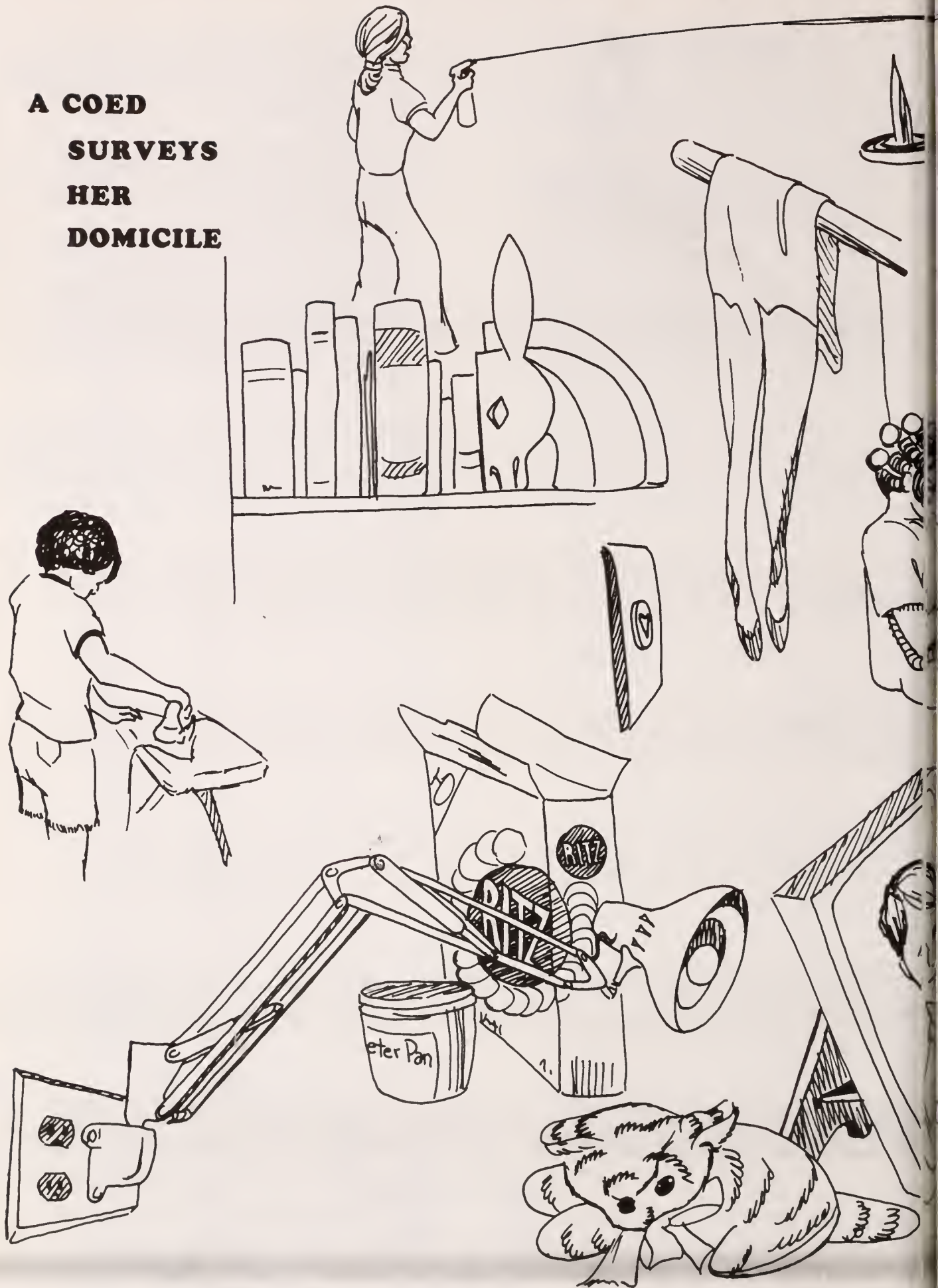
You know not from whence you came

Football is a fun game

Fun, Fun, Fun.



**A COED
SURVEYS
HER
DOMICILE**

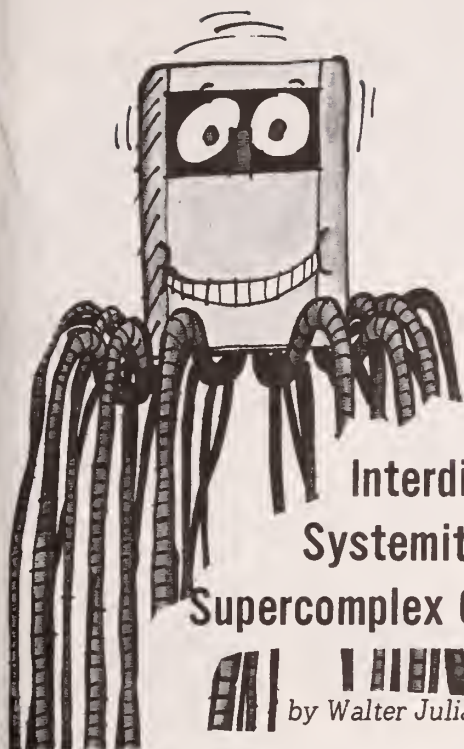






XMAS GOODIES

1. For the lonely coed — an improved dating service. 2. For the male student — something for the break between Sunday and Monday if you have an eight o'clock class. 3. For the sorority sister — a full set of engraved electric curlers for her to wear with all sorority regalia. 4. For the fraternity brother — a personalized, nylon, reinforced ski jacket to wear over his GANT shirts. 5. For the Tigers' defensive team — a new ball. 6. For the administration — a supply of ink and paper to help them in the composition of newer and better university policies. 7. For the Physical Plant — a new device to aid them in determining a more temperate environment for the students. 8. For the Canteen — We ordered Sinclair Lewis' *The Jungle* from the Bookstore, but there seem to have been some confusion in the storeroom. Again? 9. For them that didn't make the party — a small Christmas feast.



Interdigitational Systemitization Of Supercomplex Organisms

by Walter Julian

I arrived on campus in a state of complete exhilaration. Here I was, about to take part in the greatest of all American sports — going off to college. Even the thought of it overwhelmed me. I could just see myself mingling with academia, engaging in all sorts of intellectual conversations, and generally becoming an educated man.

This state of naive euphoria lasted long enough for me to go through the registration lines. There I met, in a face-to-face confrontation, the first major obstacle in my quest for a college education — the sinister IBM card.

I emptied the contents of my registration envelope into a neat little pile on the floor and seated myself beside it. I was completely bewildered by the tremendous stack of little cards, all bearing the stern warning: "Do not fold, spindle, or mutilate." There were millions of them. There was a card for everything. There was a Food Preference Card for people who like gravy on their mashed potatoes. A Radical Revolutionary Card was provided for any students who might be inclined to take over the administration building. There was an Administration Blacklist Card for any student who could and would think for himself, and a special card was enclosed requiring blacks to promise that they would not protest against the Confederate flag and the playing of "Dixie."

I didn't think that I would ever get to the bottom of that stack. For each card I picked up there were at least a dozen others. I sat there in the depths of despair, not knowing whether to release the tears that were building up or to hunt down the nearest policeman and ask him for his gun. I was just about to opt for the latter when this kid who was obviously not having any problems walked up. He looked like he would have been a tremendous fullback, but I didn't think that the Baron would have appreciated his sideburns and moustache. He surveyed my com-

pletely hopeless situation, grinned, and sat down.

"Having problems, kid?"

"Geez, why did they give me all these cards? I only wanted to come to college."

"Kid, you're what is known as a victim of the megaversity. Let me explain it to you. Right now we're in the administration building. This is where the administrators come everyday so that they can get out of the house. Now these administrators have a hard time. They've really got problems. To give you some idea of how hard-pressed they are, they have to figure out how to keep the alumni happy, and they have an annual quota of students they have to process into automatons for industry, and they have to devise ways to keep academics subordinated to athletics.

"Now the administrators have to spend so much time trying to solve these problems and they get so exasperated that they don't really want to take time for the students. So they've got this big old computer tucked away somewhere. They have to keep the computer happy, among all those other things, so they feed it IBM cards. But for some reason, the computer can't swallow the cards unless some student has scrawled all over them."

"You mean they give us these cards so that we can write on them for that computer?"

"Right, kid. And there's one more thing you need to know. Fill those cards out very neatly, because if that computer doesn't like your writing, it doesn't like you; and if it doesn't like you, you're doomed."

"But what happened to the nice, shady campus with the kindly, bespectacled professor?"

"You've been reading too much romance, kid. The thing for you to do is try your very best to get in good with that computer. It's your only hope."

"I wonder if it's too late to get out of this."

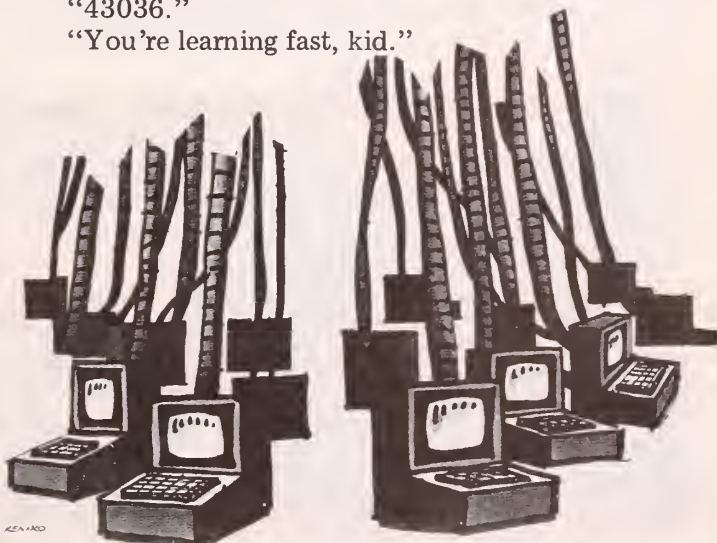
"Now that's not the attitude to have, kid. You just have to understand the psychology of computers. That's all."

"Oh."

"By the way, kid, I didn't catch your name."

"43036."

"You're learning fast, kid."





Visit to a Low Country Home

by Martha Seay

Late in the sixteenth century, more than 500,000 French Huguenots fled religious persecution to other European countries and North America. Many of these Frenchmen came to South Carolina.

Some settled on a section of the South Carolina Santee called French Santee, in opposition to the English Santee, because it was so heavily populated by the French emigrants. Here the French started plantations because of the suitable location for the cultivation of rice and indigo.

Paul de St. Julien, the builder of Hanover, began his home in 1714 on one of three 1000-acre tracts of land granted in 1688 to his grandfather, Pierre Julien de St. Julien, by the Lords Proprietors of South Carolina. Paul was the son of Pierre's oldest son, Pierre II, and Damaris Elizabeth Le Serurier.

The St. Juliens de Malacare were among the wealthiest and most prominent families of the French emigrants. In a deed recorded in 1686, it was stated that the doweries of Pierre de St. Julien's daughters were "six hundred pounds sterling." It also stated that he enabled his son, Pierre II, to secure a large share in the mercantile trade of the wealthy London merchant, Jacques Le Surrier.

The site of the house was very suitable for a

plantation. A primitive road, Charichy Path, passed through the St. Julien plantation from Stoney Landing on its way to Nelson's Ferry and the Congaree. This road provided a connection for the trading and shipping of the rice and indigo. And since the house faced the Santee, the plantation had easy access by boat to the neighboring plantations and the Huguenot Church of St. Denis on the East Branch of the river.

Paul de St. Julien gave the name Hanover to his house just about the time the English House of Hanover came to the throne. He probably chose the name the plantation home after the English family because of the help they had given the Huguenots in their flight from France.

In 1741, Paul de St. Julien died, and his daughter inherited Hanover. After her marriage to Henry Ravenel, September 13, 1750, Hanover became identified with the Ravenel name for 138 years.

Hanover seems to be unique in the colonies. For its time, it was a luxurious home with a drawing room, a dining room, a pantry, and a master's office where the business of the plantation was conducted. All these rooms had access to the entrance hall via stairways to the four bedrooms above and the basement below.



The house has a Gallic roof with widespread dormer windows. There is also a basement with walls two feet thick, containing a kitchen, a store room, and gun slots with shutters, allegedly opened only for firing.

Except for the brick foundation and chimneys, the plantation is constructed entirely of cypress. This boarding was home-produced by "whipsaw" manufacture.

The floor plan is that of the "great hall" arrangement. This age-old plan was still familiar in the colonies during his period. Such a house was always one room deep with one large room at one end of the front and a similar room at the other end of the front.

In the late 1930's, plans were made for the construction of the Santee-Cooper Hydroelectric and Navigation Project. This project would cause the flooding of portions of Berkley, Calhoun, Clarendon, Orangeburg, and Sumter counties, South Carolina, by the diversion of part of the Santee waters to the Cooper River by means of a ship canal and two large navigable reservoirs. These two reservoirs would each cover an area of ten square miles.

Hanover was the only house in the area of the proposed inundation whose loss could be considered of national importance. The buildings and grounds of Hanover at this time were in a very dilapidated condition.

It had lost all but one of its early plantation buildings, and the encroaching woods and fields had destroyed the original landscape setting. The original full basement had been entirely filled in.

Clemson College was chosen as the site of reconstruction because the college possessed the only School of Architecture in South Carolina. With a grant of \$1,270, the college began removal on August 19, 1941.

Each mortised beam and board was labeled; each window, door, mantel, and piece of framework was marked, photographed, and replaced in the original position. None of the original hardware and very little paint remained, but the woodwork still had enough color to indicate the original painting.

Hanover was not opened on the Clemson campus until June 7, 1962. It soon became recognized as a

Registered Historic Landmark of the National Park Service.

The reconstructed house on the Clemson campus contains furniture from a variety of places and periods.

The drawing room, the largest room in the house contains, among other furnishings, a William and Mary armchair and a Queen Anne mirror hanging over a game table on which sits a pierced brass William and Mary candle holder. Crewel work draperies cover the windows and an eighteenth century French Bergere chair sits in a corner. The room also contains a portrait of Rene Ravenel, and photographs of the grandparents of St. Julien. In the center of the room is a Queen Anne table on which rests a French Huguenot Bible printed in 1694. Beside the Bible is Richard Steele's book about virtues and good conduct for women. On the mantle sits a pair of Chinese porcelain vases from the Kan H'si dynasty (1662-1722). One of the most interesting objects in the room is a miniature chest of the Charles II era on a table made in eighteenth century England.

The lower floor also contains a dining room and a pantry. In the dining room is a copy of the oldest table in the Charleston Museum, and rare pieces of French and English pewter. On one side of the room is an oak pewter cupboard, and on the other side is a hand carved dower chest. The pantry contains a linen press, a French panatiere (a handmade oak cupboard), and a three-legged tavern table.

The upstairs consists of four bedrooms. The largest one contains a French door chest and a butterfly table which holds the Ravenel family Bible and a bowl and pitcher set. To one side sits a rocking chair which is possibly the only piece of furniture present originally used in the house.

Hanover House, building and grounds, is maintained by the University, while the refurnishing is being carried on by the Colonial Dames. It is open from ten to twelve and one to five Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is also open from two to five on Sundays.



Brainpainheartstart

by GENE TROUTMAN

The breathing brain ponders
Searching the field of mind
The heaving heart pulses
Querying the feel of man

From the breathing brain furors
 Scream
 the pain of fields scraping straits
 From the heaving heart ardors
 Wrestle
 the grasp of feels strangling strands

Beats a bruising battle
Heats a waging warrior

Weapons of arms cold still ruin battle
Body's weapons boome rangs

rampant rakes ran
panting players pace
growing growling guns

raping dancers deal

knifed naked nerves

Bleed

new nearer names

wounds wind whistles
 silent sighing
 crys crashing
hastened hurled hands hunt

tinged tits tense
greased glass ghost gives
ripping rubbing roles raped raw
 new naked now neats
tears touch trooping true

Stars straff strangles
suring sweet sear

in on in on in on in on
A one battle

Bud Feel

by GENE TROUTMAN

A new mouth is yawned.
By rain-life its pedal-lips
Grasp the nectar-breast
Growing life's sun.

Its bud-tongue nestles
This mound of earth-flesh,
And takes dirt to grow.

This sapid taste gives root;
Dirt's sweet cultivates
The bud-tongue to body-stem
The stem digest from taste a flower

Bee-ed then is the bloom

Color Blanket

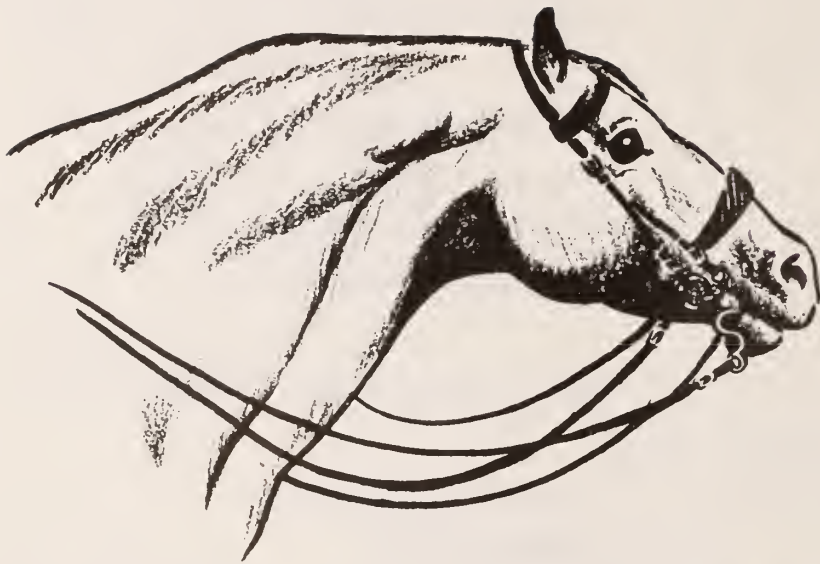
by GENE TROUTMAN

Life again, only by the root
Licking earth's body
Yet to the born, the taste of life is not sweet to the growing.

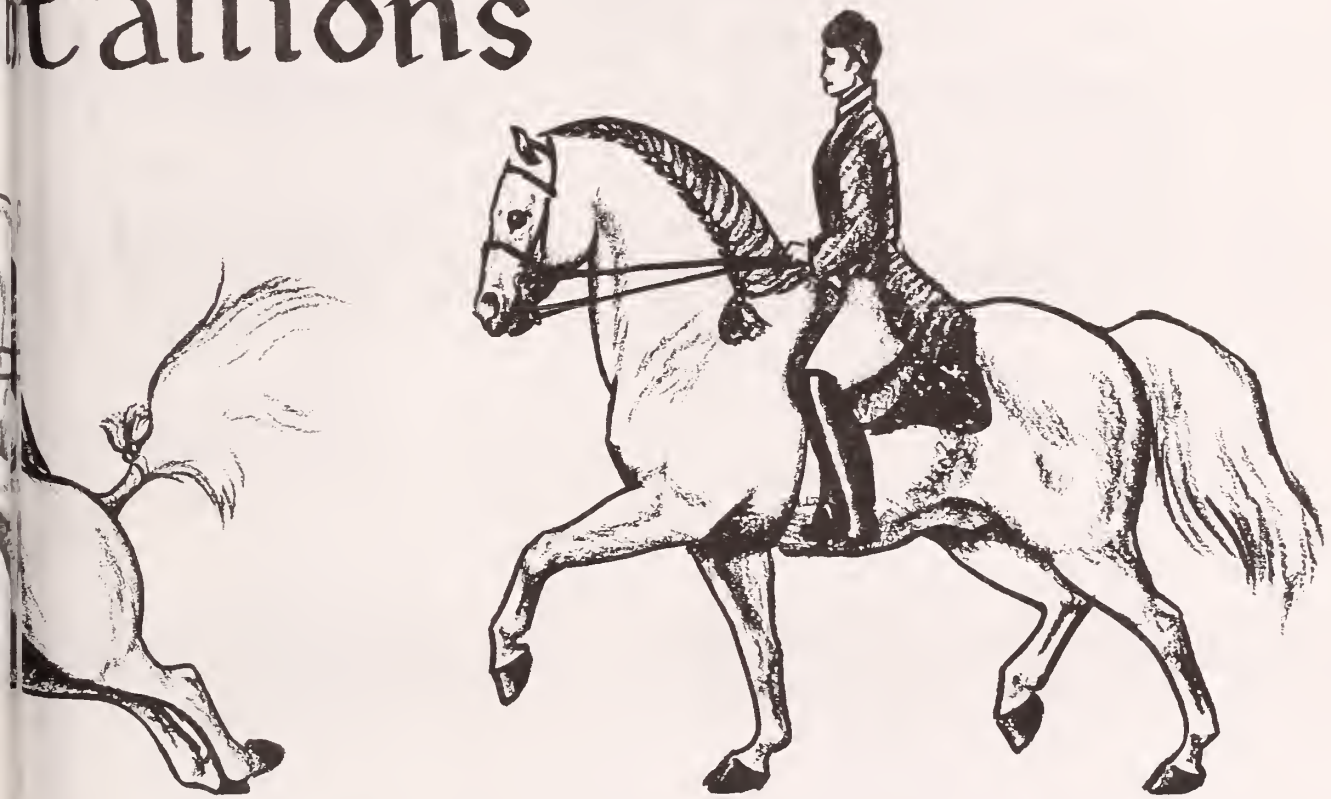
Time is ripe
A color blanket falls,
Unallowed to fall where pleased
Torn and fought by bold winds blowing,
Yet still the admirable struggle.
Valiant futile fury
Finally rests, a smooth, soft scattered coat
Piled behind winds paths obstructions.
Bold winds blowing.
Innocent blanket, victim of nature's wish
Motionless, a beautiful, breath-taking blanket
Bold winds cease.
Unable to rise, to struggle again,
Destined to its grave, only to be born in new.
Was false innocence, short-lived beauty,
Product of nature's unknowing wish.



The Her Lipizzan



in Royal tallions



PAK
'69

This Is A Small Town

by STEPHEN C. MOSELEY

This is a small town
College town
More people live in the college dormitory
Than in the town
I took a snapshot once
Of the small town
Missed three stores
And a Church or two
Not many would notice though
Never seen them anyway
Life is like that
Big town people in a small town
There's no museum in the town
Who cares
No draft board
None complains
There are two beer halls in the town
And others nearby
People care about that
The Police Station is a garage
Gas pump's out front
Town Hall's there too
Heard a rumor once
Get arrested and you spend the night
In the Men's room
Heard another rumor today
They roll up the sidewalks at ten
Ship them down the road
To the big city
Population 30,000
Big time
I'm not afraid to walk alone at night
In the small town
The merchants are a friendly lot
In the small town
I know I'll not forget
The small town
College town
Friendly town
Yet
I'll never live again
In a small town

on apathetic concerti

(i was concerned yesterday)

by ROGER D. CRANFORD

i awoke tomorrow.
damn,
this morning
i have anticipated.
i placed my mind
back in gear.

orange juice.
cigarette.
the sports page
was dull.
the comics
disheartening.

the clock's hands
gave me the finger.

i brushed my tooth
i washed my hands.

one plucked eagle
and a dancing bear
tossed
missiles
last night.
i computed.
gained no solution.
only a product, *i.e.*
migrane.
by transplanting
the headache
into my heart,
next into my kidneys, last
bladder,
i soon flushed
it out of my system.
"what the hell,
i gave the united way."
once attached-spoon and
finger, i sucked down
soggy corn flakes before
departing for
my office

Epitaph

by H. B. EDGAR

A man lay dying in the ruin
as his soul and countenance did fade,
and wars take their toll . . .

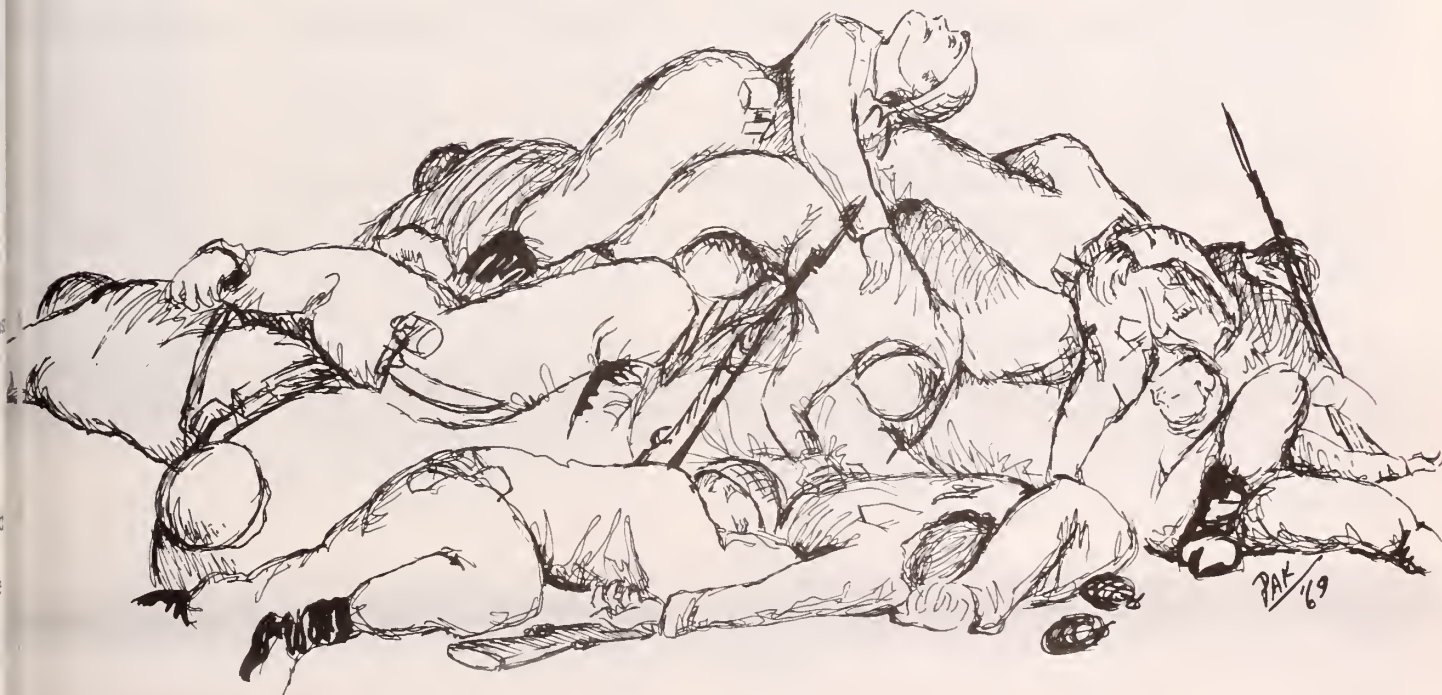
Many faces masked in blood
reveal the strain and story
of certain misplaced glory,
a wretched hand unseen.

The battle-weary traveler
falls wounded in his tracks,
and a cry of glaring hypocrisy
resounds across the land.

This war and others know their source-

Conqueror of ocean's depths,
Journeyman of infinite Space,
Creator of life — and murderer.

The dying man-soldier saw his image
mirrored in a clear crystal stream,
and realized,
that he himself is the source . . .



masters

by C. Donald O'Briant

Albert Masters sat by a window one cool Sunday afternoon, staring alternately at an open book and the fading summer green outside. He listened for a sound from the kitchen, but there was only silence. She's gone, you son of a bitch, she's gone. He sat for a few more minutes wondering what to do. His stomach growled.

"All right, goddamn it, all right."

The refrigerator smelled cold and musky, and he made a face at the emptiness of the shelves. Should have gotten groceries yesterday, he thought. He stared at the row of empty beer cans on the sink.

"Atten-huh! Left face!" he shouted. "Come on, you bastards! Shape up!" He strutted in front of the sink, glaring contemptuously at the row of cans. "Suck in that beer gut, Smith. You, Ashworth, Look straight ahead. This ain't no goddamn picnic." He stood stiffly for a moment, then with one sweep of his hand sent the cans rattling against the wall, falling to the floor.

He stared blankly at the scattered cans.

"All dead, sir. Every fuckin' one of them is dead." He saluted smartly, clicked his heels together, and spun around in an awkward about-face. Whistling taps, he picked up each can slowly, cradling it in his arms. He balanced the cans in one arm, lifting the lid to the garbage barrel, and let them fall, making a soft thud against the three-day-old mess.

"Six down, and one to go." He wondered who would go through the ceremony when he died. Would someone carefully deposit his empty body in a trash barrel with as much concern as he showed his beer-can soldier friends? He knew they wouldn't. Instead, there'd be rows of flowers, and groups of relatives he hadn't seen in years standing by a polished coffin, making asses of themselves by crying until their eyes were red.

"I can see the bastards now. The night before the funeral they'll sit up with my body, and everyone will bring food and they'll sit there and stuff themselves,

laughing and talking about what a good son of a bitch I was. And Uncle John will have his bottle offered everyone a drink. And Aunt Sally will sneak into kitchen and dip snuff. And before they leave, there'll be a word of prayer." He laughed. In all the years he'd been around churches he'd never heard a word of prayer. He remembered the crick in his neck the time Alice Willis, the old maid Sunday School teacher, prayed for twenty minutes. Goddamn, never been so glad to hear "Amen."

He smiled then, thinking how he'd like to be able to throw back the lid on the coffin as the relative around the living room laughing and eating and drinking. He'd throw back the lid, sit up, and scream as loud as he could. He could see Aunt Sally swallowing her snuff and coughing as she fled toward the door.

His stomach growled again, and he decided it was time to find something to eat.

Rammaging through the cabinets he found a can of chopped beef and a week-old loaf of bread. "Well, dear," he said, turning to an imaginary lady sitting at the table. "Would you like your roast rare or well-done?" He twisted the key around the top of the can and slid the meat into a saucer, scraping the gelatin fat from his fingers. "How about a martini before you eat, madam?" He frowned. "No? Not even a small glass of sherry? I guess I'll eat mine just a trifle rare," he said, as he placed a chunk of the cold meat diagonally across the bread.

He drank the last beer with the sandwich, chewing slowly and glancing through the Sunday paper as he ate. The beer was cold and bitter, and he made a face at the first taste.

"Should never drink beer slowly. Always chug-a-lug beer. Then you don't notice how much it tastes like horse piss." He smiled then, finishing the rest of the sandwich and beer, and walked into the living room. Papers were scattered across the rug.

"She's really going to have a lot of cleaning up to do when

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se gets back." He sat on the sofa and stared at the vacant chairs around the room, the portrait she had given him last Christmas.

"The bitch isn't coming back. Snap out of it, Masters. You know she's not coming back."

A smile crossed his lips. He stood up quickly and went into the kitchen, stopping just in front of the table. He pulled his shoulders back straight, clicked his heels, and saluted the last empty beer can.

"All right, Private Bolton. What's your story. The rest of your outfit is gone, and you come straggling in several hours later? What were you doing? Hiding?" The can stood silently at attention. Albert's face darkened, and he reached for the can with his right hand, plucking it from the table. He twisted the metal container, feeling it give under the pressure of his hands. He squeezed it savagely, twisting the ends in opposite directions, his face contorted.

"Die, you sonofabitchin' spy. Die!" The metal suddenly popped in half, with jagged edges on both parts. He felt a tingling in the palm of his hand and saw that it was turning red as the blood began to creep across his hand through his fingers and drop onto the floor.

He walked slowly to the sink, turning on the warm water and running it over his hand. The other half of the beer can was clutched in his right hand. Suddenly, he drew the sharp, ragged metal across his wrist, watching the flesh come apart and the water in the sink color as red clouds began to billow.

He smiled again, thinking of his funeral. And as he closed his eyes he could see Uncle John and Aunt Sally bent over his coffin, peering into his lifeless face.

"They say he cut his wrists with a beer can. Don't that just beat all." He could hear Uncle John. Then the old couple would move along the aisle and make room for two more curiosity-seekers. That's when he was going to stick out his hand and say, "Tickets, please. You can't see Albert Masters without a ticket."

A bell sounded repeatedly the distance.

"The angels must have given up their harps," thought Albert, as he lay on the tile. "Or maybe it's all's bells." He lay there for a moment longer, wishing the noise would stop. He tried to cover his ears, but his arms were heavy with some invisible

weight.

"Go away, Avon lady. Go away." The bell stopped. Albert lay in peaceful silence, floating, drifting.

A scream. "Oh, God, No, Albert, darling. Oh, Jesus Christ!"

Albert moved his head slightly, trying to open his eyes. A blurred figure was standing over him, its hands clutched to its face. Then he heard another noise, a long, whining sound like a police siren. Then he heard nothing.

"He'll be alright, Mrs. Masters. He lost a lot of blood, but with a little rest and care he'll be good as new in no time." A man in a white jacket was talking to a woman. The woman looked familiar. The man turned and walked from the room, leaving the woman sitting beside his bed.

"Albert, darling. Why did you do a foolish thing like this?"

"Who are you?"

"Albert, Albert. Don't you know me?" She began to cry, burying her face in the sheet beside his arm. He moved it. He hated damp sheets. He remembered the morning his mother had found the sheets, yellow and damp, and how she'd beaten him. He didn't remember the pain, just the humiliation at having been punished for wetting the bed.

"What are you doing here?" He felt a sharp pain in his arm as he moved it.

"I found you on the floor of the kitchen with blood all over the place," she sobbed. "I thought you were dead." She looked at him, her eyes red and swollen. "Why, Albert? Why did you try to kill yourself?"

Albert frowned. "It was that goddamned spy. That goddamn spy tried to kill me." He raised himself off the pillow slightly. "He didn't get away did he?"

The woman began sobbing again, and Albert tried to move away from her to the other side of the bed.

"Why are you crying, Susan?" He sat up, but his head hurt so much he fell back against the pillow.

"What did you say?" She looked up in astonishment, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

"I said, 'Why are you crying, Susan? ' You're getting the sheets wet." He stared down at the damp circle.

"I'm crying because my husband tried to kill himself with a beer can, that's why." She was irritated now, her face even more flushed.

"Dumb son of a bitch, isn't he?" He smiled. "Any bastard that stupid doesn't deserve someone like you. Why don't you get rid of him, and then you and I can run away together." He stared down at his bandaged hand and wrist. "Of course, we'll have to wait until I get well. I can't carry a suitcase with this damn bandage on my hand."

She stood up, straightening her dress, wiping her eyes with a Kleenex, and raising her head slightly, she brushed back her hair. When she does that, Albert thought, she's a bitch again. No use in talking anymore.

"I'll be back tomorrow, Albert. I hope you'll be feeling better then." She bent and kissed him clinically on the forehead and walked from the room her hips swaying slightly.

"Good piece," said Albert thoughtfully. "Make some man a good wife." He lay back and closed his eyes.

"Mr. Masters?" A young man in white pants and white jacket stood in the doorway.

"Dead." Albert said solemnly.

"I beg your pardon?" the youth asked.

"Poor devil's dead. Piece of shrapnel. I told him to keep his head down."

"Mr. Masters, I just want to check your chart," the intern said, walking to the foot of the bed and glancing suspiciously at Albert as he read the figures. "Very good. Improving. Dr. Johnson will be by later." He spun around and opened the door.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Masters," he said, sticking his head around the corner. "Try to get lots of rest."

"Insolent pig," shouted Albert, raising his hand in a gesture of contempt. The pain shot through his arm again and he relaxed, smiling. He closed his eyes again and saw the beautiful polished coffin sitting in the middle of a huge stage. Surrounding the stage were hundreds of seats, all filled with relatives. Luther Samuels was walking across the stage with a microphone. Luther Samuels was the funeral director in Farmington.

"Just one minute, folks," Luther said. "Albert will be out in a minute." Albert smiled. The son of a bitch would be grinning and wearing a dark blue suit. He always wore a dark blue suit. With dandruff on the shoulders.

The people began to clap rhythmically. "We want Albert! We want Albert!" He walked across the stage as they cheered and lay down in the coffin. Then they began leaving their seats and parading by staring at their favorite nephew or cousin as he lay in the box grinning. Finally they all passed, and he looked up to see Luther Samuels reaching across him.

"Goodbye, Albert," Luther said tearfully as he pulled the lid down.

"It's dark in here, Luther." He could hear only a muffled tapping. "Come on, Luther. Fun's fun. Let me out." The tapping stopped. The box was being lifted and he began to pound against the satin walls. "Open this goddamn thing. The show's over."

He woke up sweating, looking around the room quickly, making sure he was okay. The light from the window was reassuring, but the room was too dark to suit him. He tried to find the light switch, but pushed the buzzer by mistake. A nurse was standing by his bed within seconds.

"What do you need, Mr. Masters?" She was young and pretty, thought Albert, and probably new at the job. She looked a little frightened.

"Oh, Oh, the pain's unbearable. It keeps throbbing and hurting."

"Well, let's take a look at it, then." She began to

unwrap the bandage on his wrist.

"No, no. That's not it. The pain is there." pointed to his groin. The young nurse blushed.

"Are you sure, Mr. Masters? I mean, your chart says..."

"Ooooh, goddamn it, oooh, God help me." groaned loudly, his face twisted in mock pain.

"Oh my God," the nurse said, somewhat embarrassed at her former prudeness. "Here, please to be quiet, Mr. Masters. I'll take a look at it." She pulled back the sheet carefully, and began to tug his nightshirt from the bottom. He raised his hips letting her push it up around his waist. She touched his stomach just below his navel.

"No, no, miss. Lower, Oooh. Please hurry, I can stand it."

She lowered her hand and touched him gently. "Ahh, oh thank you, thank you. Don't stop. Please feel the pain returning."

The girl stood there for at least ten minutes, face red, caressing Albert amid mock screams and sighs. Finally he raised up slightly against the pillow.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" The doctor bellowed stomping into the room as the nurse stood there, her hand covering Albert's genitals.

"Sssh, Doctor," the nurse said softly. "This man is in pain."

"The hell he is. Get out of here, Miss Thompson, before I have you discharged." The doctor watched as she left and turned to Albert, his face red with anger.

"Mr. Masters, If I catch..."

"Atten-huh!" Albert shouted. "About face!"

The doctor stared, wide-eyed as Albert crawled from the bed and stood stiffly in front of him.

"Come on, you fat bastard, Just because you're a medic doesn't give you the right to disobey orders." Albert slapped him in the stomach with his right hand. "Suck in that gut, mister! How the hell did you get in the army anyway."

"Get back in bed," the doctor yelled, "Before I have you committed to the psychiatric ward!"

Albert saluted, spun around and hopped back into bed, pulling the sheet up to his neck. The doctor calmed down slightly, glaring at Albert as he peeked from behind the sheets.

"Are you feeling any real pain, Mr. Masters?"

"No sir. Only when I breathe. But I've cut down and it only hurts every ten minutes."

"Go to sleep, Masters. I'm about fed up with you." The doctor turned to go.

"Doctor?" He turned around.

"Yes?"

"Would you send Miss Thompson back in please?" The last words were drowned out by the slamming of the door. "What a goddamn noisy doctor," Albert said. "Must be in gynecology."

The next morning he was awakened by voices, and opened his eyes to see Susan standing by his bed.

"Good morning, Albert. Feeling better?"

"Just great. How have you been?"

"I didn't sleep at all last night. I must look terrible."

"No, you look pretty cruddy, but you don't look terrible. You could never look terrible."

"Albert, why do you do these insane things?"

"What insane things?"

"Oh, just little things she said sarcastically, "Like trying to cut your wrists with beer cans, and acting like you're in the army. Albert, you were never in the army. Why do you act this way?"

"It's a violent society, Susan. We must be constantly prepared. It's up to the individual citizen to be alert to the dangers of Communism. The enemy is everywhere." He leaned over the edge of the bed and looked underneath.

"Albert, stop it!" She sat down in the chair, pulling it closer to the bed. "Albert, darling, listen. You're going home today, and I want you to be especially nice. Mother's going to spend a few days with us."

"All right, dear. I promise." He reached beneath the pillow. "The bayonet's gone, he thought. They've got my bayonet!"

"Susan?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Have you seen my bayonet?"

She left without another word.

When the doctor came by later, Albert was already dressed, sitting on the side of the bed.

"Well, Mr. Masters, are you ready to leave us?"

"I certainly am. The rent here is ridiculous. I've been in tourist traps before, but this one takes the cake." The doctor glared and Albert smiled.

"The nurse will be in to give you a final check. After that, go by the desk downstairs and arrange for payment. Oh by the way, Dr. Steinberg wants to see you before you leave. Room 314. Goodbye, Mr. Masters."

A shapely, blonde nurse entered the room. Albert stared at her breasts as they strained against the material of the white uniform.

"Hello. Are you almost ready to leave us?"

"I was until now. What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

She looked over her shoulder slowly, then leaned forward and whispered: "I'm not really one of them. I just work here to learn their secrets."

"Yeah? Who do you work for really?"

"The Allies, same as you." She winked. "Oh better watch out for Steinberg. I understand he wants to see you."

"Who's Steinberg?"

"He's head of their intelligence agency. Uses the title of staff psychiatrist as his front. Gets people to tell him all about themselves. Be careful."

"Where can I meet you when I get out?"

She looked around the room, up at the ceiling and beneath the bed. "Do you know the all-night diner on Fourteenth Street?"

"The Greasy Kettle? Yeah. When?"

"Tomorrow at midnight. Come alone. And wear an overcoat. With a hat."

"You're not kidding?"

She lifted his good hand and pressed it against her breast. "Trust me."

Albert smiled. If she told him she was Holden Caulfield, he would have believed her. "Okay. I'll see you then, Miss . . . Miss Screwton?"

"Call me Isabel. Until tomorrow Albert." She hurriedly left his room, his hand still dangling in the air where her breast was a moment ago.

Albert slowly walked to the elevator and pushed the button for third floor. As he approached room 314, he heard loud voices.

"I don't care if his arm is all right, we can't let Masters leave this hospital."

Albert froze. Of all the goddamn times not to have my bayonet, he thought. Oh well. He felt the hard calloused edges of his hands and assumed a karate position. He could always fight them barehanded. He knocked on the door.

"Come in!"

Albert entered to see a sinister-looking man with heavy glasses and a beard, standing behind a desk. Beside the desk stood an anemic young man with pimples and thinning hair. He looked frightened as Albert walked to the desk.

"That will be all, Mr. Bleming." He looked at Albert. "And you must be Mr. Masters? Please sit down. No. No. Not the chair you'll find the couch more comfortable."

Albert eyed him suspiciously. Then it's true what they say about Jewish shrinks, he thought. He felt the couch thoroughly for hidden knives before stretching out on the crinkly leather.

"Now, Mr. Masters, just relax."

Not on your life, thought Albert, searching the walls and ceiling for hidden cameras.

"Albert . . . I may call you Albert?" Albert nodded. "Albert, what kind of work do you do?"

"I work for the Browse-About Book Store. I'm a clerk. My wife's father is the owner."

"Do you like your work?"

"Yeah, why not? I get to read a lot."

"Have you ever been in the army, Albert?"

Albert's face clouded. He wondered whether to lie or not.

"No."

"You've never been in the army? Did you ever want to be in the army?"

"Once I did. When I was in high school. I tried to get in West Point, and then I tried to get in ROTC, and then I just tried to get in the army."

"Why were you turned down?"

"Flat feet." Albert sat up. "Why are you asking all this?"

"Just for your file. We like to keep a file on all our patients."

"What do you do with these files?"

"We keep them in file cabinets." The psychiatrist

smiled. "Whenever one of our patients returns, we just look at his file."

"Can I go now?"

"No, no. Relax Albert. I just have a few more questions." Dr. Steinberg tilted his chair back, relit his pipe and puffed thoughtfully. "What kind of relationship do you have with your wife?"

"What kind of question is that?" Albert bristled.

"I mean, do you and your wife get along? Are you happy?"

"Yeah, we get along fine."

"That's not what your wife tells me Albert. She says you've moved your bed into another room and refuse to sleep with her."

"Yeah, I did do that. She kept hiding my bayonet."

"What do you do with your bayonet?" The doctor sat up interested.

"I sleep with it mostly," Albert said "And kill sonofabitchin' spies."

"What do these spies look like, Albert? Are there many of them? Where do they come from?"

"Oh you know how spies look. Sneaky, cowardly. They're everywhere. Why some of your own staffers may be spies."

"Very interesting. I tell you Albert. Why don't you go home now, and come back to see me Friday? I may have a solution to your . . . our problem with the spies." He stood up, extending his hand. "Thank you for coming in, Albert."

Albert nearly tripped over a table on his way out. He ran downstairs to the hospital office. A middle-aged woman sat at the desk, writing busily. He cleared his throat loudly. She kept writing.

"Excuse me, ma'am." The woman looked up.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I'd like to pay my bill and leave, if you don't mind. My name is Albert Masters."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Masters. You can't leave until Friday. Dr. Steinberg's orders. I'm sorry." She turned back to her work, ignoring Albert.

"But he just told me I could leave," Albert pleaded. The woman continued to write, ignoring him completely. He edged toward the door, breaking into a run as he reached the threshold. He heard shouts behind him but kept running. He ducked into a movie theater where The "Dirty Dozen" was playing and bought a ticket. He stayed there until dark and began walking down a back street, looking for a hotel.

He had walked three blocks when a car approached. Albert tried to hide, but the headlights caught him in their glare. He began to talk as the car slowed down.

"Albert."

He stopped as the car pulled alongside him. A blonde head leaned out the window. It was Isabel.

"Albert, get in quickly!" She opened the door on the far side and he ran around, scrambling into the front seat. She sped away, spinning the wheels on the asphalt street.

"Where are we going?" Albert asked.

"Headquarters. I want you to meet General Wright."

"Who's General Wright?"

She turned to him in amazement. "He's our leader. Why he's the most important man in the country. It hadn't been for General Wright, we'd be over with Commies by now."

Albert stared at her. Dedication, he thought. I liked a woman with dedication. Especially when she had a 38-inch bust.

He sat back against the soft seat and tried to stay straight ahead, glancing occasionally at her legs as the skirt rose up higher.

"Here we are, she said, as they pulled up in front of a two-story frame house. The bottom level was dark, and a single light shone in the rear room at the top.

They walked softly up creaky, wooden stairs, down a long hallway to the room at the rear of the house. On the door was a miniature American flag and a silhouette of a Revolutionary War soldier, sword ready, his bayonet fixed. Isabel knocked, but there was no answer. She opened the door and looked Albert inside.

The walls were covered with American flags, mottos, pictures of Presidents, battle scenes, and at the rear of the room, framed with a velvet curtain, was a huge portrait of a gray-haired general.

"General Wright," Isabel murmured, pointing toward the painting.

"Where is he?" whispered Albert, looking around the room with interest.

"He'll be here in an hour. He's on a mission now." Isabel led Albert to a corner with a battered couch. "Sit here. I'll be back as soon as I change."



She was back shortly, and, in place of the nurse's uniform she was wearing a drab, olive dress that reached her knees and buttoned tightly under her

k.

"Aren't you uncomfortable in that?" Albert asked, feeling the heavy woolen material.

"Yes, a little. But we must all make sacrifices." She sat down beside him, her hands clasped in her lap.

"What are you going to sacrifice, Albert?"

"My life," Albert said quietly. "But then that's worth very much. Maybe I could throw in my bayonet for good measure." He wondered where his bayonet was. Susan had probably hidden it.

"Oh, you shouldn't talk like that," Isabel said, her face wrinkled. "I think your life is very valuable."

She leaned closer, her breasts touching his arm.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked, staring at her face.

"What?" She sat up straight.

"Are you a virgin? It would be a shame to have to sacrifice a virgin for the cause. There are so few virgins left in the world. They're almost as rare as unicorns. Did you ever see a unicorn?"

"No," Isabel said, puzzled.

"Well, I guess we're even. I never saw a virgin."

"But I'm a virgin," Isabel protested. "Don't I look like a virgin?"

Albert studied her face and body for several minutes, watching her breasts as she breathed. "I don't know. If you've never seen one, you don't know what to look for."

Isabel laughed, leaning forward and kissing him on the cheek.

"I think you're wonderful, Albert Masters."

"I think you're wonderful, too, Isabel Screwton." It sounded funny, Albert thought, but he made a practice of never criticizing a person's name. He remembered the fishing trip when he was a boy.

His uncle John had helped him aboard the small boat and handed him the bucket of bait. Uncle John had winked at his companions and patted Albert on the head. "Masters Baits," he laughed, slapping his knee. Albert had stood there with the bucket in his hand, wondering why they were all laughing at him. He had learned why years later, and had become even more bitter because of the tricks his uncle had played on him as a kid. He thought of the time he had found a snake in his bed, and another time when he had dipped a spoonful of soup only to find it teeming with tadpoles. And there was the time he was locked in the closet, without a light for a whole day.

"You hoary-headed son of a bitch," Albert said aloud, forgetting Isabel by his side.

"What?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking aloud." He lay back against the couch and Isabel lay her head on his shoulder. What an odd girl, Albert thought. She must be a little crazy.

"How did you become a member of this group?" he asked, stroking the soft hair.

"I was tired of having to watch kids burn their draft cards on television and listening to all the lies about the Vietnam war." She looked at him sadly.

"And I guess the final straw was when my fiancée defected to the Communists." She spat. "The bastard. He was such a goodie-goodie before he left. Why would someone do a thing like that, Albert?"

Albert sat there quietly. "I don't know."

"Where is everyone, now?" Albert asked.

"Oh, probably at a secret meeting. They're always having secret meetings."

"Where do they have these secret meetings?"

"That's a secret. Only the top-level members know about them."

"Are you going to join us?" she grasped his arm, tucking it next to her breast. "Please. We need a man like you. Please."

Albert tried to retrieve his arm. "I'd really like to, Isabel, but I can't."

"Why not?" She looked surprised.

"You see, I don't have my bayonet. My wife hid it and . . ."

Isabel jumped to her feet and ran from the room. Albert began to crawl toward the door. Just before he reached it, he looked up to see two shapely legs standing in his path.

"Where are you going? Here, will these do?"

Isabel stood there, her arms filled with bayonets of all sizes and shapes.

"I don't think so, you see, my bayonet was special. I had gotten used to the weight . . ." She dropped the bundle, letting them fall upon his back, rattling to the floor.

"I'm beginning to wonder about you, Albert. You aren't one of those draft-dodgers, are you? We don't like draft-dodgers around here." She stood above him, her legs spread, her hands on hips.

Albert remained on his hands and knees for a moment, letting the words sink in. Then a red flush began creeping up his neck into his ears. He reached out, grabbing her by the legs and throwing her against a chair, and sprawled on top.

"What the hell are you doing?" she screamed, clawing at his face.

But she was too late. Albert ripped the buttons from the coarse material, then began tearing at her bra with his teeth.

"You son of a bitch." She dug her fingernails in the back of his neck, his shoulders, and tried desperately to get her knee under him.

Albert finally succeeded in tearing her bra apart and stood up, the cups dangling from his mouth. He spat it out.

"Atten-huh! Come on bitch, on your feet. Snap to." His face was florid, the veins on his neck distended. Isabel got slowly to her feet, trying to hold the dress together with one hand. She looked frightened, her eyes wide, mouth slightly open.

"I said attention. That means hands by sides, feet together. Look straight ahead." Albert was glaring at her like a drill sergeant. She began to cower, her hand dropped to her side, the dress falling open, revealing her breasts.

"Where'd you get that uniform, soldier? In a foxhole? Go back to the quartermaster and get one that fits. And where's your name tag? You goddamn recruits come here thinking you're going to be able to get away with murder. See me after drill, soldier." Albert made a face at the ripped uniform, the sweating breasts. Isabel stood there in a trance, listening to every word he said.

"Dismissed!" He stood stiffly in front of her, his face thrust in hers. He waited until the command's echo faded away, then relaxed slightly. She put her arms around the back of his neck, pulling his face toward her breasts. Albert's eyes looked softer, and he allowed himself to be pulled to the floor. Her fingers were busy at his shirt. She pushed her breasts against his naked chest, kissed his ear, his lips. They were lying on the floor in a tangle of flesh when the door opened and a graying, uniformed man entered, slamming the door, and halted, his mouth open in shock.

"Private Screwton!"

Albert remembered a long scream and a hail of blows and then blackness.

"Hello, Albert," a voice said in the darkness. "What suit would you like, Albert." The voice sounded familiar, then the face began to focus, just the face, with no body. It was Luther Samuels, the friendly funeral director. His fat jowls were deathly with his hair greased and combed back. "Please hurry, Albert. Everybody's waiting."

"Waiting for what?" Albert heard himself ask.

"For you, my boy. For you. Everything is prepared. The flowers are so beautiful. Hurry, Albert. You wouldn't want to be late for your own funeral, would you?"

"Albert, Albert, please hurry," another voice said, softer, and there was Susan. Susan, dressed in white, hovering over him like a bird, the long robe being blown about.

"My boots," Albert whispered, "Where are my boots and my bayonet?" he shouted, but it still came out in a whisper. "You promised me a military

funeral, Susan. You promised!"

"I know, dear. But it's so hard to find soldiers these days. Really good soldiers, you know. Even the Salvation Army couldn't come." Her face brightened. "But Uncle John found his World War I uniform and he's waiting, Albert. He even has your bayonet." Susan smiled. "We've been saving it just for this day, darling."

"Susan," he whispered. "I can't move my arm." He stared down at the white jacket that imprisoned him. "It's all right, darling. Your good suit's in the cleaners. Dr. Steinberg was kind enough to loan you one of his." She smiled, and Albert saw the bearded doctor standing just behind his wife, hands on her shoulders.

"Good-by, darling. I'll see you again sometime. Please take care. Be a good soldier." She turned and walked away into the darkness, Dr. Steinberg walking beside her, his arm around her shoulder.

He looked around the room, a single barred window faced the wall. He could see a glimmer of orange against the ceiling from the sunset.

"Bastards!" he shouted. "Is this any way to treat an officer?"

"Silence! I am trying to sleep, suh!"

Albert turned to see the bearded man, wrinkled and pale, lying against the wall, covered by a tattered gray overcoat. The face looked vaguely familiar.

"What are you?" Albert demanded.

"Lee's the name, son. R. E. Lee. Army of Northern Virginia, retired."

Albert fell from his chair, the jacket

holding his arms and tried to crawl nearer the man. "But you're dead," he said, frightened.

"Oh no, son. Old soldiers never die." He cast a look at the fading sunlight and turned to the wall, drawing his cape around his face.

He suddenly reached for the side of his leg.

"Boy?" The old man said.

"Yes, sir?"

"You haven't seen my sword, have you?"



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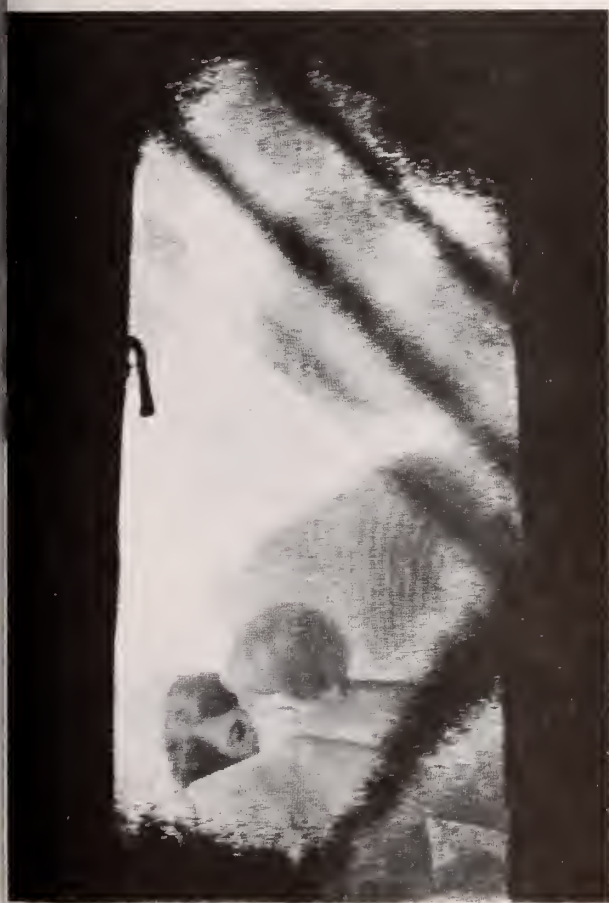
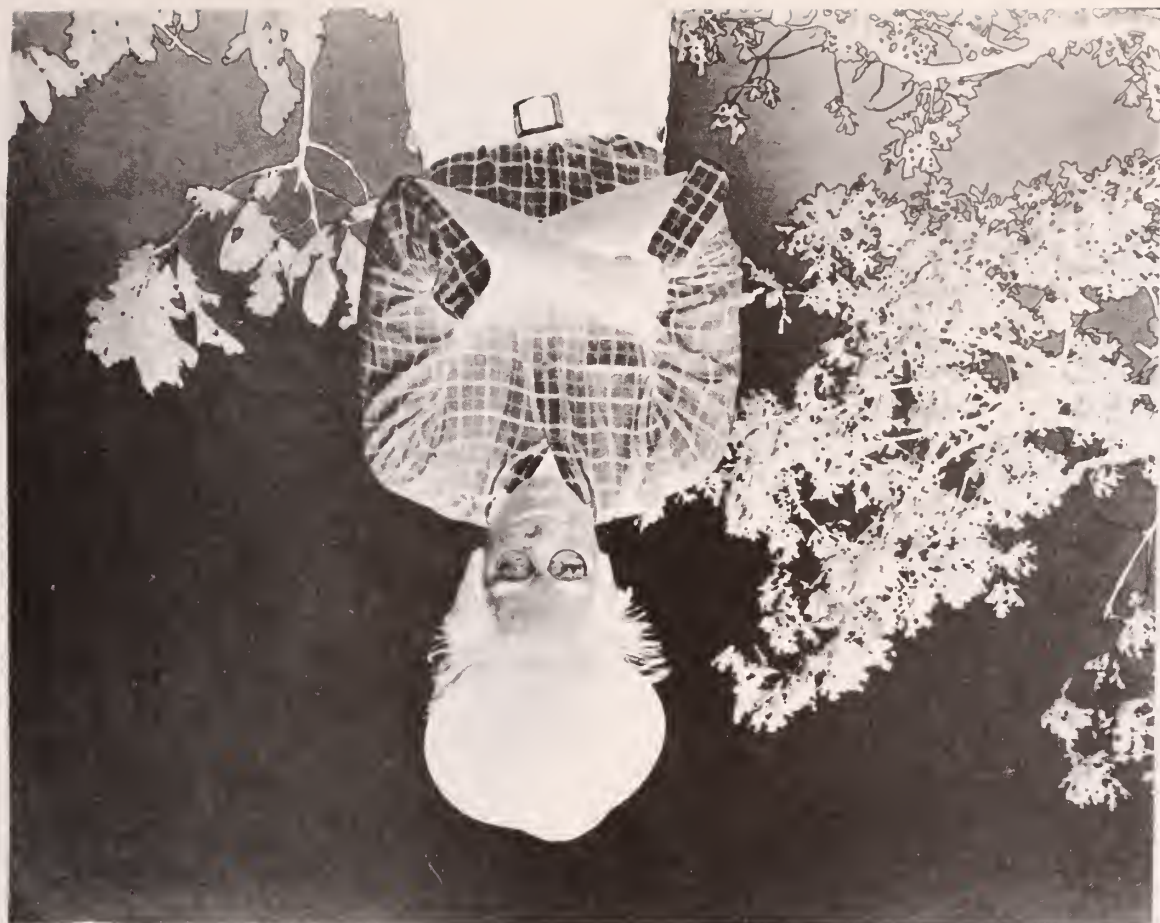
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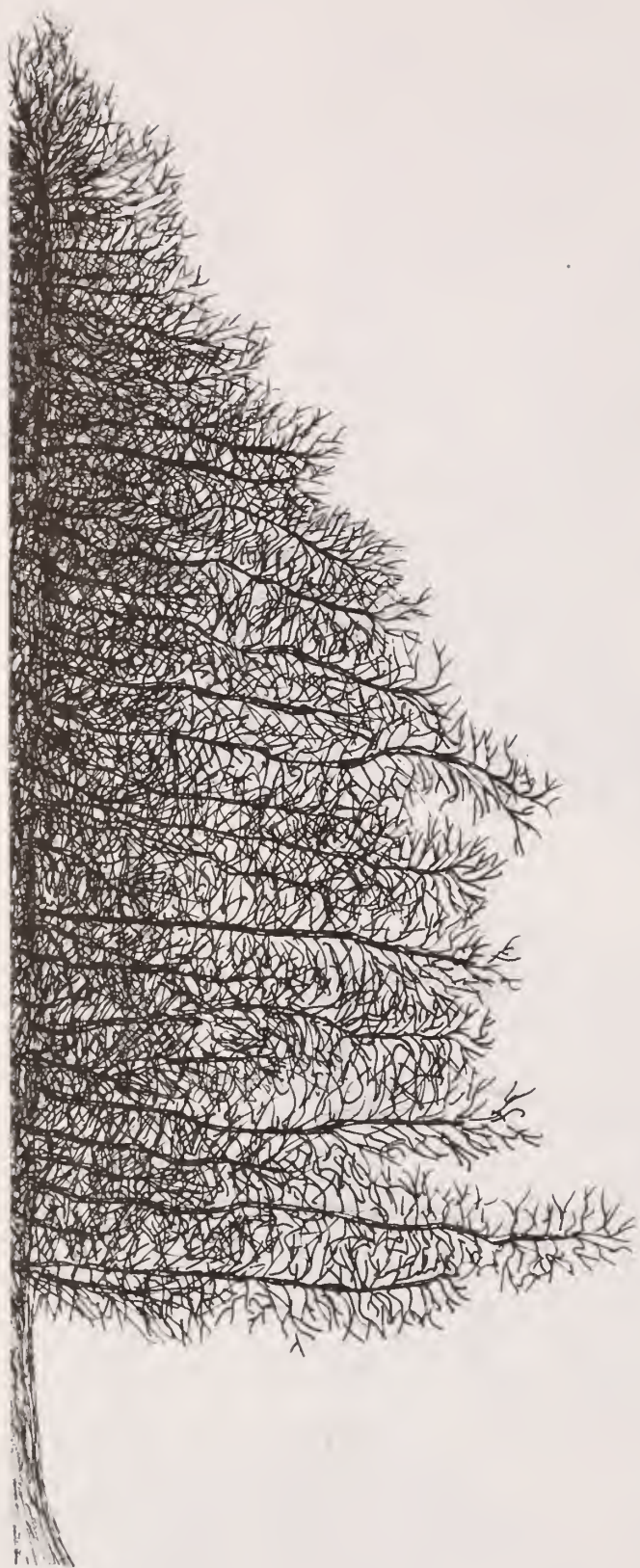
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"Tis the season to be jolly . . ." Ah, yes, it is the season to be jolly for little Chuckie for he has much to be happy about.

After having seen his father suffer from delirium tremens and die from acute alcoholism on Chuckie's sixth birthday and after seeing his wonderful mother's head soaked with blood from a rather large hole the 45 slug left, Chuckie didn't face much of a chance to grow up in the wonderful surroundings most little boys are so fortunate to have.

But now Chuckie is so blissful his little heart is about to burst. Just last week his grandmother called to tell him that he was to come out to Sunny Acres the family's farm out in the country. His grandparents arranged with the city authorities who helped Chuckie get his train ticket and saw him off on his trip to a new and exciting world.

At the Petittown railroad station Gramps and Grandma met Chuckie in the familiar old sleigh. Chuckie had seen this antique on his one trip down from the city, and he had said then that he was dying to ride on it, but it was summer.

As the old mare's tail swished over his knees on the ride through the fresh snow, Chuckie was in the heights of ecstasy. He could barely force the icy breaths out of his chilled little body to tell his grandparents of the exciting trip on the big train. As they rode along Grandma suggested they sing carols to while away the time to Sunny Acres. Chuckie laughed as they sang "Deck the halls . . ." because he knew Grandma would have the farmhouse decorated in a gay, festive costume. "Jingle Bells" seemed appropriate to the youngster. He couldn't help feeling a little remorse when they sang "Silent Night" because he thought about the mother and child and inwardly cried a little for his own mother. "O, Holy Night" reminded him of the quaint little church and its churchyard nestled among the longleafed pines and the ceremonious Anglican Christmas Eve service that would be held.

When they reached the farmhouse, everything was just as he imagined it would be and much, much more! The trees that were frosted over enhanced the pastoral scene. The livestock mooed, baaed, whinnied, snorted, or just stood around pawing the frozen earth. The luxurious boughs of holly arranged into a Christmas wreath hung neatly on the door. Inside the home was a dreamland of exciting colors. A huge tree was ornately arranged with tinsel, colorful

Santa Brings Some

s, popcorn, little angels and figurines, candles, and of the little goodies that the country folk use to make their trees something extra special for the festive season. The fireplace blazed with a roaring fire. The perennial Christmas candle sat on the mantel with the stockings hung in anticipation of Old Saint Nick. Presents of all sizes and shapes wrapped in the most luxurious of ribbons and exquisite colors filled the living room. Chuckie jumped with joy as he read his list on almost all of the wonderful parcels.

Just as he expected the kitchen was alive and humming with a million and one sweet things. Grandma had spent hours baking for him. Gingerbread boys and Christmas tree cookies took the foremost portion of little Chuckie's mind. Chuckie's mind was in a swirl of excitement and anticipation of things to come. He couldn't believe all of the good things that were happening to him.

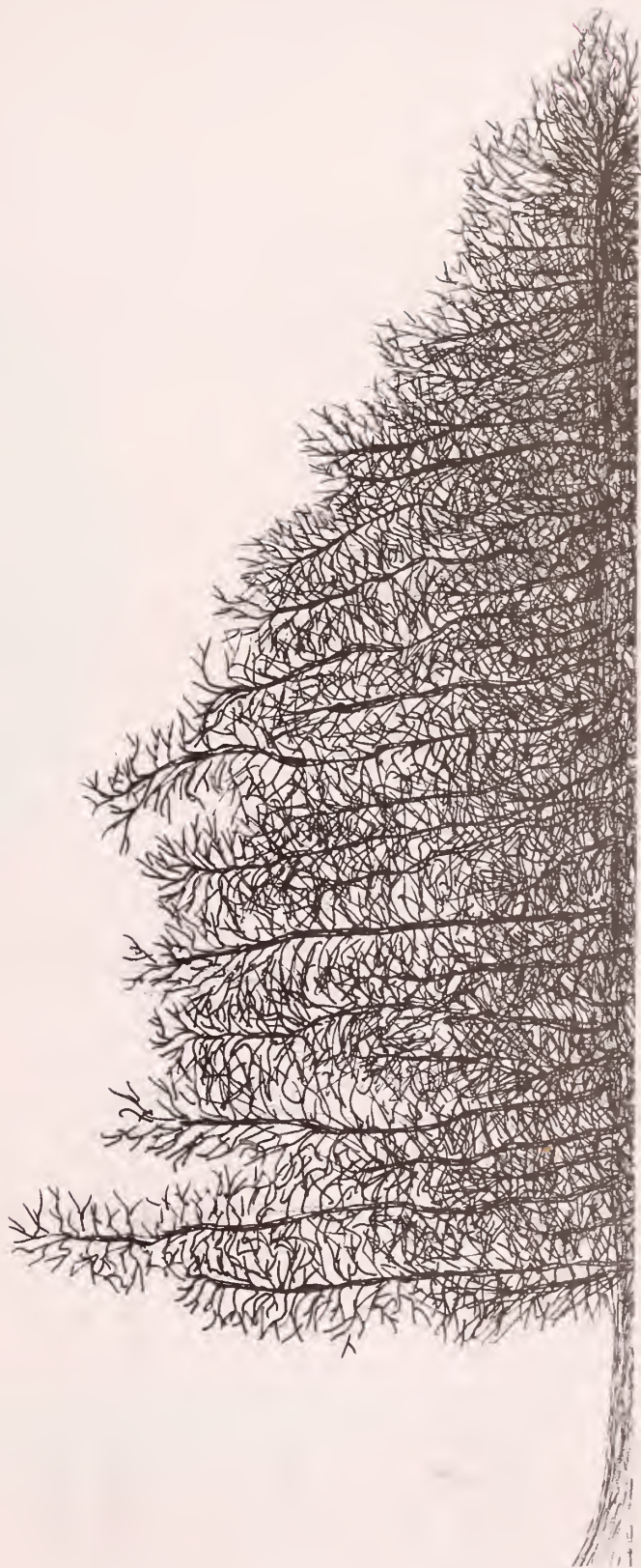
The days fluttered by for little Chuckie. Everything was mellow and simply wonderful. There are no words to describe how happy the youngster was. Yes, indeed there is a Santa Claus.

As Christmas approached the plans for the celebration were formulated. After the midnight service, they would sleigh back to the farm for fruitcake. Each person, Grandma, Gramps, and Chuckie would open one of his packages and then go to bed. In the morning after orange juice and cookies they would again go into the living room to finish opening the packages filled with goodies from each other and also from the ever-present Saint Ho Ho Ho. As the plans were discussed over a big bowl of homemade vegetable soup, Chuckie was about to die with excitement.

Finally, and it really seemed like finally to Chuckie since he had to wait a whole two days, Christmas Eve arrived. The day was bright with newly fallen snow. The crisp air held an unspoken anticipation. Everything was perfect. The hours finally ticked away till the time to go to church. Gramps hitched up the horses to the sleigh and the happy little family was on its way to the midnight service. Chuckie was so excited he could hardly remember the words to the familiar old hymns. As the rector read from St. Luke of the Christ Child being born, Grandma noticed Chuckie's head gently slump onto her shoulder. She thought that the excitement of the day had worn him out and that he had gone to sleep, but the autopsy proved it to be a fatal heart attack.

ing For Everyone

by Robert Whitney





CHRONICLE

R. SCHROEDER '69



Pantheras tigris clemsonis
(CLEMSON TIGER)

Contributors

Larry Abernathy, no new name to Chronicle readers or his students, is an English graduate assistant. He was Reviews Editor on the staff two years ago.

John Brady contributed his drawing to us last year. A member of last year's graduating class, John served as a justice on the Court of Lesser Appeals.

Paula Callahan makes her first appearance in this issue with several goodies. She is a sophomore from Columbia majoring in elementary education.

Besides contributing, Marco Chen, a faithful staffer, helped immensely with his criticism, and assistance in layout.

Thanks also to Randy Easley who let us again borrow his picture.

Chess Hudson is a junior honors student in Biology. He hails from Spartanburg.

John Norton, a frequent contributor to past Chronicles submitted this particular poem last year. A member of last year's graduating class, John is a former Tiger associate editor.

Faye Ruff, a member of the debating team, has kindly joined our staff and added greatly to our group.

Mike Sears won last year's fiction contest with "Mothers." A chemistry major from Anderson, Mike helped out greatly with criticism, advice, and support.

George Sherwood, a physics major from Columbia, makes his first appearance in the magazine. We hope to hear more from him in the future.

D. A. Jones, Larry Austria, Paul Puleo, and Michael Anderson did not get printed in this issue for one reason or another. We appreciate their efforts and hope we will be able to use their contributions some time in the future.

Thanks especially to Bopeep Poteat and Beth Sutker who helped very greatly with preparing the articles and planning the issue.

Thanks finally to all the members of all the staffs, particularly those of the typing and layout staffs for their final, eleventh hour effort.

Picture Credits

George Black, 25, 26, 27; Randy Easley, 30.

Thanks also to the members of our fine photography staff Bruce Adams, George Black, Steve Crouch, Mark Erwin, Randy Jones, Mike McMillan, and Allan Stoddard.

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Meet Your Chronicle Staff

I Am the personnel director for the Chronicle and I thought you might like to meet your Chronicle staff. It won't take long and our staff photographer made pictures of the whole staff for you. This first photograph is your editor. He's kinda weird and everything. We're in the process of learning him how to read and write. If you've got some stuff that you would like to put in the Chronicle, you can see him or send it to him and he'll give it to someone to read. His name is Bob Wheatley, 2 Kelly Rd., Clemson. The next person is a girl. If you don't see her much in this picture, that's cause we don't see her much ourselves. She is Pat Kelly, Art Director - she usually draws a lot of criticism. Her address if you've got some stuff for her is Box 2706. Our managing editors are Walter Julian and Oscar Jones. In case you don't recognize them, Walter is on the right in this picture. They can edit all the stuff you can supply them with. They're address: Walter is Box 3886, Oscar is Box 3572. Our fiction editor is Marchel Jennings and she looks like this. We got her best side for you. If you've got stories and stuff and don't want to see her, you can send them to Jim Lucas, Box 7348. If you've got some poems, send them to Jim Lucas, Box 4678. He told us that if we really wanted to see the real Jim Lucas that we should look at his poetry. Here is a picture of Jim's latest poem. MURRAY is the Business Director of the Chronicle. I bet you probably thought the Chronicle had no business on this campus. You can write to Kevin at 2 Kelly Circle, Clemson. Steve Hobson is the guy whom took all these wonderful photographs - he's ~~photographer~~ photo Director. He couldn't figure out how to take a picture of himself, but here is a picture of his right foot. If you've got pictures better than these or want to take some, write Box 2477 or see Steve. The non-fiction is edited by her glasses in this picture, but we did the best we could. But if you don't want to send your stuff to these people, you can bring it to the Chronicle meeting on Sunday nights at 7:00 on the 9th level of the Student center or send it to P.O. Box 2186 - that stands for Post Office. There is also a very convenient crack under our door for you.

P.S. This is a picture of me



Respectfully,
Mark Steadman



The Chronicle Interviews Hootie Ingram

After thirty years at the helm of the Fighting Tiger Football team, Frank Howard stepped down. As Athletic Director he introduced the new head coach who would replace him. Coach Cecil Ingram came to Clemson from the University of Arkansas, where he was defensive coach.

Robert Whitney interviewed Coach Ingram before spring practice began. Whitney described Ingram as "a solid person, a hard-working middle American who really has a feeling for strong football. His interests are first and foremost—football, but they go beyond athletics. He is interested in his players as people; he is interested in the whole university." 'Hootie' Ingram looks like he can build a strong football machine . . . on time will tell, but I have got to respect him and wish him the best of luck.

What kind of football can we expect in the future? What kind of man is the new coach? What does he think about hippies? Just what will the new man do to replace the Bashful Baron of Barlow Bend, Alabama? Questions like these struck us, so with trusty tape recorder in hand, we went down to the Cow Palace to find out what the man thinks. Here with Coach Cecil "Hootie" Ingram . . .

CHRONICLE: Where are you from?

INGRAM: Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

CHRONICLE: How old are you?

INGRAM: Thirty-six.

CHRONICLE: Where did you go to school?

INGRAM: I did my graduate and undergraduate work at the University of Alabama.

CHRONICLE: What is your major?

INGRAM: I majored in physical education and I guess I have a minor in history and part of a minor in science. I did my graduate work in the school of administration.

CHRONICLE: What kind of GPR did you have?

INGRAM: Oh, I guess when I graduated I had about a B—average probably.

CHRONICLE: Did you play football?

INGRAM: Yes.

CHRONICLE: What did you play?

INGRAM: (laughs) I was a halfback . . . a little halfback.

CHRONICLE: Were you good?

INGRAM: I played left halfback at Alabama and safety on defense.

CHRONICLE: When did you decide that you were going to be a coach?

INGRAM: Oh, I was pretty much interested in athletics all my life. I was born and raised in Tuscaloosa right near the Alabama campus and I spent quite a bit of my time out at the University. Since I was a little bitty youngun I was the bat boy on the baseball team, I was at every basketball practice, every

football practice from the time I was in the second grade on 'til I started going out for sports myself. I made all of our Alabama football trips on the equipment truck locked in a closed-in truck, so I guess I was associated with athletics during this period of time so much that I didn't have a whole lot of choice.

CHRONICLE: Why did you come to Clemson?

INGRAM: Well, I thought it was a great opportunity to further move up in the coaching ranks. I have always wanted a head coaching job and this is the type situation that I wanted personally, and I have been looking for. I had a couple of opportunities before this one, but I didn't feel desperate enough to take any job offered. Now I thought this one through, and thought that this was one that I could be happy with.

CHRONICLE: How long did you consider Clemson before you decided to come here?

INGRAM: Before I made my mind up?

CHRONICLE: Yes.

INGRAM: Well, when Coach Howard retired, I heard the announcement for the coach thing and I felt I would like the Clemson job, but I didn't have any idea that I would have the opportunity to get it. I told a couple of people that I would be interested in it, and then I got the contact, and I felt like I just wanted to find out a few things when I came over here; and if these things were the things that I was interested in that I would want the job if I could get it.

CHRONICLE: Just generally, does a coach plan to move up to a bigger school? Clemson is kind of small. What do you think about it . . . ?

INGRAM: I don't know how you describe a school as being big or small, really . . .

CHRONICLE: Well . . .

INGRAM: Football-wise? Or enrollment? I think we play as big a big-time schedule as anybody can play, and we are in a major conference. I think it is important to be in a major conference. My basic feeling is that I am in a place where we can do everything that it takes to have a winning type program. And I am satisfied that this is the height as far as I am concerned.

CHRONICLE: Where did the name "Hootie" come from?

INGRAM: Just a childhood nickname. I told someone that if you are named Cecil you are going to get a nickname somewhere along the line. I picked up that nickname when I was in the second grade for no apparent reason, and it has been with me ever since.

CHRONICLE: One thing, how many players are here?

INGRAM: How many players do we have on football scholarship?

CHRONICLE: Yes.

INGRAM: Right now, I would say 103. I am not sure that that is 100% accurate, but it is very close.

CHRONICLE: How much interaction is there between the head coach and each player, or starting player? Do you spend a lot of time with them individually or as a group?

INGRAM: We have our squads broken down to where each coach is directly responsible for 12 or 14 boys. This keeps the boys really informed on everything. I like to be as closely associated as I can with all of them and know their interests. It is amazing how you can keep up with what is going on with all the boys. You know their likes and dislikes, things they like to do, and if they have family problems. I like to help them out if they are interested in my helping them out, or if they have some sort of help that they need, I think that is part of my job too.

CHRONICLE: Something that everybody is interested in . . . What is your emphasis in football? Are you a passing coach, an open coach, do you like close line play, or what?

INGRAM: Well, actually, if I had my own materials, that is if a coach could get exactly what he wanted, I would like for my offense to be similar to Green Bay, say, when they were in their heyday. They had a really solid running game, but their running game was good because they could throw the ball so well. I am certainly not going to be foolish enough to throw the ball around like a three-ring circus. I feel that you have got to have a good sound ball-control passing game. I think that we can have this.

CHRONICLE: You were talking about recruiting, what do you look for? Do you look for a big player, a quick player, a fast player, or what?

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The Yawning of Greatness

or: The Clemson-Carolina football game—some disorderly notes on individualism, man's ego—a Roman Circus—other enticing thoughts pertaining to the generation involved.

by M. A. CHEN, JR.

Overture with Dashes

—"The warriors are coming!

The warriors are coming—descending the temple
Of stupor! —The vigorous
Battlers of hardened ethos,
of rustles from shineless medallions
and tattlings of withered laurels."
—Hear the clangor of weapons and standards
That maddens the strum of the marchers!—

—"Let's all greet the fighters!"

Dig the swindling tensions of battle—the beastly clashes
That society entombs in the soul. And
Shovel them—rudely—to muddle the field,
to break through the illusional helmets
with thunders of ravaging cheer.

In rhythmical
swashes

that splash in the wind,
—As powerful eagles loud-beating their wings—
The palms flap and flutter and clutter and clap
Embroidered to the music
that
sketches the match.

—Perplexity and Trust—

They
stand proud and hopeful—Up,
Up at the martial and mettlesome team.

While
Weak giggles still juggle the traffic,
And hurrahs are riddling the blues,
The beasts that draggle the glittering field
Conquer the territory for thoughts.

*Second Movement: in which a man's thoughts
are given and the rhythm is irregular*

Eclipse time—
Tenacious—the phantom of Communism is
Stirring

Its infantry of angels—
"O almighty Automaton, I beg Thee fall into the lethargy that
Nature has to Thee prescribed and let
Earth,

Water,
Air, —and
Fire be all my dominions.

—Let man be so multiple and diverse
that man will not be man
and one will destroy the other.

—Let man become society
And society destroys society destroys man."

"O Mars, in thy obduracy
I can find my true instincts,
I can know the bottom of reality, the
Shallowness
Of my pursuits and unbecoming destiny!—"

Give me the blade and I shall
Tear the cicatrix of pretentious humanism
To liberate the true blood of man.

Before us, world power is sought, fought for,
And won and lost.
—Let me be man, and I shall balance and destroy it.

The MASS becomes turbulent and unstable.
It grows and vegetates and dies or overcomes.
Man is born from the inside—a legend
of empty rationality—

Whom divine are added by the Jewish tenor of a tradition
And the new world of the future.

And Human in violence invari-
The yells of the youngsters—

The cries of the crowds—
The looks of our rivals and lulls of our roars,
All rises and —rises and —stumbles, all
All rises and stumbles as drumsticks fall
Beating the flesh!

First Movement: in which the rhythm slows down as the game goes on.

Aloft

Are the banners and badges—the symbols of struggle—
Meandering in play with the winds.
—Bare hands and red hats in excitement
are waved to inspire the team.

Still,

Myriads of vehement mortals
March down,

down to the Valley of the Dead.
Blossoms of flaunting beauty

are worn by the Nymphs of the vale
While the color's flight grows cosmic
o'er

The burning of the Past.

And at times,
—“O robust combatants in past years victorious,
Hark—with arches of triumph
surrounding thy faces, caressed—as if—
by redolent roses of Laneastrian belles—”

While the players progress at the van,
quiet veterans squabble in spirit
as rabbles of skeptics
and legions of revealed

**Raise clattering noises of battle,
The clamors that deafen the minds of the youngsters
By breaking the illusional helmet**

Through thunders of ravaging cheer.

At the Sign Of the

The ideals and frenzies of
capering freshmen,
A thousand hearts stand up in a mass.

7

And myriads of vehement mortals
shall march
Down, down to the Valley of the Dead.
Elapsed time—

In delirium the cadets and veterans cry, Cry

Cry for liquidation
In a language alarming the victims—
You can hear the echoes about the Thermopylae . . .

Final Movement: including a confused circus in which fiery beasts are killed, and the rhythm dies.

The tigers—are the victuals—lie loosely in the vale.
There is killing and resignation in the circus.

The tigers, slow and torpid, are erumbling before their foes.
A rushing nausea nails the shadow of crushing.

On The felines roar for their downfall—The shadows

The benches —vanish —two —by two
Until Rain falls over the requiem.

Heard are
 Laughters
 Of maraudered faith.
 The hurrahs, suffocated by hail . . .
 The grit of the struggling warriors
 Strangled
 By the voiceless field . . .

The Tigers,
Still
Voracious, return to the temple of stupor—
The Blue Ridge, young and grizzled, by its
roving

Yawns its greatness—
 Echoes of triumph
 Resound
 With
 All their might (Azrael
 Peeping by the height of a mountain).

The Scientific Basis of Astrology

by GEORGE SHERWOOD

No one should regard it as impossible that, from the follies and blasphemies of astrologers, there should emerge a sound and useful body of knowledge, and that from mud and dirt there should come oysters, mussels, eels, good food: that from a heap of unclean worms there should emerge a silkworm, that finally, in a stinking dungheap, a hard-working hen may find a grain of corn, indeed a pearl or a nugget of gold, if it searches and scratches long enough.

KEPLER. (*Tertius Interueniens.*)

Only a few months ago the celebration of the beginning of the Aquarian age focused public interest on astrology, but presently this fad appears to be following the cycle destined for all previous fads. The popularity of astrology is waning, and a great deal of interest in the zodiac may not appear for two thousand years, until the age of Capricorn dawns. If nothing else has been gained from astrology throughout history, the fact that some scientists have taken astrology seriously enough to investigate it has made the pastime worthwhile.

Traditional astrology and a scientific foundation for actual celestial influences on earth are the subjects of a unique book, *The Scientific Basis of Astrology*, by Michel Gauquelin. The work of this French psychologist includes a five-thousand year history of classical astrology, from the Sumerians' Samash and Sin to the modern astrologers, Gemini and Libra. With this background Gauquelin objectively analyzes astrology and labels it for what it is, a hoax with no logical support, a deception disproved statistically. However, it is in the refutation of astrology by statistical probability that Gauquelin has discovered an effect completely unrelated to the astrological doctrine he has investigated.

In studying the birth skies of 25,000 prominent professional men, Gauquelin observed that certain planets and the moon appeared in their rising or their zenith positions with unusual frequency. For

example, the frequency of the births of doctors during the rise and zenith of Mars and Saturn was much higher than the frequency at the rise and zenith of Jupiter, but many more actors were born when Jupiter was rising or at its zenith than when Saturn was going through the same stages. Gauquelin discarded the idea that these planets could produce some permanent effect on a child at the exact instant of his birth; for it would be much more probable that such a planetary influence would occur at conception, during the random selection of her edity, than after the child is completely formed.

Instead Gauquelin thought that his observation might simply be reactions of the child to the planets depending on the child's hereditary constitution. Checking his hypothesis on a sample of 30,000 births, Gauquelin found a correlation between the birth sky of parents with that of their children. This correlation was so close that the probability of planetary heredity, as Gauquelin defined it, to occur by chance was one to five hundred thousand. Furthermore, according to Gauquelin, planetary heredity was also consistent with familiar genetic laws.

However astounding this discovery may appear Gauquelin is not satisfied to present only his findings. He goes on to describe the work of several other researchers in what he calls a new science. There is Tchijewsky, who investigated the effect of the sun's eleven-year cycle on epidemics, mortality, wars, mass migrations and even changes in government. There is Takata, who discovered that the flocculation index in blood serum is affected by the cycle of the sun. And there is Piccardi who found that inorganic colloids are affected by solar activity and even by the earth's movement through the galaxy.

This work is by no means conclusive. Answers still must be found to the many questions scientists have raised about these experiments and about others Gauquelin describes. Certainly only an astrologer would dare predict their outcome.



INGRAM: Well, in recruiting you always start off from the standpoint of physical qualities, I think first. This is not the important quality overall, but you start off with this one, let's say. All coaches like to have height to get range, and from there a coach goes to the boys in each size where he tries to get that aggressive boy that just stands out. In other words, you can put a high school film on the screen and not know anything about who is playing and watch it for a while and say, "Boy, that boy there is good; he does a good job." And you keep watching that guy and then you find out about him. So I think that the ability will show up. Of course, you don't always do this but this is the idea. The big, strong, aggressive boy is just not there all the time, and so from there one has got to decide whether he wants the boy with physical qualities who is not so aggressive and hope that he can make him more so, or if he is going to go ahead and take the little boy and then hope that he is aggressive enough to have the power at least to overcome people.

CHRONICLE: You said a little bit about our schedule. Can you see Clemson moving up? I remember when they signed up Notre Dame. Can you see Clemson signing up Penn State or Nebraska, or some of these bigger schools, bigger name schools than Wake Forest?

INGRAM: I don't think that we can. We have got to eliminate our conference first. In other words, to have a Wake Forest game would be a bigger game than a Penn State game because it is in our conference. In moving up you want to be conference champion first and then you want to be national champions. I don't think that our schedule could be much more glamorous really from that standpoint. We are playing Georgia, Georgia Tech, we are playing Auburn. We are splicing in through the years . . . Tennessee comes into it, Oklahoma comes into it. We are getting some teams out of the Southwest. I really think, if anything, our schedule needs to go the other way from that which you mentioned.

CHRONICLE: When you are talking about the ACC you have to be a little bit sharper to be in the ACC than to be in the SEC, right? And Duke is talking about pulling out of the ACC. Is there going to be a change in the ACC or are there going to be more scholarships, for instance?

INGRAM: In my opinion we are close to altering some things in our conference. I don't think any school will pull out. And along that same line, I think that NCAA football all over the country is getting really close to having a common type entrance requirement.

CHRONICLE: Who learns all the rules of the NC-

AA and the ACC? The books are extremely thick!

INGRAM: Well, it is kind of like this—you don't have to learn the whole book every year. You know that some additions and things are made to the book every year, and it is not really that complicated. It is kind of like the rules of any government or any other business. If you are in it, it is not really that complicated. It would be hard for me to read certain constitutions and legal documents and understand them. I am sure that people in that field don't have any problem.

CHRONICLE: How important is the pressure or support from IPTAY, the alumni, students, and fans?

INGRAM: Do you mean all at once or individually?

CHRONICLE: Each one. Say you get something from IPTAY, they want to play the top ten teams and sometimes the students want to sit in the middle of the stadium instead of having the IPTAY sit there . . .

INGRAM: Just to mention this, in running a college football program there are quite a few decisions to make. In all these decisions you are going to make some people happy and some people unhappy. There is just no way to avoid it. It is just like we are not always happy with the people that we get recruiting for instance. But for me to go around and complain about it and get upset about it will not accomplish anything. If I will spend my time coaching the people that we get and making them a good football team, then I can get the job done. I hate to see anybody demonstrate or complain about something's being wrong, because there are always going to be things wrong. I like to see people come up with solutions. When they get upset about a certain issue, instead of staying upset after they state the issue they should come up with a solution. I think that if they have a solution that is good then we ought to adopt it. I know without question that in our dealings with the IPTAY members, the students, with every phase of our program, we have those people at heart in dealing with them, but we have problems, too, which means someone will have to give a little bit.

CHRONICLE: This kind of leads into the next thing I was going to ask you . . . Do you think that a head coach should speak out on say dissent, hippies, the war, or anything like this?

INGRAM: I feel, personally, that I have the privilege to speak out on anything that I want to really, just like everybody else demonstrates. But I know a lot of things it would do no good to me or my program to speak out on so I don't think that this is wise. Now if I could speak out on something that would be beneficial to our program, for example, I am not going to stand around and let anybody shove anything down our throats. If in my own judgment speaking out about something will help our pro-

gram, I will speak out on it. And if it would not help our program, then I keep my mouth shut.

CHRONICLE: On this campus we have one bookstore and one canteen. All the profits have been going to the athletic department or this general area. Do you like that idea or do you think that there will be a change in the revenue?

INGRAM: I think that this is really nothing unusual. In other words, I know quite a few campuses where this is the case. I would rather have some private concern running it and getting the revenue, personally. I think that it ought to be going to some area of the school. We are in a situation now where we need the money in a lot of areas, so let's don't let some outside group get the money.

CHRONICLE: The talk on campus now is that athletes are going to move into Mauldin Hall or to the High Rise. What is the word?

INGRAM: We are not thinking of moving into the High Rise because obviously we don't need that many beds. But there is a possibility that we will move into another dorm. This has not been decided.

CHRONICLE: Who would make the decision?

INGRAM: I would say right offhand that I would make a recommendation to the Housing People, because they have a committee on housing. I don't know anything about their problems. I just get to tell them what I would like to have for my program.

CHRONICLE: Would you like to see the boys over near the girls?

INGRAM: Well, I don't think that that matters either way really, but I mentioned something last night at the little meeting that we had. First off, I don't think that a football player is any better than any other student on the campus. In other words, I do not think he is any better than Joe Blow, who is a political science major. But by being a football player he has put himself in a different category. He has got to sacrifice quite a few things. I have to believe in our football program because football is my life and just about all the administrations at the great universities around the country have a football program that is a great benefit to the students' life and to the overall educational program, and to the school as a whole. It has been proposed at one time that if we didn't have athletic programs what kind of alumni

backing would we have in every area really? In order for us to have the kind of program that we want we have to have certain facilities to accommodate people and to bring people in. I feel like our present dormitory situation needs some altering. If we are going to maintain the kind of program that we want, we are going to have to change the dormitory. I am in hopes that they will accept my recommendation. Also we have need for a different dining facility because of our diet. It is not that we are getting more or better food since in most cases it is less and we are cutting down. Everybody eats too well: you do, and I do. I have been sitting around this desk for a month and not working out, and eating the same menu is not good for me. But we have to be on a certain diet and we have problems practicing late or eating early for the meals. So this is the reason that I recommend that we have a different set-up food-wise and living-wise.

CHRONICLE: In the last year or so South Carolina has started rising up with Paul Dietzel and Frank McGuire. Is there any reason for Clemson to be behind them, or do you think that the force will change back toward Clemson?

INGRAM: I think, without any question, that both people have been there long enough to get a solid program established. I think basically that both programs have flourished a great deal. I think that they were solid before this really, but people are



talking about it just now because of their record. There are two ways to do it, and I would say that it has been done in both ways. There are a lot of people who have a really sound program after they have a great year. They start getting enthusiastic, everybody jumps on the bandwagon, and they start

going toward certain goals. Then there are other people who see the need for having a great program and start things off when they are bad—when they are losing. I think that South Carolina's program started growing when they were having some really bad teams and some problems. I think that they got some people on their bandwagon during the losing years, and now they have a winning football team, won the conference championship, they have a great basketball team going now. This thing has really blossomed out more than it normally would have.

CHRONICLE: Can you see Clemson going to a bowl inside of five years?

INGRAM: I don't see why we can't go any year really. Basically, if it had not been for the Peach Bowl, South Carolina would not have been in a bowl.

CHRONICLE: That is true.

INGRAM: And then, two years ago, Clemson won the conference championship and didn't go to a bowl. If there had been a Peach Bowl then, however, I am sure that Clemson would have been in Atlanta in the Peach Bowl. In this Atlantic Coast Conference there have been quite a few years in which they have not had a team going to a bowl game. I think with the addition of the Peach Bowl this gives you one more bowl, and a coach can win seven games and go to a bowl like this. The Liberty Bowl was kind of in this category. North Carolina went to it a couple of years ago. I can't see that what South Carolina has done football-wise is a whole lot greater over the last five years than what Clemson has done. In fact, if you add their records up over the last five years, I don't know what they would be, but I would venture to say that Clemson has a little better record over the five years than Carolina has.

CHRONICLE: Yes, Dietzel had a 1 and 9 when he was new. Can you tell me roughly how much one player's equipment costs? When I was in high school, they said that it was over a hundred dollars for one set.

INGRAM: Do you mean for games and practice?

CHRONICLE: Yes.

INGRAM: Well, let's see here now. Basically you have two pairs of shoes involved. We get these things on bid and we get them a little cheaper. Fred Hoover could tell you exactly . . . (pause to figure) . . . I would say, excluding the cloth goods that you change, jock, socks, and things like that, I would say about \$225.00 initially a boy.

CHRONICLE: That isn't cheap, is it?

INGRAM: And I might add, rising.

CHRONICLE: Before I came down here, I talked to one of the football players who said that I could not tell you who he was. He wanted me to ask you, Do you believe in working your boys really hard,



harder say than the average coach?"

INGRAM: You know what he thinks is hard and what I think is hard might be two different things. Actually, and I have told our squad this, I am supposed to know, and I believe that I do know, how far you can push a boy, or a squad, or a group, and how much they need pushing. And also they have to have enough confidence in my thinking that I know how much they need to be pushed to be a real winner. I think that a boy has to know where his breaking point is, and a coach has different gimmicks to do different things. There is only one thing that we have to learn: that when you get tired the first time, you cannot just give up the ghost and quit, because you are going to get tired every game that you play. You are going to get tired every time that you walk onto the practice field, and you have to learn to do things when you are hurt a little bit and tired a little bit. One has to have the mental discipline to do these things. You know that you hear about people doing things under stress that they couldn't do normally. Take the example of a guy who gets pinned under an automobile and some guy with a broken leg pushes the car off. I think that each of us, me, and everybody, has got to learn to discipline himself to do a little extra to be a real winner. Of course everybody doesn't reach that top peak—that is where your records are made if you get up so far and you go 7 and 3 and if you go all the way you go 10 and 0, or if you go halfway you are a 5-5 man, or you might be a 2-8 man.

CHRONICLE: What kind of training rules do you set up?

INGRAM: We talk to the squad and we set up specific training rules during football season from the stand-point of time they are to be in bed, of course this will all be in line with their study problems, we will take them into consideration. We have some rules regarding . . . I told them that we didn't have training rules, we have some regulations is

(continued on page 19)

I wonder how many trolls
 There are
 Under the bridge.
 And are they
 Good or bad?
 Some say
 That in the dark
 They wear no smiles
 Only frowns
 And curses
 For the happy.
 But the sun is shining now
 And I see
 Only happiness —
 No trolls.
 Are they really there?

page paula's

Endless trains of words
 Mean Nothing to anyone.
 They are spoken to cover
 The silence that is feared
 By so many of our heroes.
 Because silence should mean
 Thinking — a dirty word no doubt —
 It is done by so few
 And needed by so many.

Once upon a time in the day 9961, a not-man came upon a garbage dump. He decided that he wanted to rule over the garbage dump and began plans for beautifying the dump and rehabilitating its inhabitants. But he was very subtle. All he would say was, "I have a not-plan." The not-people were curious so they let the not-garbage men select this not-man who sometimes went by the name of Nick Dixon, but not always. Sometimes it was Ducky-Tick. Oh, well. Time passed and he played at being Head Garbage P.O.T. (Politically Off — There) but he wasn't showing any not his not-plan. So The not-people became happy and said, "Goody, ole Ducky-Tick is going to leave us along to run our garbage dump!" Ducky-Tick, in his true False-Form, couldn't do as the majority wanted. Instead, he pulled from a can an ingenious not-plan for slow destruction of the garbage dump and its young not-males. This plan would give each not-male before, during, or after today, a letter to correspond with the numbers that composed the not-peoples names. Each letter represented a weapon of destruction — a garbage truck from the dump to travel to East and West Niet Vam and return empty, thereby helping the citizens of East and West Niet Vam to build up their garbage dump, and, at the same time, helping the not-people to destroy their garbage dump. Ducky-Tick swore this would be an aid to the problems often found in garbage dumps. It would keep nots off of the garbage because it would have them moving it. It would prevent population explosions because eventually there would be no nots to populate or to explode. And, it would give the garbage dump a new name — one of being superior over all other garbage dumps. Yea! Ducky-Tick! What an evil not-plan! All letters were called within a not-day (which is approximately a year in U.S. time). All nots that were called up had to fill the garbage trucks and leave for East and West Niet Vam

The nots returned empty — carried by their own garbage trucks. They were buried shortly in the garbage dump; thus, preserving the garbage dump and ruining Ducky-Tick's not-plan
 And realize that they had not died in vain



The Day the Sun Blinked

by CHARLES HUFF

one day
it just blinked
 off,
 on,
and continued doing what suns do.

at first
everyone thought he
 was hallucinating
 (even straight people)
until they realized
that everyone else
 was having the same hallucination.
 men of science
were at a loss
“the sun isn’t supposed to blink”
 they said
and immediately began
making theories to explain
 why the sun would blink
while others went blind
 watching the sun,
 waiting for it to happen
again.
and so
theories were postulated
speeches were made,
wars were stopped
 while others were started,
religions were founded
 while others collapsed,
and in the end
 most people agreed
that *The End*
 was near
while others began
reckoning time from
 The Day the Sun Blinked.

All of Us Have Color
by FAYE RUFF

all of us have color:

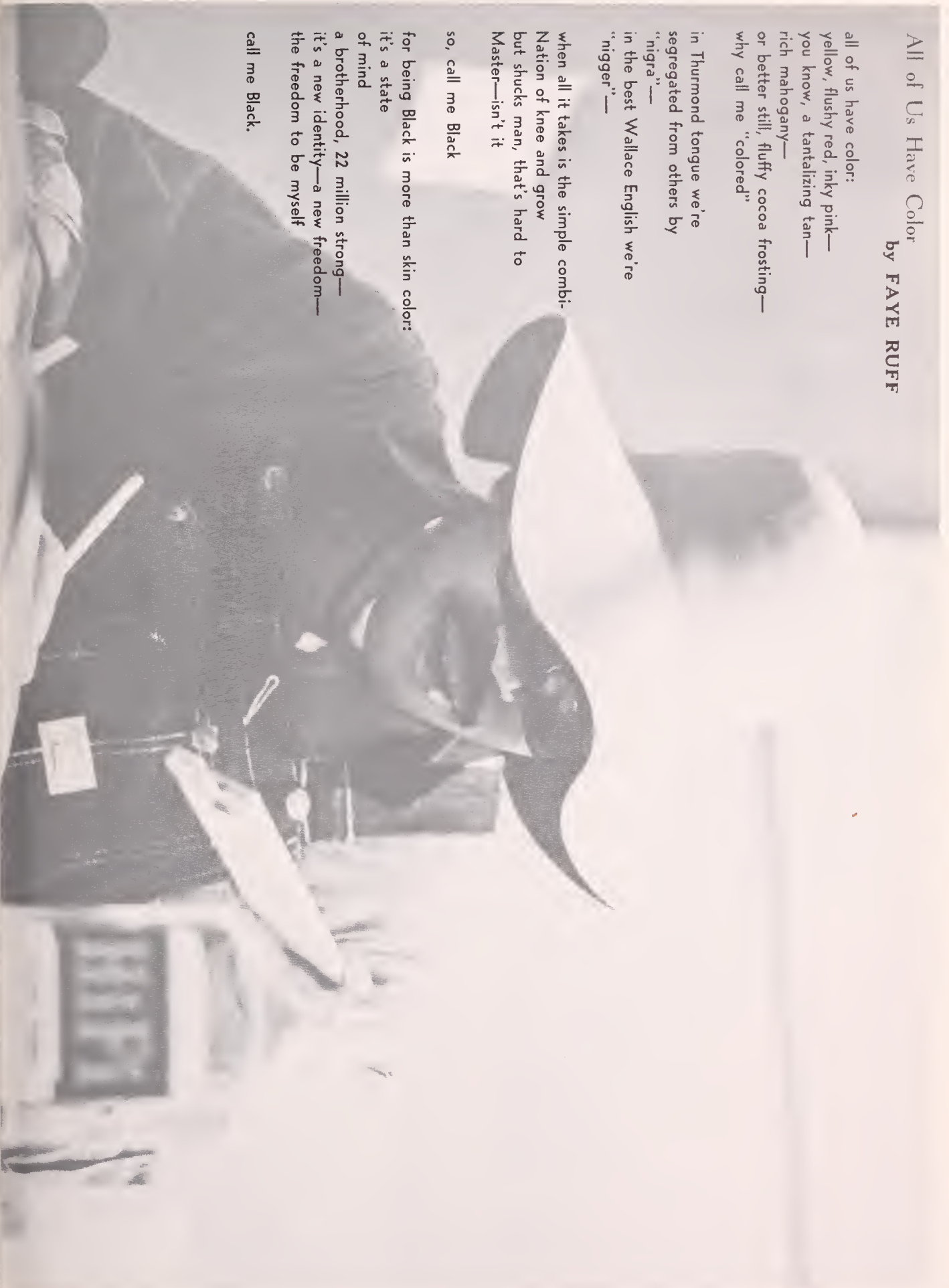
yellow, flushy red, inky pink—
you know, a tantalizing tan—
rich mahogany—
or better still, fluffy cocoa frosting—
why call me "colored"

in Thurmond tongue we're
segregated from others by
"nigra"—
in the best Wallace English we're
"nigger"—

when all it takes is the simple combi-
Nation of knee and grow
but shucks man, that's hard to
Master— isn't it

so, call me Black

for being Black is more than skin color:
it's a state
of mind
a brotherhood, 22 million strong—
it's a new identity—a new freedom—
the freedom to be myself
call me Black.



SOME
EXERPTS FROM

The Chronicle DICTIONARY of CRITICISMS

ACROST (across) bridging the distance between; as in the log was laid acrost the crick.

CRICK (creek) creek, place to go skinny dippin', a small straim.

AST (ask) to question or inquire.

APURN (apron) device worn to protect the cook or other domestic from stains caused by cooking many popular and flavorful Southern foods.

BRAINCH (Branch) any small projecting section of a tree limb; 2. another word for crick.

BRITCHES (breeches) pants or other (long) two-legged garment; when used as in too big for his this means swell-headed.

BRAINS 'N EGGS WITH GRAVY breakfast food.

RED EYE GRAVY food delicacy made from bone marrow. (Don't it make your mouth water?)

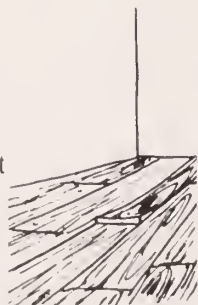
CAIN'T (can't) cannot, meaning lacks the ability to do.

KETCH (catch) as in "ketch up when you are behind".

FLAW (floor) bottom of the room, *i.e.* whut yawl walk on.

FER (for) (far) 1. as in "what fer" 2. as in "fer piece".

WHOMP (whomp) to strike an object with specially vigorous force; *i.e.*, when playing any sport such as golf, one should really whomp the ball.



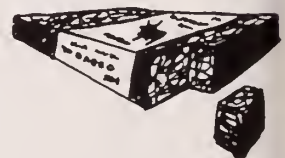
KRACKLIN' (cracklin') friend pork skin, used to make cracklin' gravy and corn bread.

DRAW, DRAWR (drawer) as in chesterdrawrs.

LAW'R (lawyer) fancy dude who sermonizes at the circuit court.

FESS (confess) spill the beans, as in "fess up."

PLUG (plug) chew, hunk of tobaccy.



JAWIN' (jawing) formal discussion or debate among peer group as in a group of men jawin' around a cracker barrel in the country store; also friendly argument.

EVERTHANG, EVERTHIN (everything) that just about sums it up.

SWEET THANG (sweet thing) one's sweetheart, a Southern belle or gentleman.

FAR (fire) hot thing in the wood stove.

FATBACK (fatback) unsmoked, salted pork, favorite seasoning for everything from beans to soup.

FETCH (fetch) go git and brang back, huntin' hound's first lesson.

GIT (get) 1. to fetch, or 2. skeedaddle.

DAWG (dog) common house

hold animal, also favorite hunting companion.

GWINE (gwine) going to, as in "gwine lower the boom."

GONNA (gonna) going to, as in "gonna whop up on you."



LARD (lard) shortenin' made at home.

PICKIN' (picking) v., to pluck or otherwise harvest as in pickin' cotton; 2. n., referring to action or motion as in fancy guitar pickin'; 3. adj., term of derision or scorn used to convey sense of lowbredness, *i.e.*, "Git your cotton-pickin' hands offin' my jug."

THAR (there) place pointed out or toward.

OOTCHY GOOTCHY SHOW Southern form of burlesque, particular scene at local cinema.
OVIN' PITCHER SHOW (moving picture) local cinema; note: this is due to strict Southern pronunciation of the best of the dated comedies.

ST (just) quite.
O' CAKE (hog)
IGH ON T elevated
 others.

ITTIN' PRET high on the hog
EARIN' UP THE (patch) phrase describing a young shoat tearing

THEM TOAD SUCKERS

How about Them Toad Suckers
 Ain't they clods?
 Sittin' there suckin'
 Them green toady-frogs.

Suckin' them hop-toads,
 Suckin' them chunkers,
 Suckin' them leapy-types,
 Suckin' them plunkers.

Look at Them Toad Suckers
 Ain't they snappy?
 Suckin' them bog-frogs
 Sure makes 'em happy.

Them huggermugger Toad Suckers
 Way down south,
 Stickin' them sucky-toads
 In they mouth.

How to be a Toad Sucker?
 No way to duck it.
 Gittchyseff a toad,
 Rare back and suck it!

— Mason Williams —

COON (raccoon) small, black-eyed, hunted at night by groups of Southern hunters.
POSSUM (opossum) another favorite of the hunt. Note: Both of the above mentioned are considered delicacies by Southerners.

PUSSYFOOTIN' (pussyfooting) v., wasting time as done by government, Federal government in particular; (see George Wallace: "I want them to quit all this pussyfootin' around.")

SURCIE (surcie) surprise.

GRIT (grit) ground up corn or other material; 2. the type of person whose thoughts are expressed by this type of vocabulary.

LAW 'N ORDER (law and order) phrase applied by a speaker when he means police and government effort to keep the peace and the status quo, or preventing any kind of public demonstration inimical to his beliefs; as in "All these hippies and everythin' should be dealt with by law 'n order."

CIVIL WAR the War of Northern Aggression.

POINT (here) place indicated or pointed out with tone of command or authority.

HOMINY GRITS (hominy grits) another of the many Southern food delicacies.

IT (it) third person singular nominative pronoun.

LIBRARY (library) place to get books for book learning.

BOOK LARNIN' (book learning) frivolous education, what the kids did instead of workin'.

CONGRISSE (Congress) a national judicial body which is regarded as a friend when its help is desired (*i.e.* law 'n order) and as an enemy when it conflicts with one's interests; incidentally where we send Strom and Fritz.

GITTCHYSEFF (get yourself) to obtain for one's own personal use and enjoyment.

PREMISE COURT (premise court) one of the most before mistrusted and hated of Commies; *i.e.* "A bunch of 'em want to send my kids to skool with some cullid

ion meaning in the cheer or y'ar it is."

third person singular reflexive
 one of the many varieties of fruit
 and one of the best loved.

tion meaning place headed,
 head tward home now, else
 it."

ote a poke.

out.

gunny sack.

white trash."

morning sermon.

in "Good God."

bell."

umpin' to

while

pe or been and
 growing list of Southern

clothes having just been cleaned. "I
 hang out my warsh."

WHUP (whip) to discipline physically by repeated blow, to beat as in a fight. "If you don't mind me boy, I'll whup you good."

WUSH (wish) to desire, hope, or otherwise long for, as in "I wush we could."

YALLER (yellow) a Southern color, also used as adjective meaning craven or cowardly.

YAWL (you all) Southern affectionate colloquialism, used to group all people spoken to into one collective pronoun.

YAWNDER (yonder) a place or site distant from the speaker. "lookit maw down thar pickin' a mess o' greens."

YOUNGUNS (young ones) one's brood of children. "With all my younguns to work fer me, I don't have to do nary a thing."





Quarter Til Wednesday When . . .

And so the pavement stretched before me
And I was left alone with thoughts
That burst in streams of silver green
And showered on the icy ground

The squares of light became a building
Mist became a drape of sounds
Huddled figures turned up faces
Turned them down to see their feet

The shifting shapes of moon mist creature
Plodded through the veil of darkness
Merging forms that failed to meet
Diverging minds that seem to sleep

And I was left alone with thoughts
Of haze, and some of dazed beginnings
The days are flashes of confusion
Nights are sparks of limitation

The fog in blankets dulled the real things
And dense confusion filled the air
It seeped into my contemplation
I was one with night's evasion

by Chess Hudsc

The old prisoner died
with a man on his soul;
he died for me with his hand on
a broken
revolutionary —

Three graves in his cell
and he the fifth
the fourth in hell
and the three graves echo . . .
knell

A young man's —
dream of a bold love broken
a plan of confederates spoken
belief in a purpose
a token

So the old man died
with the young man's mind
and the young man's
final straw
was the rusty rods
they made him shine
for unknown reasons
that he loved and clung to

But the old man unkind:
I'll tell if I must
and I must —
they're put
back out
in the rain to rust.

by Larry Abernathy

(continued from page 11)

the way I put it. We feel like, as I said earlier, that a football player has a different responsibility; let me emphasize he is no better than the other students, but he has a different responsibility. I think that our football players can go somewhere and people will recognize them whereas an average student they might not know. I tell them that they are representing our football team, they are giving an image when they go out in public, and they are giving our university an image, and maybe more important, they are giving their family an image. I want this thing to project to where it won't hurt, even if they are no good, they are hurting somebody else, and I want them to realize this, because we have to be a team, we have to be one.

Also I just want them to look decent when they go places. I want them to use good judgment in the things that they do, and like I say, I don't have any specific type training rules, but they know what I think is good and what I think is bad. When they do something that I don't think is good, we'll sit down and talk about it. I might have to change their standards a little bit. And if I can't change their standards, it might be best that they take their interests elsewhere.

CHRONICLE: What about smoking and drinking? Generally coaches don't approve of that.

INGRAM: I don't approve of it at all, not only in football careers, but in anybody. But this is my opinion, and if I am running the ship, I have some authority. My dad smokes and I have a lot of friends who drink, and a lot of friends who smoke. I love them, think a lot of them, but I still don't think that phase is right. I just don't want my players doing it.

CHRONICLE: What about beards, or somewhat longer hair than average?

INGRAM: In my own opinion I just don't think that is the way either. I have friends that have long hair and I have friends that have beards. This doesn't have anything to do with my friendship, or my respect for them. I just don't believe that the principles that athletics were founded on included that.

CHRONICLE: Are we going to have a stadium addition?

INGRAM: Well, I think eventually that we will.

In my opinion, I don't think that that is one of our top priorities now. I think that we need to work toward replacing this building (Fike Field House). This is our number one need. In other words, you have to base everything on recruiting. We bring people in, but our dressing room facilities are very inadequate right now. What we need first is an office-dressing-room-type building. Plus the fact that like I said, we need a proper dormitory facility. I am not advocating any certain move, I am just thinking that we need adequate dormitory facilities. And I think when we get these two things, then if we have a maximum season ticket sale, then I think that we need a stadium expansion. But until we

can sell a maximum of season tickets, we **DON'T** need a stadium expansion.

CHRONICLE: How many would that be?

INGRAM: 22,000. I suppose that we are selling about 7,000 now.

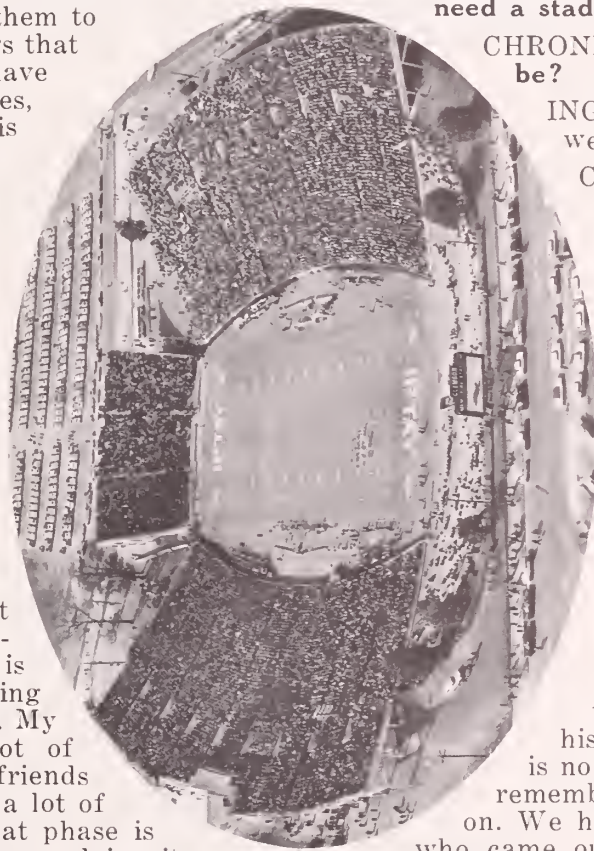
CHRONICLE: If a student wanted to play football not on scholarship or anything, how would he go about trying out?

INGRAM: Well, I would like if he is an upperclassman to come see me, or if he is a freshman to see Coach Bass. Then I would talk to him a few moments about what it entails. The next step that we'd take would be to send him in to Mr. Hoover, our trainer, who'd make sure that he got his proper physical and understood our insurance problems and everything and injuries and this, that, and the other. Get his equipment and come out. It is no particular problem. In fact I remember a football team that I was on. We had four non-scholarship boys who came out and were starting on the championship team. I think that this is an exception rather than a rule here.

CHRONICLE: Would you encourage people, maybe put something in the **TIGER** for people who were interested?

INGRAM: No, I don't think so. There again, I think that any member of our student body has the privilege of going through the proper procedure for coming out. But I don't think that we would advertise.

CHRONICLE: Last year at the football games there was a big Confederate flag and they played Dixie, and some of the Black students took this as an insult. Do you have an opinion on it, do you think any-



thing about it, or do you think it is part of the school spirit?

INGRAM: I think Dixie is a great song, myself. When I hear Dixie played, to me it seems a little tradition behind it from the standpoint of football and spirit. I don't think of it the way some of the Black people think of it evidently. I have never associated Dixie with unjust treatment to anyone.

But I don't think that I am the deciding factor on whether or not it should be played. I think that it is a great song, a great spirit song, and traditionally speaking, football-wise, because I am not speaking at all

about the Civil War, I think it should be maintained. This again is just my own opinion.

CHRONICLE: Are we going to see anything new in football next year? Is there going to be a new Clemson attack, or is there going to be something new here?

INGRAM: It will be different from what has been here I am sure. There is no way that I could duplicate it if I wanted to. Basically, the teams that I have been associated with have had number one enthusiasm. They have taken the field to give a superhuman effort. I think that this is the only sure way to be successful. What is exciting to people? What is exciting?

CHRONICLE: Winning.

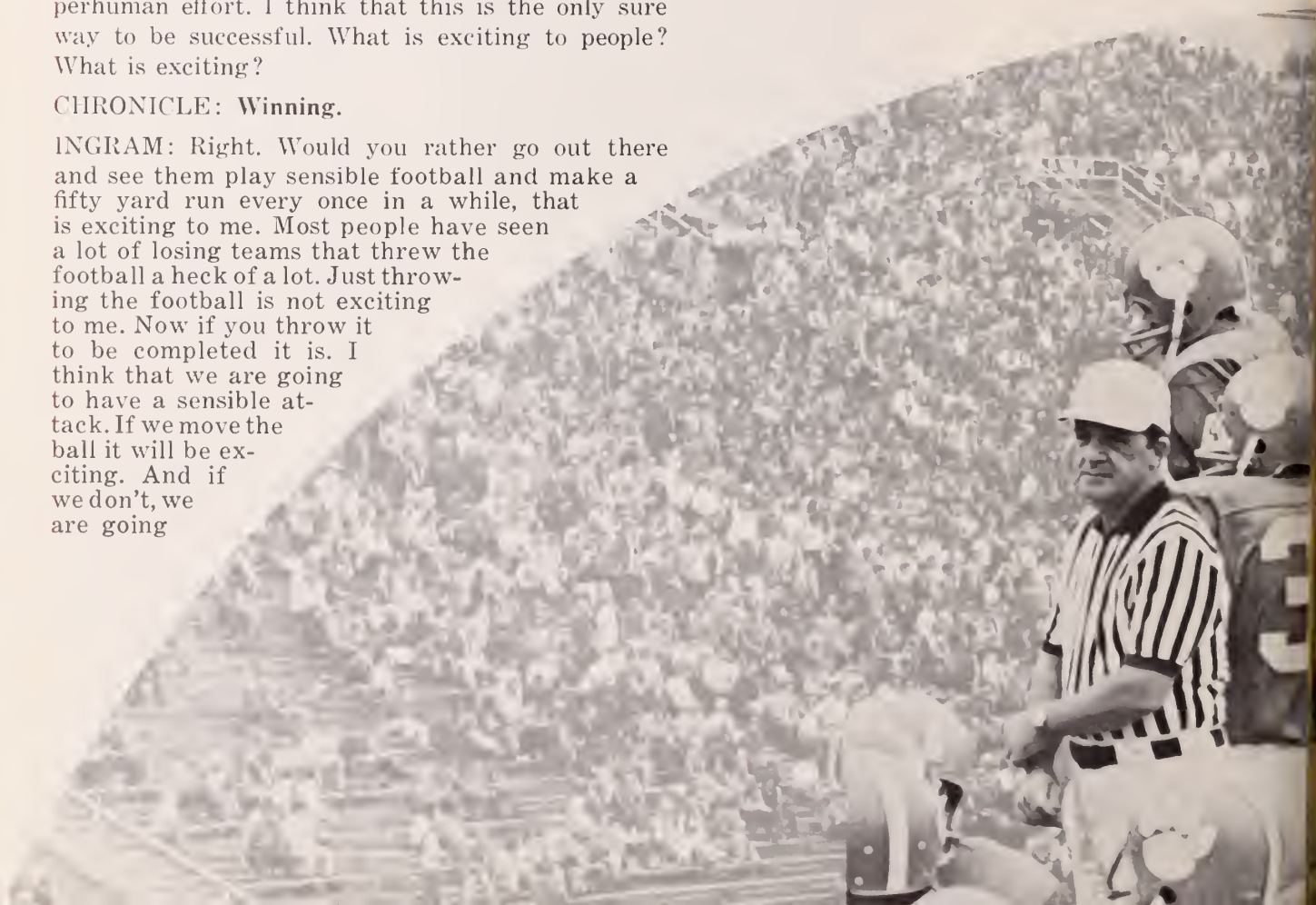
INGRAM: Right. Would you rather go out there and see them play sensible football and make a fifty yard run every once in a while, that is exciting to me. Most people have seen a lot of losing teams that threw the football a heck of a lot. Just throwing the football is not exciting to me. Now if you throw it to be completed it is. I think that we are going to have a sensible attack. If we move the ball it will be exciting. And if we don't, we are going

to keep searching and hope that we can get on that first key, which is the plan of attack that we are expecting. I really believe that you could take all the college football teams in the country today, take ten teams out of it, out of all the NCAA schools playing, and throw the rest of them out there and their offense would be just about identical. They run the same type power plays, the same type option plays, throw the same basic pass patterns



There are about ten that are the exception to this. A team like Texas will only throw it about seven times a game. They want to take the ball and run straight at folks and not make any mistakes. They want to kick it good and play an even better defense.

This is smart because they have better athletes than anybody they are playing. Penn State is similar. They don't do anything fancy at all. Of course these are two of the best teams in the country. But on the other hand you can see another team which I think is different—SMU. They have to throw it fifty-eight times a game, maybe fifty-five. They have it wide open; they throw it every time. Just like a kid playing touch ball, they are going to throw, throw, throw. Of course they haven't been winning any national championships, but they have



deal of difference. I think that is one of the problems. Take a little bit and try to master it; that way you don't make so many mistakes. Then I think that you have your best offense.

CHRONICLE: What makes an All-American football player?

INGRAM: I think that is a good question. A boy is an All-American because basically he has had enough God-given ability to get him started. And he has had that super desire. I am talking about the "true All-American." There are a lot of All-Americans by name that really don't deserve this as you well know. But we have so many picks. The ones that I have been around, that in my opinion are true All-Americans, were dedicated in every phase, in everything. They had ability, they worked hard on the field, they were dedicated off the field, they had respect for their teammates, which made them good leaders. Just all the way up the line they were everything that you asked for. They were part of the line all the time. To have a championship team you cannot be without that first quality—that God-given ability. If you've got that and do these other things, you can have a winner . . . if you get enough people doing them.

CHRONICLE: I want to ask you a question about integration. Clemson has never had a Black athlete playing on the starting team in football. Is it going to come soon?

INGRAM: I'm sure that it will. As you well know you can go back in our recruiting files, and in the last five years they have actually recruited Black athletes. I think you go back four or five years more and they didn't do it on such a wide scale as in the last four. I think that each year they have increased, working toward this, just like quite a few other southern conferences. Other than in the last five years, none of them have really actually done this. I don't know that they have turned a lot of them away either. In other words we have not had that many people who wanted to participate. It was kind of a mutual thing up until the last few years. Now we have signed one and have another great one coming in this weekend to visit. We have actually approached about fourteen Black athletes this year but for some reason he just wasn't there. We feel like the one we have signed is real good and we would be happy as the devil to have him play. As for the one we have coming this weekend, we would be overjoyed if he decided to come. He is a highly sought-after youngster. Just like every other boy, I don't think that he is any different from the white athletes that we were after. We are happy when we get them also. I was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, which is the cradle of the Confederacy. I was born and raised there, and I have been around in different spots, and this has never bothered me in any way. The people that I associate with, the color of their skin doesn't matter to me. I have friends both ways. There are some white people that I would like to be with, and then there are some white people I don't like to be with; there are some Black people that I like to be with and there are some Black people that I don't like to be with. It just doesn't matter, this is no factor. I will say this, that all Black athletes are not like the image that they have. I think that they have been led to hurt their own people quite a bit. In other words, when we get them here, they are going to be disciplined and treated in the same way that the other people are, and I hope that we can still keep that oneness that we have. College Black ath-

(continued on page 31)



On the Morning of Christ's Proclivity

(Greenwood Memorial Gardens, Inc.)

by John Norton

REDGREENPINKBLUE

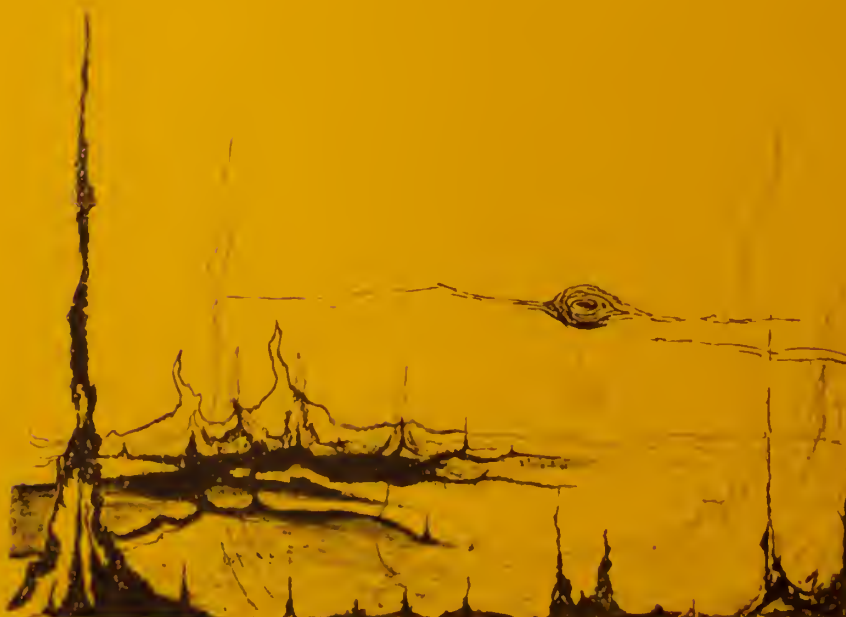
bonnets and crepecloth;
arise, brother christos,
on this your favo

rite day: I saw a field
of orchids, easter lilies, mingled with
tombsteins, stiles, stones;
merry colors, high-waisted
beauties twoandthree
sloe-eyed children
grazing in a field of death,
and the field only broken by
occasioned pots of pink and yellow
laughter — guarded children's laughter —
the others

older folk

seemed to await
the miracle of You at graves of lesser note.
Perhaps they lacked awareness of your
Promises,
and thought the souls of loved ones lay
interred,
still there among the bones.
Perhaps, they offered silent prayers; pleas
for the loan of one of your Muscular angels

(to roll the stones away)



A NO TRIP RETURN WITH

by HELEN GIANNOPOULOS

The Tierra Caliente is a quiet, melancholy street in an area of Mexico City. At one of its corners stands Pablo's house, a two-storied frame edifice with front porches, situated at the end of a long driveway shaded by rows of stark old oak trees and copodillas. Standing there on an ample lawn of grown-up weeds, it is a curious structure, shabby and run-down with peeling white paint. Window awnings darken the midday sun, and the barking of a darting watch dog keeps the outsiders away.

The interior of the house, filled with shadow, is not notably decorative. The walls and ceilings of its twelve odd rooms are painted light blue in contrast to the dark colored carpet of the floor. The living room contains an immense couch, a baby grand piano, and a garden of flowering, strange-looking potted plants. The ground floor seems dark and quiet, but after a while murmurs reach one's ear through a draft of moist air from the upstairs.

Walking to the end of the grey hall and climbing the spiral staircase, one can easily reach Pablo's personal room, the last door to the right. The sound of music coming out of a perpetually functioning stereo set hits the ears, and the smell of a sickly sweet odor reaches the nostrils. The opening of the door mystically reveals a hallucinatory turn-on. Light and color dance and whirl in time to music. Music and sound synchronized with light give a stroboscopic action to the room. Pulsating patterns flip and dance in rhythm with the music. An observer's eye, totally amazed, would follow low notes of red, midscale green and high blues blinking about ten flashes per second as color dyes are dropped into a clear bowl of water in some kind of a projector. Around the whole room, a number of ordinary incandescent lamps pulsate through color wheels giving weird light crescendos in a dazzling color-in-motion. The place seems like a brilliant color scene coming from a kaleidoscopic instrument. The light bulbs are glowing coals of fire revealing snapshots caught in a dozen actions, dirty pillows, and sweet smelling ashes lying all over the floor. Two cowboy boots stand beside a mahogany chest

full of cardboard containers and little jars next to a huge bed. Pablo, a young man with mustache and long untamed black hair, lies wearing a pair of dark glasses, and forgets his own identity. Right above the bed, the ever-changing psychedelic light of the bouncing beams adds another dimension to a flat sign: "GOD IS NOT DEAD, HE IS JUST IN LIMBO."

Pablo sat up slowly, turned to the side, and reached for the window. As he looked up towards the sky, his cloud of ecstasy evaporated. The moon in its shining, illuminated being was still.

The young man stared in disappointment at its complacency. "It isn't moving, damn it, it isn't moving." He felt all alone, absorbed into the night.

"I inhale the night," he thought, "the night that is entering into me by some inconceivable, unimaginable gap in my soul. I myself am the night."

The cool darkness brought an image in front of his eyes. The colors in the room gave it a shapely figure of a young girl. "Estrellita," he whispered.

It was in Acapulco, at a resort party quite a few miles from the sea, that they had met. Far away, past the sea shore and the palm trees, he could see her walking toward him, as she did that summer, laughing and he could see her face summer-sun tanned and her eyes wet, wild, but soft. She walked with her hair blowing around her head like a veil—it was like turning a lost summer hazy corner and there beyond dunes and houses, the sea, melting blue, with a shrimp barto sailing on the far edge, glistened. There she was in the final green-leaf-falling part stepping toward him, smiling still, all her ancient, gloried beauty, her turning hands, quick thrown hair, and berry brown legs. The next minute they were sitting close under a Spanish oak in the park. They listened half-consciously to the noises on the pavement, but were reluctant to open their eyes. He remembered kissing her lips, finding them, in his self-imposed blindness, just where he had imagined they would be. How wonderful to be blind and not to be bothered by visual obscurities, subtleties, and illusions, he thought then. A silence plodded through them. He lay motionless as an old seashell whose weathered back no grinding wave had ever altered. He felt that she was restless, like a wind of April. "Saturday," she whispered, "Oh, Pablo, let's go. Let's leave this place," she cried sud-

denly, half burying her face in the grass, so that her words were like muffled gasps for air.

"But it's Saturday," Pablo said, "Relax . . ."

Estrellita arose slowly. "I'm going home," she announced abruptly. "I'm tired of relaxing."

"But why," Pablo asked. "what can you do there?"

"Think," she answered at last. "I guess I can think." She hesitated and complained, "Oh, I know. People frown on thinking. It's a form of Intellectualism, old Modernism in the Twentieth Century."

"Estrellita," he said tenderly, "come here to me." He held out to her a soft, inviting hand and waited.

But she turned her eyes away from him to look at the top of the tree where a bird sat watching them.

"Well, don't come then," he conceded, "but listen to me. What is 'thinking' anyway? Something that machines do. Why should we waste our leisure time . . .?"

"Time! Time!" Estrellita cried exasperatedly. "I want to do something valuable with my time. I want to be something."

"I know that you can't keep a girl forever with beach parties, cold beer, and a fast Fiat. When you're just kids, a sail board and a jug of wine on the dunes are a lot of laughs. But I knew where she was going; she somehow found something to aim for and I wouldn't be a drag on her," he thought. It was all so simple, so damn simple. A couple of stupid years separated them from that summer and kept him from telling her what he had felt about her all along. He would find something to do and she would go away to college where she belonged. He wouldn't try to hold her.

"Don't you ever, ever in your life plan on going to College?" insisted Estrellita.

"No," he answered, "I doubt it. This place suits me fine."

"But the future, think about the future. You just can't hang around the boatyard all your life."

"Hell, what if I want to? It beats wearing a shirt and tie all the time, and getting stuck with a mortgage over my head."

"You have no respect of human life, not even of your own."

He laughed and said, "I don't believe in heaven or hell, just dust to dust."

"You don't care about us, then." She asked. "You never cared for me, is that it? You were just having fun and bragging to your amigos." Her face jelled into a hard mask.

"No, not that. Hell, please don't think that. I was always wild about you, and I know you want me to better myself, but I'm not sure."

"About me?" she suggested.

"No, about anything."

She forced his hand and he'd given her the whole story, but he wanted to cushion her and keep the truth to himself.

"I don't know about anything. I look around and see people making money to raise kids and then die while the kids grow up, make money, and raise more kids. People are running around, I tell you. They're looking for responsibilities like some sort of treasure hunt. You understand? I won't be swallowed up!"

"What will you do with your precious life? Hang around and rot like that boat behind you. Get a few dents and some crud and just bob around?"

"Yes, if that's the way you call it, then fine."

"You don't understand," she said and laughed loudly. Her eyes got sloppy and then she laughed no more. It was over.

She spun, then ran, then trotted and finally eased into her sway. Her very natural sway belonged to a girl that meant more to him than all the schooling, all the sermons, all the good times in the past twenty years. But she just kept swaying up the hill and out of his life.

It didn't take long to feel the emptiness of his existence. Despair! Life was merely absurd, a masquerade. The phrase "to choose" had no significance at all. He had chosen only to say to Estrellita and to the world "Farewell."

It was getting very late. The moon, three quarters full and pale, was already visible. The room was still lit up like a Halloween pumpkin. Pablo's hand moved up to his mouth and released into it a pale blue capsule. He lay down again making himself comfortable. Gradually, he felt an increase of his pulse and his blood rising. His palms became cold and sweaty, a paleness covered his whole face. He felt like he was getting goose pimples on his arms. His breath became irregular. The walls around appeared to move in a dancing pattern. The color seemed stronger and more brilliant now. The music appeared as a color and the colors of the strobe seemed to have taste.

"Strange," he thought, as he felt both happy and sad at the same time, relaxed and tense. His arm felt light as he was losing the normal boundaries between body and space. Finally, he closed his eyes losing his sense of time.

The doorbell rang suddenly. He heard it muffle through the pillow. It rang several minutes, then stopped. He nearly dozed off, and then again the ringing.

"Oh, hell," he said, tumbling limply out of bed. His dark hair fell in streaks on the white T-shirt. The clock read two thirty. A blah time, he thought, slicking his hair back as he searched for something to wear. A draft of cold air came into the room. He shook his head slowly from side to side as his brain stretched itself in the rejuvenating rush of fresh and plentiful oxygenated blood. By the time he found a shirt the bell rang again.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," he muttered as he switched the strobe off without wondering who rang.

(continued on page 32)







Mothers

by MIKE SEARS

It was a few minutes past Thursday on a frosty Friday morning with the bright moon illuminating the trees of the mountains with a dingy film of light. There were no clouds and the dry October leaves were blown wildly through the mountain trees by the strong gusting winds. Only an occasional owl and the tree frogs competed for attention in the darkness; the goat stood peacefully silent.

The house of the old woman sat in a small slanted clearing amid the mountains, and there was a quarter-mile path from the house to a dirt road which led to the nearest neighbor three miles away. The old woman's house, three rooms of unpainted wood, and the garden behind it were the lifetime achievements of her husband before he died. Their son had left for war as soon as he had reached age. The goat was now becoming more complacent in front of the fireplace.

The room in which the old woman sat was not a large room and was furnished and decorated solely with the carpentry and woodwork of the mountain craftsmen. She sat up close to the fireplace in which hung a large iron kettle, and seemed intensely interested in her work as she slowly stirred the contents of the kettle. The glow of the burning wood provided the only light for the room but revealed the old woman's flashing eyes surrounded by her shaggy, graying hair as the red flames flickered on her simple warm dress which came down half way below her knees. She had been boiling the contents of the kettle for almost half an hour, and all the time she had been sitting very close and watching and tending the kettle as conscientiously as a young mother tends her new child in its cradle. She wanted nothing to go wrong. The goat which lay beside her now seemed almost asleep.

Thursday had been a busy day for the old woman. The wind had been biting cold the entire day while

she worked about her garden and around the yard gathering all that was required for the kettle. After she had gathered the necessary vegetables from her garden and had picked the hot peppers from the bush at the front of the house, the old woman had walked deep in the mountain woods to gather herbs and other necessary ingredients. She carried the instructions which she had been given by her neighbor Anna McNeil in her dress pocket and read them at least half-a-dozen times during the day to make absolutely certain that she had obtained all that was essential. She did not want anything to postpone it; she had been long enough in waiting for this special night. Anna McNeil had assured the old woman that if she followed the instructions carefully and completely it was impossible to make a mistake. But still there was some worry. Anna's son also had made a career of the army and also had been killed in war. Anna and her husband performed the ceremony and it had worked for them; they now kept a pet sparrow in a cage with which they constantly conversed. It would always work—nothing could keep it from working—it was a powerful secret the world should know. But the old woman was one of the very few who had knowledge of it and despite the hope, the still existed slight doubt in the old woman's mind. The goat, of course, was the most important part of the ceremony.

Thursday evening the old woman had brought the items of her day's labor home and spread them upon her table to once more be counted and sorted. After they had been placed in the kettle, she again went outside—this time to bring in the goat. He was a stubborn animal and at first refused to enter the house, but the desperate old woman persisted and finally won the battle of strength. He was a large animal, black and white, and now his Satan-like face of horns and beard never turned from the blaze in the large fireplace. His eyes occasionally closed from light sleep as he waited patiently.

The pungent odors of the kettle filled the three rooms; it was a smell which had never before been in the house. The old woman gradually stopped stirring and for a few minutes simply sat staring into the bubbling liquid. She was almost smiling. It had been many years since she had truly felt like smiling, but now there was a warmth mounting within her. Over the gentle rumble of the boiling kettle and the occasional crackle of the burning wood, the old woman heard the dry leaves sharply striking the nearby window with the velocity of the gushing wind. She rose from her chair and went to the window to look out into the bright yellow moonlight. Large numbers of leaves rolled toward her house and past it as she stood observing as if an island in a river with brown waves of water. She stood still and unafraid, almost smiling for the first time in years, as much of the world drifted past her.

The old woman raised her eyes to look at the

beaming moon—it was almost full as it was now sixteen days after the new moon. It looked down upon the world almost alone tonight—few stars could be seen. Back inside the room the goat made a sudden voiced noise and jumped to his feet. The old woman turned quickly and walked hurriedly toward him.

"Is it time?" she asked. "Is it that late? Well, I'm sure you know best."

She reached up on the mantel above the fireplace and brought down a small brown wooden box as the kettle continued to boil and the wind continued to rattle the leaves outside. She gripped the box very tightly in her hands and then held it for a few minutes close to her breast. Inside the box were the medals of her son and the last telegram from the army concerning him. They were all that remained she had been too savagely destroyed by the war to be brought back home.

"David," she said looking at the box in her hands, "you know this is possible because He didn't call you naturally. I hope this is what you want. I hope you don't mind. Because He didn't call you in a natural way as he should have."

She sat down in the chair in front of the fireplace and held the box tightly in her hands without making a motion for quarter of an hour before she again stood up. She slowly opened the brown wooden box and placed it in the chair in which she had been sitting. She took out the telegram, tore it into many small pieces, and threw it into the flames below the kettle. After this, each medal was taken from the box, kissed by the old woman, held in the steam above the kettle momentarily, and then thrown into the hot coals of the fire. At first there appeared to be some uneasiness on the old woman's part, but this soon changed and she grew more lively. She became quite proud of her actions and was glad that the medals had been burned. The goat seemed quite indifferent and again settled down in front of the fire.

Now there was little to do except wait. She placed the brown wooden box back on the mantel and sat down in her chair to once again stir the contents of the kettle. She began meditating over what should be expected next—there were three possibilities, but since the flies of the summer had all but disappeared, there were only two logical choices. It could easily be either a bird or a dog. She had recently seen a wild pack of at least twenty dogs running through one of the gullies a couple of miles from her house. A thought flashed into the old woman's mind, and she moved quickly from her chair to the door which she cracked slightly and then held her ear to the small opening. She listened and finally heard an owl in the distance, and this time she actually did smile. Perhaps, she thought, it will be the large gray one I saw yesterday sleeping in the tree beside the garden. The goat looked back to see where the cold breeze

was coming from, and the old woman, noticing his glare, closed the door.

On into the night the kettle boiled as the old woman frequently placed wood beneath it, the wind never ceased on the outside, and the goat became even more passive as he lay before the warm blaze. But the old woman began to grow more tense—she was excited and happy but still she was tense. Finally the sky began to lighten—the night had been very long for the woman.

We should know as the sun comes up, she thought. Then she hurried to a window in the back of the house to watch the sunrise. There were now a few small clouds in the sky—tinted pink in the East. The world was quiet now except for the hiss of the wind, but shortly the woods would be alive with the sounds of the winter birds. At last the red of the sun was seen through the trees rising over the mountains. The woman laughed aloud while running back to the fireplace and arrived just in time to watch the last of the liquid bubble into nothingness leaving in the bottom of the kettle a spongy layer which would soon harden. She ran to the door and quickly pulled it open. And there it sat. It was one of the bitches she had seen in the pack—a thin shaggy red bitch of mixed breeding. The old woman smiled.

"Has it worked!" she said, turning to the goat.

The goat looked back and smiled.

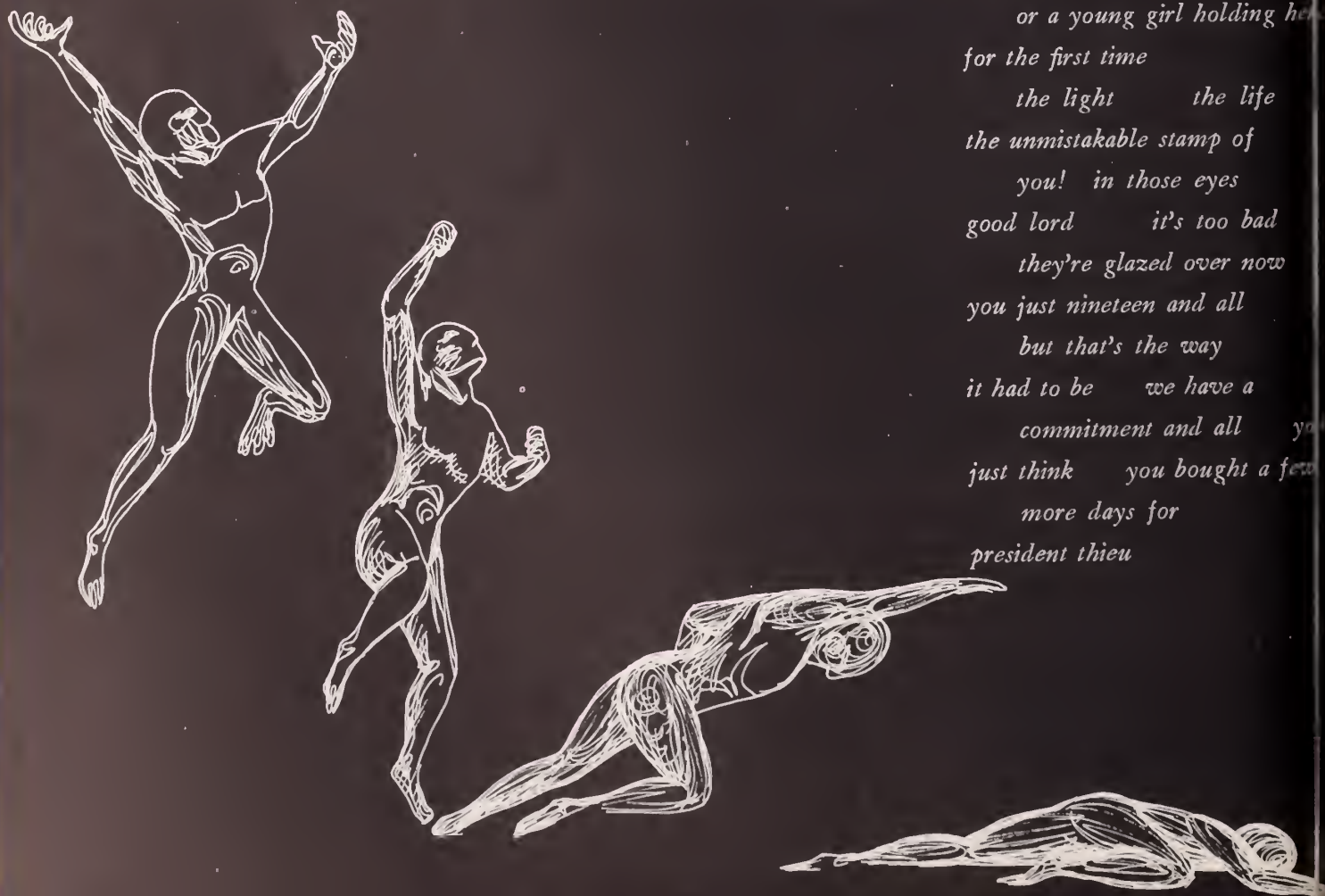
"Has it really worked!" she said turning back to the red bitch.

The bitch smiled lovingly.



by JAMES L. LUCAS
poetry editor

Elegy for a Friend



it's a wonder

*what i can see in your eyes
those clear blue hallmarks of id
unique in all the vast tangl
of humanity*

*those beautiful ideas you to
last fall*

*about the glory of daybreak
in october standing
in calhoun's lawn*

*there never was and never
a sight*

*an experience
like that i remember
and can see it in those
deep clarion eyes*

*also there was the day
you told me about*

*that sonata you'd just writt
god! i've never seen*

*anyone so happy
archimedes in his bathtub*

*or a young girl holding her
for the first time*

*the light the life
the unmistakable stamp of
you! in those eyes*

*good lord it's too bad
they're glazed over now
you just nineteen and all*

*but that's the way
it had to be we have a*

*commitment and all you
just think you bought a few*

*more days for
president thieu*



(continued from page 21)

etes have been deceived into demonstrating and protesting for a separate set of rules which I don't think the Black people want. The majority of the Black people want to go and do things right just like everybody else. I believe that they do. But there is a small percentage of agitators that won't let them do this.

CHRONICLE: What kind of watch do you wear? Someone said that you got one for being a coach at Arkansas. Wasn't it some kind of an award or something?

INGRAM: This right here is a Sugar Bowl watch, 1969. I played in two bowls. I have an Orange Bowl watch and a Cotton Bowl watch as a player, and a couple of Sugar Bowl watches, a Sun Bowl watch, and a few All Star watches. I just swap them. My daddy wears one sometimes, my boy wears one every once in a while, and I think my wife has a Sugar Bowl watch, and my daughter has a Sugar Bowl watch. So we wear Bowl watches. I like to change often so we change around.

CHRONICLE: I think that the students would like to have everybody on the staff have a couple of them.

INGRAM: Yes. Players get one, too.

CHRONICLE: Oh, good. Thank you, I think that we have something to put down.

INGRAM: Good. I have enjoyed it. You have some very good questions.

CHRONICLE: Yeah, we are trying to make it straight. There is no way to slant it. We'll write it up.



the bell.

He passed the hall and coming down the stairs he stood in front of the door. Taking a deep breath he reached for the cold brass knob.

"Pablo, may I come in?"

His throat hurt, his chest—everything, as he opened the door.

"Estrellita," he gasped as if he'd been bolted awake by lightning. "Estrellita, what in the world? I thought you were in Spain at the University of Salamanes."

"Yes, but I wanted to come back . . . to explain. I didn't see you before I left. He gripped her arm gently and pushed her up the steps as he thought.

"Strange the way things happen—a dream, a thought and suddenly existing in colorful tangibility before you. Maybe a dream—like happiness—must be believed in, to have it become reality. And then quickly it fades and whirls into the past, the past of deep memories which given a shower of hope, bloom again into reality. At this rate nothing is impossible. (*Veni, Vidi, Vici*)!"

"Estrellita, it is like being born again. I've got to tell you so much. You'll stay with me. You won't leave?"

"I'm joining the Peace Corps," she said and laughed.

Two years ago when they first met, the laugh always worked. At the beach, in school, her laugh meant summer, warmth, sunshine, a brand of vitamin D you couldn't buy in bottles. Now her laugh stirred memories that should have left with the summer, but instead lingered and pestered Pablo.

Estrellita was silent now. It was a moment he had been through many times before. A torture session. Nevertheless, the waiting was still painful. He wasn't going to lose her this time.

"No," he said. "You'll stay with me. I need you. If you want to help anybody, help me. You are part of me, don't you see? You, only, give me a sense of belonging. I feel people everywhere when you are with me. I'll make you happy." Then he added, "Look I'll go to school. I could get in for the spring term. It shouldn't be rough at school. I may become a great success. Then we can move away, travel all over the world and always have each other. That would make you happy, wouldn't it?"

"Would it make you happy to be a big success?" she finally asked.

"Yes, well—I don't know, I really don't know."

"You see, you are not an ordinary man, Pablo. You don't have any faith. But for me, I have chosen to do the work of God. If you don't believe in something then you're nobody, nothing, a potato vegetating in your seven-by-ten limbo."

"Limbo! Limbo! Limbo! The word echoed in Pablo's ears like a hard-beating hammer.

"What do you know about God, Estrellita. There

is no love in you, at least for me, or do I represent the complete antithesis to your world of values?"

"Pablo, we are two completely different people. You'll never understand."

"You condemn me to a living death. You know that Estrellita? If you leave me again life will be for me an invitation to know death."

He knew he couldn't stop the destructive course that had overwhelmed him. To stop would be to think. To think is unbearable.

"You were dead to begin with Pablo," said Estrellita passive almost disinterested. You have to find the right track. We all have to. Don't worry so much. I'll write you from abroad. There'll be a day . . . she whispered in a soft intimate tone now, "when you'll face reality, and then . . ."

Suddenly she lifted her head and kissed Pablo softly on the lips. He placed his arms around her and clutched her still closer to him. A hot tingling sensual excitement rose uncontrollably within him. He held her kiss—longer—harder. After a long moment of dizzy pleasure, he felt her moving away.

"Estrellita! Wait! Where are you going?"

She disappeared in the darkness. He took off after her. The night was clear and black. The stars studded the vast depths of the sky with their golden glitter. The nearly full moon presided regally over the whole area—a passive observer to all the event below. Beneath the star-studded night, Pablo was running through an endless maze, half dazed, completely lost and confused. Was he running after something he couldn't reach? A mirage, an old session?

"Estrellita," he cried in despair.

The darkness remained silent. Suddenly he tripped over something hard. He fell, losing his balance. "If only it wasn't so damned dark," he thought. He tried desperately to regain his balance, but it was now clearly hopeless. He had lost control of his muscles. His head slammed against something metallic. He felt heavy. His lips were wet. Sweat? No, it was blood. He could taste it. Death will soon give him rest, the very epitome of rest, for he shall cease to be. God didn't come to him . . . Yet, just once He was magnificently generous to him.

There were a few brief seconds more of his woozy consciousness. Then suddenly the stars disappeared. Everything was black.

The morning came as a mystic revelation finding Pablo's dog licking his bloody face and head at the bottom of the stairs. His broken glasses were thrown a few feet away. His eyes were held open by a glistening coat of dark red clotted blood in which the reflection of psychedelic colors shimmered.

Morning is stillborn
Morning, hereafter, infinity
Stillborn,
There is not a promise
Of tomorrow!

editorial

ites Note: I sat down to write an edi-
After filling a trash can and pulling
hair, I read the following essay. It
s hat I meant, but in a form which
ne e might read and understand.
an Walter . . .

The Great American "Revolution"

About this time last year I had my first, and last, active contact with what I shall call, for the sake of simplicity, the Revolution. For it was then that I participated in the October, 1969, anti-Vietnam War Moratorium. I can still remember quite vividly my initiation in to the activist politics of the New Left—how I solemnly bore my lighted candle to the amphitheatre, how I seethed with anger at the mindless mobs who would have deprived me of the very thing which they so loudly accused me of undermining, how I assumed the microphone to read the names of those who had died in what the diseased mind of George S. Patton had termed man's noblest exercise, and how I realized, without detracting from my still-firm belief that the end of the war is in the best interest of the country, that the Moratorium, and the Revolution of which it was a part, was essentially absurd—absurd because it imparted to me, through my participation, a degree of wisdom which I denied, through the same participation, to others; and because it perceived a problem and attacked the wrong institutions.

But still I draped about me the long flowing robe of my newly acquired wisdom and sallied forth to completely remake a society which had been condemned without a recommendation of mercy.

I found the Revolution easy to accept; after all, was it not true that society was hopelessly corrupt? Was not the country being run by a group of imperialistic capitalists? Was not the military seeking to kill the cream of American youth? Were not policemen the great oppressors?

After very serious non-consideration of these questions and others, I arrived at the conclusion that a revolution was the only real hope for the future. Kent State and James Simon Kunen served to strengthen this conviction. But the completely intolerable aftermath of Kent State caused me to have reservations. My reservations turned into a rejection of the Revolution in its manifest form. It took only a very little rational thought to convince me of the following:

The present revolutionary movement in this country is funny. Its cliched rhetoric is almost side-splitting. Could any self-respecting revolutionary actually call a policeman a "pig"? Is it really a people's revolution? If it is, what people? At least Spiro Agnew finds fresh phrases.

The present revolutionary movement in this country is misdirected. Any movement must have somewhere to go and something to do when it gets there. The present movement has only vaguely defined its goals and has hardly intimated what it will do when it reaches them. Its proponents speak of destruction while offering no program for the constructive restructuring of society. They must destroy. Is it safe to presume that they will actually rebuild?

The present revolutionary movement in this country is leaderless. The complete idiocy of such "revolutionary" figures as Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin is all too clear if they are compared with some of history's more notable revolutionaries, such as Lenin or Mao.

The present revolutionary movement in this country is naive. To suppose for even a minute that the type of revolution desired by the New Left could be carried out anywhere at anytime is the height of infantile thought. It is truly amazing that the SDS could consider themselves capable of forming an alliance with factory workers.

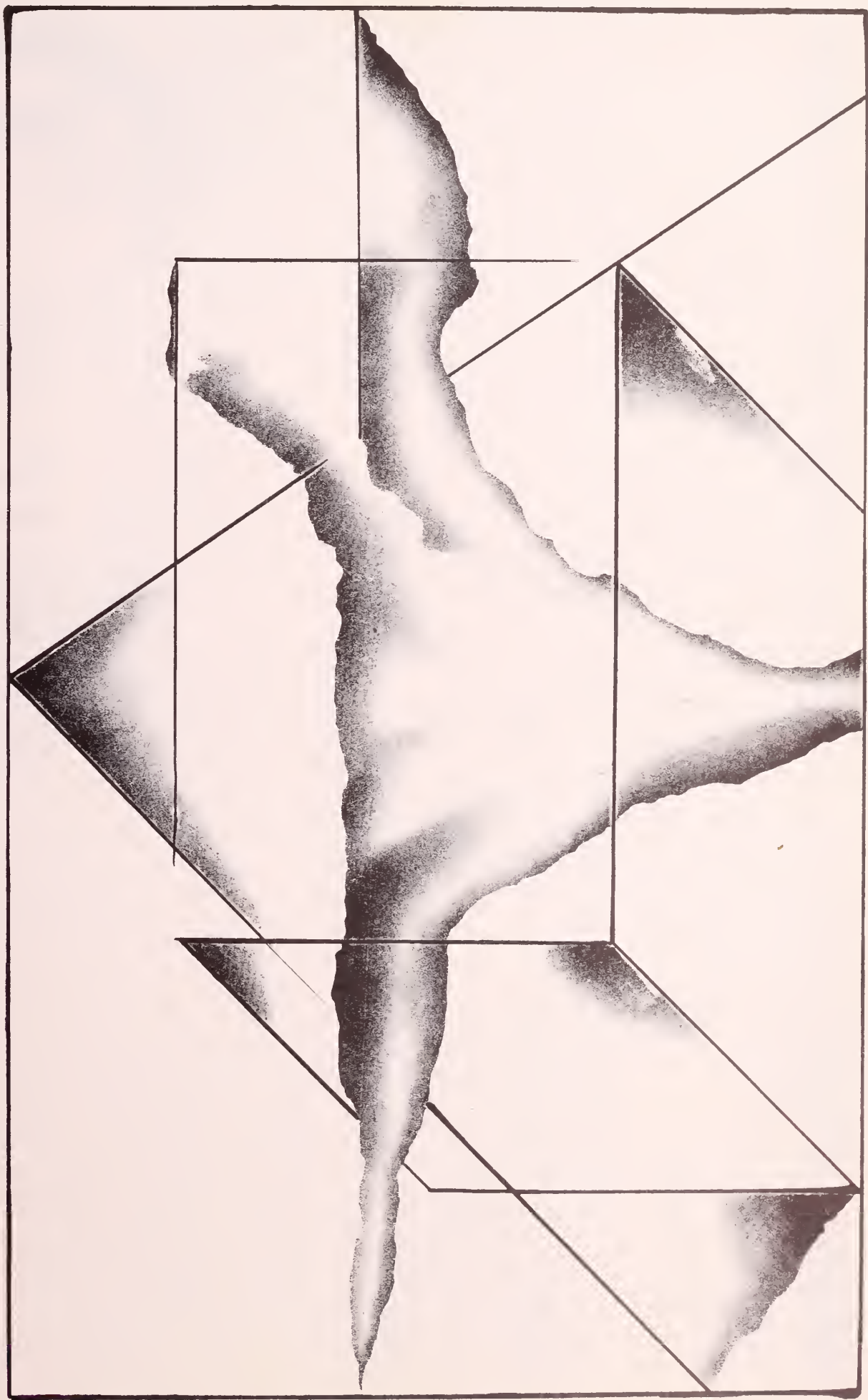
The present revolutionary movement in this country is inconsistent. It denounces American involvement in the war, while at the same time it destroys life and property. It seizes upon such issues as racism, while it practices a form of racism—are not all policemen considered "pigs" who should be slaughtered? It is built around youth, while the passionate intensity of young people renders them incapable of running a society. It preaches violence, while violent revolutions have a habit of not achieving their idyllic goals.

The present revolutionary movement in this country is dangerous. It is dangerous not so much for the threat it poses to the system, as for the repressive reaction it might generate. That there is great polarization within our society cannot be disputed by anyone. The repressive potential of this polarization was made morbidly clear at Kent State. If the gap continues to widen, the situation will not be a pleasant one. Repression in any form could be fatal to that which it is designed to protect.

None of what has been heretofore said is intended to deny the existence of problems—serious problems—within the United States. But the violent politics of the New Left, with its Revolution, are no more capable of solving them than are the reactionary politics of the Far Right. Perhaps the only institution in which a change would help to alleviate these problems is the human institution. One cannot change a country without first changing its people. Our present movement is changing people—but in the wrong direction. People are not so much interested in eliminating hunger or wiping out poverty as they are in putting down the hippies. This fact in itself is reason enough for the Revolution to cease and desist.

by WALTER JULIAN
managing editor





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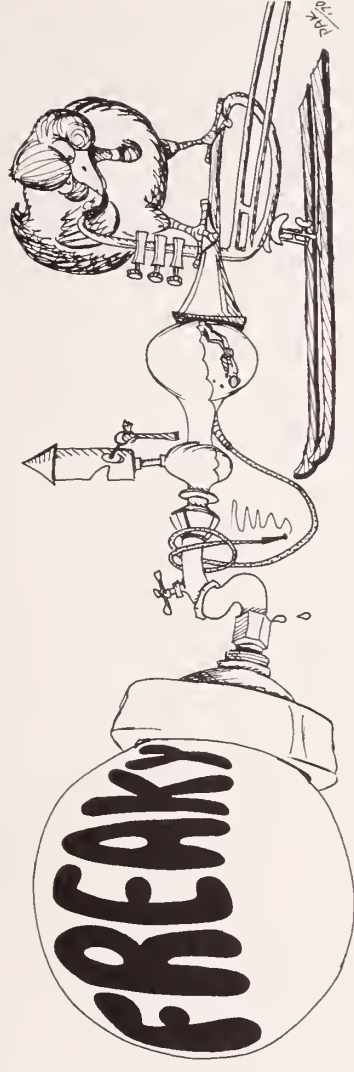
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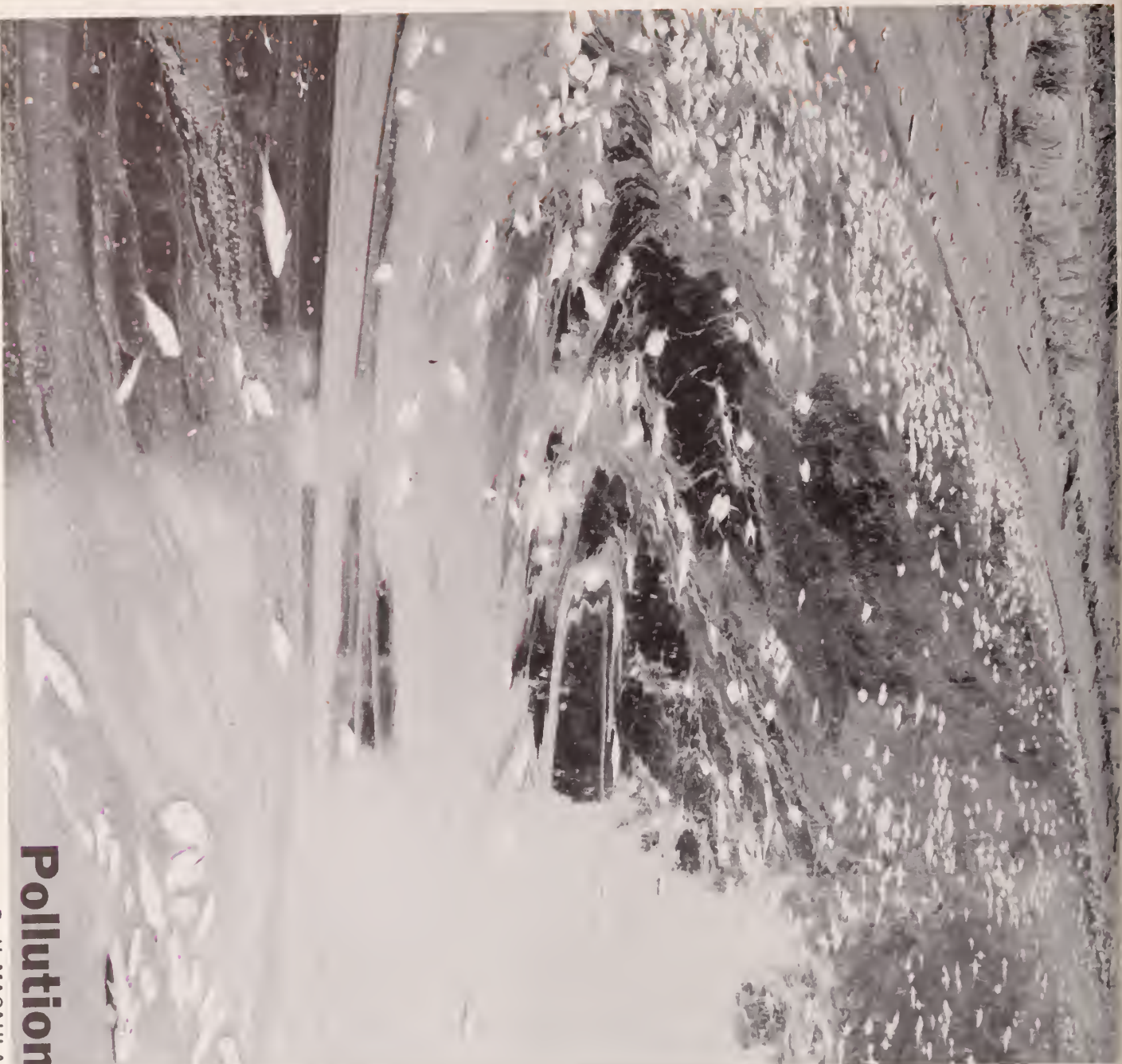
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Environmental pollution is bad. After all, that in effect is the definition of pollution. Pollution exists when the usefulness of something we value has been reduced.

All kinds of people have looked at the problem of pollution and have reached a virtually unanimous conclusion. Senator Muskie and President Nixon are opposed to pollution; Walter Cronkite and Hugh Downs have come out forsquare on the side of purity; college students have promoted Earth Day, which they really mean to be Clean Earth Day; and sixth graders are busy writing letters to editors pleading for the older generation to clean up the planet so they will still be alive at high school graduation time. Even large corporation, with whom adjectives like evil and selfish are customarily associated, have joined the crusade and are busy telling people, with whom adjectives like evil and selfish are seldom associated, that they, the corporations, are busy making it possible for the birds and bees to live happy and productive lives right next to their, the corporations', refineries and factories. So who else is left and what else is new?

Most of those people just listed seemingly have looked at pollution and reasoned something like this: (1) hydrocarbons can be harmful to human beings; (2) the internal combustion engine produces hydrocarbons; (3) therefore, the internal combustion engine must be outlawed. The California Senate in 1969 must have followed something like that line of reasoning, when its members approved a bill, by a vote of 26 to 5, that would make the sale of internal combustion automobile engines or automobiles powered by such engines, illegal in the state after January 1, 1975.

Notice that this form of reasoning can have, and has had, broad applicability. Cyclomates can cause cancer; cancer can kill people; therefore ban cyclomates. Billboards clutter highways, cluttered highways are not pretty; therefore forbid billboards. Automobiles are involved in accidents; these accidents kill people (and in this case about 55,000 more people are killed each year by

Pollution

By H. MACAULAY

automobiles than the zero number of persons we know to have been killed by cyclomates); therefore outlaw automobiles. And finally, certain emissions and wastes put into air and water change the quality of the air and water; this change lowers the usefulness of air and water to man; therefore ban, outlaw, and stop the discharge of these substances into the atmosphere, streams, and lakes.

But perhaps there is more to the problem.

II. AN ANALYSIS OF POLLUTION

Until the last decade, people would have looked at the above reasoning and been a little troubled by it, but by and large they would have bought it. They would have accepted it because they could see that one party should not have been allowed to do something that would create a new burden on other people who were not compensated for their new unfortunate experience. Yet, many people would have been troubled because of the obviously inefficient extremes to which the principle could be taken. Abolish the automobile? It will help us see the problem a little more clearly if we examine two questions that are associated with this problem. First, just what people are hurt by pollution, and second, just how badly are the parties hurt? First first.

Early in the 1960s Professor Ronald Coase of the University of Chicago published an article in which he examined the question of who was polluting. The point seems perfectly plain to most of us, but Coase would not accept the obvious. He reasoned that when a person finds that his ability to enjoy some asset, or perhaps his environment, has been diminished because of something that someone else has done, he has indeed suffered a cost. But if the other party is told to stop his damaging action, then he has lost the ability to enjoy some asset, or perhaps his use of the environment, and he has indeed suffered a cost. Thus, costs flow both ways, and so my pollution.

Consider the case of a river with a mill, which discharges wastes, located upstream, and people living along the downstream banks. If the mill

continues to discharge its wastes into the river, the river is made less useful to the persons living downstream. It is polluted for their purposes. They will complain. And if their pleas are heard on high and the mill is ordered to stop defiling the environment, then the river will run pure and there will be no pollution.

The mill upstream, however, may see the situation through a different set of granny glasses. Heretofore it was using the waters to help increase the welfare of mankind. People were able to have more shirts, steel, stereo tapes, and medical care because producing these goods and services took less of society's resources if wastes could be put in the river. If the mill had been required to build a waste treatment plant, the goods being produced would have cost more. If the mill is not permitted to discharge its wastes, the river has in effect become polluted for the mill. It cannot use the river.

If a person downstream wants to be able to put his boat in the river and swim in the river, the mill upstream will not be permitted to put its waste in the river. If the mill can put its waste in the river, the person downstream may not be able to put his boat or himself in the river. If one wins, the other loses. The river is going to be polluted for one of the parties. The question is, for which one?

There are several bases on which this decision could be reached. It could be on a basis of first come, first served. Thus, if people lived along the banks of the stream and a mill came in upstream, the mill would not be allowed to discharge any wastes that hurt those downstream. So far, so good. Righteousness reigns. But suppose the mill was there first, and then the glories of streamside sites became apparent to people and they settled along the stream, dirty though it was. The mill might listen to their pleas for purity but could, and probably would, dismiss them as examples of the age old desire to get something for nothing. Streams might continue to run dirty, even though it would be obvious that many persons are hurt, and perhaps hurt badly.

Society has not normally chosen to leave things as they were just because they started out that way. Rather, we have recognized that changes occur constantly and that we need to give with these changes. If a farmer has land and society needs a highway through that location or a factory on it, we do not forever maintain the land as a farm.

A second basis on which a decision could be reached is to decide that society should maintain the environment in its natural state, and whatever use promotes this goal will be permitted and whatever violates it will be forbidden. Swimmers do not lower water quality so that use would be encouraged, but many forms of waste discharge do lower water quality from its natural level and they would not be permitted.

But this approach also creates problems. Try it out on land. Whatever changes land from its natural state will not be permitted. Thus, no schools, homes, roads, farms, waste treatment plants, or drainage ditches would be permitted, unless they were put underground and the natural vegetation and terrain maintained on top. The trees and grass might like that, if they can like anything, but man might find himself akin to the mole in not only his residence but also in his level of living. He would have to spend all his time digging and processing his waste and would have little time for savoring the joys of cooked food or discussions of economics.

Rivers and streams can also serve mankind, in more ways than merely looking pretty. Streams have a natural absorptive capacity for certain types of waste. They can oxidize human wastes and still be repurified as they flow to the sea. Allen V. Kneese, who is with Resources for the Future, estimates that the streams in the United States could absorb and purify household wastes that would otherwise cost \$10 to \$12 billion a year to treat.

We recognize the folly of trying to maintain the environment in its natural state in many cases. No one, or at least only a few people, argue for

very highly the purity necessary to remove these undesirable features. But people will usually be far less anxious, and therefore not be willing to pay as much, to be able to see the mountains 25 days a year rather than 21 days a year.

That last example should start you putting it all together. Such an improvement in visibility is not in the same class with improvements that save lives. Yet, such improvements in visibility result from the case we just cited, where we raise purity standards from 98 percent removal to 99 percent removal. Is that improvement worth that cost?

This is basically the same type of question we ask ourselves every day. Is a Rolls Royce better than a Maverick? Obviously. Is it worth the difference? Certainly not, if you are a student, or a poor professor who can afford only a bicycle, or if you have many other things you want even more, such as food, books, or a private swimming pool.

In the private market this lesson comes home quickly. One does not walk into a store and merely proclaim: (1) cashmere sweaters keep people warm; (2) I am not warm; (3) therefore I deserve a cashmere sweater. Rather the market, with a harshness typically reserved for professors, says, "Lots of people want cashmere sweaters, but the cashmeres (or Kashmir goats, if you prefer) are busy working overtime and we can't give everybody all the sweaters he wants, or even one sweater, so would you be willing to put your money where your mouth is?" It is hard to deal with such insensitivity, so many people will walk out and buy other goods that are more valuable to them than another cashmere sweater.

Things are different with environmental quality, however. In such cases, people believe that purity is good (although so are Rolls Royces and cashmere sweaters), and that mills should pay the cost of reaching that purity. Thus there is no reason for people to worry about cost; mills will pay and people will benefit. They quite naturally ask for complete purity. They hear on the television that fish are killed, some eggs of eagles do not hatch, and that caribou may not be able to

congressman and tell him to prevent these things from happening, but they seldom send money.

III. AN ECONOMIC SOLUTION

If greater and greater purity is more and more costly, and if greater and greater purity is less and less valuable to the public, it follows that at some point it does not pay society to buy more purity. In effect, there is some "best" level of purity, just as there is some "best" level of output of oats, nails, and soap. This level is not where everyone has all he wants just for the taking, but where everyone who is willing to pay what it costs to produce the product can have it.

If people do not have to pay for what they get, they will ask for too much of the product. Ask yourself, how many cars would you have if they were free? And if society sought to provide cars under those conditions, it might not be able to provide people with anything but cars.

In practice this is what has happened and what is happening. In the past mills were told they could throw anything into rivers at no cost, and they threw in everything but the kitchen sink; indeed they often put that in, too. Such actions imposed large costs on persons who lived beside streams and wanted to use them for recreation, drinking water, or even other industrial uses. It was a wasteful arrangement, but the waste arose because the government, as the owner of the streams, underpriced its product. Businesses responded quite normally and bought a lot of the product, waste disposal in streams.

Today, society seems to be making the same error in the other direction. People are finding that they can demand cleaner air and water by merely writing to their congressmen, writing letters to editors, writing books, or writing for the *Chronicle*. Our representatives can read, and they revel in reelection. Thus, Senator Muskie has proposed legislation that will require all firms to install the "best available" equipment to reduce air pollution; the Department of the Interior has issued guide-

water quality standard that "allows any wastes amenable to treatment or control to be discharged into any interstate water without treatment or control . . ." and the City of Bowie, Maryland, has passed an ordinance providing for a \$100 a day penalty against any store selling beverages in throw-away containers after April 1, 1971.

Coase's conclusions with regard to pollution may now be applied with regard to cost. The basic problem is that several people and groups of people want to use water and air. Some are called mills or factories and they want to use these resources to carry away their wastes, solid, liquid, and gaseous. They also want to use air and water in some of their processes. Other users are called people. They, too, want to use the air and water to carry away some of their wastes, solid, liquid, and gaseous, and they, too, want to use air and water in breathing, running their cars and cooking with gas or charcoal. The basic question is, how valuable are these resources to each of the parties. More precisely, how valuable is it to put a little more waste in the river or to have a little less put in the river?

There is some "best" division between the two parties and that is what we should seek. This level of purity, or pollution, will be more easily determined if *both* parties have to pay for making a little greater use of rivers and the rest of the environment. Mills should have to pay a charge for any wastes they put into a stream. Those who want to use water for fishing, swimming, boating, or drinking should pay for any greater cleanliness they get.

The idea of getting people to pay for greater cleanliness, when they believe that is what they deserve, is difficult to grasp. Devising a system to put it into practice may be even more difficult. But it is necessary at least to understand the concept if we are to get the greatest benefit from our environment. Otherwise we appear to be destined for a future in which we will be purer but poorer than we can rationally justify.

quakes, hurricanes, and quicksand, or the Anopheles mosquito and the rattlesnake in their natural states just the way nature gave them to us. Rather, we recognize we would be better off if nature were changed. Indeed science is primarily concerned with how to change nature to benefit mankind.

The case may become clearer if we look at air. We certainly need air to breathe to survive, but does this mean the abandonment of all internal combustion engines, fires to warm homes and run factories, and farming when it creates dust, and then capping all volcanoes? If so, life might again have all the charm, comfort, and appeal it had before man discovered fire.

By now it should appear that these solutions do not seem to be the ones we are looking for. But then, neither does our present situation appear to be the one with which we want to live and die. So we are now ready to deal with that second question we posed, just how badly are people hurt?

Here we find that pollution and purity can both be understood a little better with one of the first cousins to our old friend "diminishing returns." The law of diminishing returns, you will all recall, is the law that you cannot recall in economics classes but which does explain why you should stop studying, because one reaches diminishing returns early when studying.

If mills are required to clean their wastes, this will cost money. Phrased in a different way, it means that society will have to use its productive capacity to build waste treatment plants rather than make electric guitars, zippers, or penicillin. In order to have more waste treatment plants, society will have to have less of some other goods, and these just may be some of the goods you want. But, the more waste the mill has to treat, the more the treatment will cost with a vengeance. For example, whatever it costs a mill to remove the first ninety percent of its biochemical oxygen demand (BOD) wastes, it will cost about the same amount to remove five percent more. This should not strike students as strange. If a person can raise

hours a week, it does not mean he could raise it to a B with five more hours and hence to an A with five more hours. Indeed, for many of us, devoting every waking hour to study would not guarantee an A.

A recent example may pound the point home. The Pennsylvania Power Company has an electric generating plant at Newcasttle, Pennsylvania. About two years ago, the company spent two million dollars to install precipitators that remove 98 percent of the fly ash and soot from its smoke. This year the state has ordered the company to remove 99 percent of the ash and soot. A precipitator with this capability will cost four

million dollars, and since the existing one cannot be altered to achieve that high a level of purity, the company will have to spend the entire four million dollars. And what have we gotten for that sum? One percent more of fly ash has been removed, at a cost of four million dollars, or twice what it cost to remove the first 98 percent.

Our friendly law of diminishing returns also applies to ordinary people who are not mills. People want purity, not pollution, as was explained earlier. Purity, like other nice things in life, has a value, and perhaps this should be studied. As is true with all other goods, the more purity people get, the less they want more.



TIGER FARM

BY FRAMP
DURBAN



Perhaps I should introduce myself first. My name is Albert Bluit and I am a "Student Senator" at the Greater Rathwell Institute of Technology (GRIT) in upper South Carolina. My job is, along with the other Student Senators, to bounce a rubber ball against a brick wall, aiming the 3-inch-diameter projectile at a 1½ inch hole in hopes that it will go through. This year we have thrown the ball 7000 times and by some miraculous turn of events, it has gone through 18 times!

My position within the Senate is one of the most powerful therein. I am chairman of the Bathroom and Water Fixture Committee, and we accept some 70 bills and resolutions a week. I don't mind all of the responsibility, however, for it only takes me about 10 minutes to decide which ones are in the better interest of the entire GRIT student body. Since each Senator has to research thoroughly any legislation which I am sent, I really don't know the purpose of my committee. Another damn parliamentary roadblock, I suppose!

Our Student Legislature has recently undergone a re-evaluation, and we have now established a new representation, with one senator for each 100 students that eat lunch in any hour. It's a good system, and we know that the representation will be so much better, and we know that such important legislation as the need for more cole

slaw at 1:00 lunch and ice cream in the old dining hall will easier go to the Legislative body to be bounced against the brick wall with all other legislation. Another advantage of this system is the elimination of trouble-making legislation concerning the entire Student Body! All they ever do is cause much protest and dissent. The inherent disunity of the new system will certainly lessen that kind of nasty stuff! Even in the midst of the great revelation of the government process, someone mentioned another method concerning something about a "University Senate." He was, however, quickly and quietly impeached, and ridden out on a rail to be drawn and quartered. He won't cause trouble anymore!

The most important legislation to hit the GRIT campus is the noble and strong resolution demanding student rights, freedom from administrative control, and the removal of rodent hairs from the hamburger patties. The demands were, of course, extreme, and we made it quite clear that they were subject to negotiation. We got word yesterday that the administration had held a closed negotiation meeting and decided that they had, after much deliberation, decided to grant us part of our demands by agreeing not to lock the dorms until 12:00 and to turn their backs when the fraternities

have their parties. That will satisfy me, since I am in a fraternity. Not that I'm down on independents—I find them rather quaint when they stay in their place.

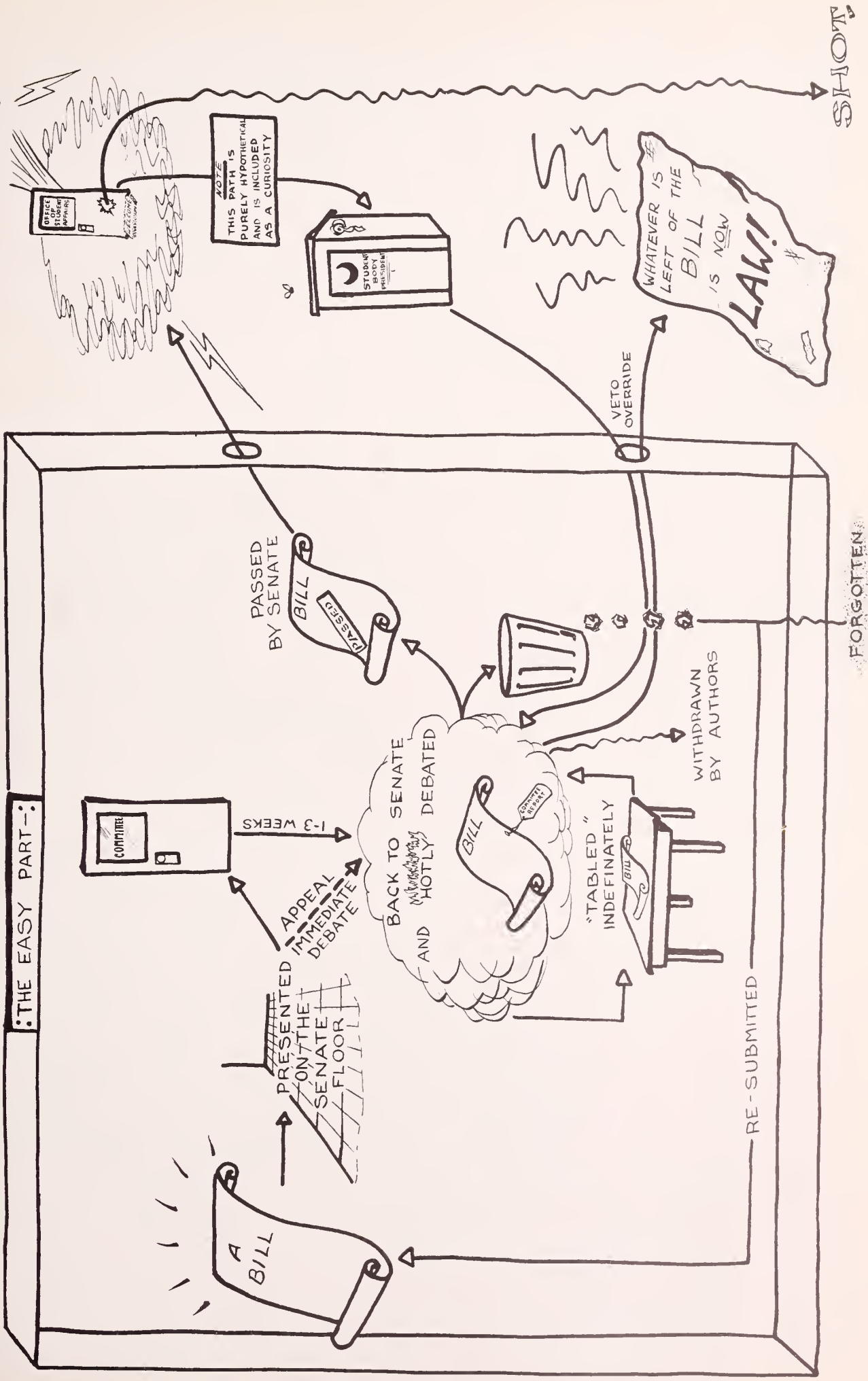
Anyway the resolution on student responsibility is a good one; it's something we need. I wish we could get the idea around to the rest of the students, but I just don't have time to have a hall meeting. That's a silly idea anyway. We would have a poll on how the students feel about it, but it's hard to get the Elections Committee to man the polls. It's so cold out there, and why should they sit out there and freeze? They don't get paid. Boy, you'd think they'd expect the Student Government to get some kind of mental reward. Now the President's got it made. He gets \$6,000, but he needs it all to handle the jobs of his office and have clean clothes too!

Well it's almost election time again. That means I've got to think about buying all that paper and paint again. What would we do without all the traditional popular posters? I'm running for President! We can't let another independent get the office. It happened not long ago and he almost ruined all of our close ties with the administration. We can't have that!

It's enough to make you sick
Isn't it enough to make you change?

THE PATH OF A BILL

THE EASY PART:-



Students are getting uppity. Everyone knows children should be seen and not heard, but these damn students are getting so as the noise they're making drowns out the gems of wisdom so graciously offered by their elders.

They rioted at Kent State, Orangeburg, and Jackson State and the authorities tried to teach them that adults must bear the responsibility of their actions. Admittedly it was a sink or swim approach and some sank, but the campuses *are* quiet this year, aren't they?

At Clemson there has been a slow, gentle development of student power. In the middle sixties when the national birth of the student movement officially began with Mario Savio leading Berkeley students in a demand for freedom of speech, Clemson slumbered. Students at Clemson were concerned, but they were concerned over the football team, dance weekends, and sex. Student government had been recognized in the fifties by the Board of Trustees, and students had been given the privilege of advising their elders in all matters pertaining to student regulations.

In 1967 Al Lowenstein led a national dump-Johnson movement aimed at replacing the President with someone who would end the Vietnam atrocity. At Clemson, ROTC was still mandatory.

In the late sixties, Clemson saw Black students leave campus under the threat of violence, several hundred students participate in a Vietnam Moratorium, and students sue the University when Clemson officials refused to allow a regional Vietnam Moratorium to be held at Clemson.

It's true, only a minority of Clemson students participated in these activities, but perhaps this was an indication of things to come.

On the question of student self-determination, Clemson has also seen a steady, but quiet development. In 1967 a coed named Cathy McNeight was prosecuted by student courts for violating dress regulations. Charges had been preferred by the Office of Student Affairs after Mrs. McNeight had worn pants in unauthorized areas after the specified hours and had worn miniskirts to class on several occasions.

A young defense attorney named Tim Rogers took the case. Charges were dropped after Rogers made sure the case was well-publicized throughout the state. The people of the state had gotten a good laugh, but administration officials were embarrassed over it. They knew they were wrong, but no admission came, just tight-lipped silence.

When student body elections came in the spring of 1968, two candidates from the fraternity quad came forth to battle for the position of student body president. Both

had worked their way up through the traditional student leader channels and both had the administration's seal of approval. They weren't troublemakers, and they knew when to keep their mouths shut.

About two weeks before the election, though, Tim Rogers was persuaded by a small group of student activists to run for the number one position. This scared the administration, because Rogers' only claim to fame was the part he played in the infamous McNeight trial, which we must remember was a traumatic episode for the administration.

In one of the hottest campaigns Clemson has ever seen, Rogers rallied the masses of students who had heretofore not given a damn. These students gave Rogers a 50 vote margin of victory in an election which had the largest turnout of voters ever seen at Clemson.

Rogers had beaten the system, but in time he would be beaten impotent by it. Administrative maneuvers to thwart Rogers' efforts to gain some power for students were successful. Many student leaders can remember meetings between Rogers and administrative officials which degenerated into shouting sessions. There were some brilliant innovations under Rogers' administration but so much that could have been accomplished was never realized.

This could have been partly due to Rogers' refusal to compromise demands he believed were in the best interest of the students. Administrators would not listen to demands, so Rogers failed.

The next year was Danny Hunt's administration. Hunt was well-liked by everyone and he cherished his popularity. Because of this he found himself in a dilemma when he had to make a decision which could alienate some of his constituents. Hunt can't be described as a do-nothing, but many programs which could have been implemented weren't because of his hesitancy.

The student senate had, under both Rogers and Hunt, proved to be meek. They refused to press issues which student activists felt were important. The senate felt no responsibility to be forceful and demonstrate a desire for real power.

By the beginning of this year, though, there had been some remarkable developments in the area of student rights at Clemson. Girls' hours were liberalized, drinking in the dormitories was allowed, most of the dress code was eliminated and mandatory ROTC officially died with the beginning of the year. What more could they want?

A group called the Clemson University Underground was denied university meeting facilities after they showed

an unwillingness to go through the proper channels. A few rallies were held, but nothing major developed. Everyone remembered Kent State, and no one wanted Clemson to be blemished with student blood.

A group of students have shown this year an unwillingness to compromise, though. They want more real power and less patronage from the administration. This radical group has caused headache after headache for the status quo segment of the administration. They call themselves the Student Senate.

Since these students are the elected representatives of the student body, their requests should be considered as those of a majority of the student body. They have said they would quit on March 1, if negotiations between the administration and students didn't work out by that time.



Look What They



Did To My Head, Ma

By RICHARD HARPOOTLIAN

legislature will cut Clemson's budget.

Student leaders, realizing this, suggested to administrative officials that student requests be granted so students and administrators could present a united front to the state. The administration, though, still believes students are children and the state has an obligation to keep her children safe. The united front students talk about would be an unholy alliance in the eyes of the legislature, so students are left frustrated.

All students are asking for is the right to determine the moral and ethical philosophy of their lives. The administration feels a moral responsibility to keep "its children" unblemished. As a student leader said not too long ago, "Paternalism will not flush."

The administration is using the tactics of the 60's to deal with the problems of the seventies. Tactics which worked with Rogers or Hunt will not pacify a Gerry Hough or a Bob Behling or a John Marshall. Now that student leaders have said they want immediate action, the administration has lost a crutch it has used for years. They have told frustrated students in the past that they must work within the system-- student government-- if they are to accomplish anything.

Student activists have worked within the system and now they are met with a different excuse from the administration. They are told they are unreasonable and at least one administrator has said the student senate does not represent the student body. The student senate well may not represent the student body fully, but it comes a hell of a lot closer than the administration.

Student activists have labored long and hard to realize the goal of student self-determination. This isn't a takeover of the University, rather a takeover of their own lives by adults who happen to be attending college.

There have been at least four years of work by Clemson student activists trying to liberate their fellow students from the manacles of *in loco parentis*. National issues have for the most part been relegated to minor roles as students poured the greatest portion of their energies into this one issue.

The past is clear. Tim Rogers, Danny Hunt, and all the rest labored so that future generations of Clemson students would realize freedom. The future that they saw is still with us-- a future full of uncertainty concerning student rights.

Student leaders have finally said they want a definite answer in a specified amount of time. The innocuous B.S. will no longer suffice. Students are NOT children and student government should not be a child's game.

This is important because it shows a change in attitude on the part of some traditional student leaders. These students have recognized the real nature of student government and will not have anything to do with a system which contributes to student frustration. The resignation declaration shows that student government officials have undergone a change in priorities. These officials had traditionally placed status at the top of the list while they now place a sense of accomplishment in the same spot.

Administrative officials at Clemson are sensitive to the feelings of the state legislature. They have to be because Clemson receives its financing from the state and each year President Edwards goes to Columbia to politic for more money for Clemson. The administration believes if student requests are granted the predominantly conservative state



PART 1

By ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT

Alfred Davis was a hatter. In fact, he was renowned as the finest hat maker in all the world. But even so, he relished the simple life. He owned an unobtrusive shop on East Eighty-seventh Street near Fred's Delicatessen and Liquor Store. Two office towers, one of sixty-three stories, and the other of ninety-one stories, intimidated his shop from either side.

Alfred was an unlikely and unusual sort of individual. He was simple like the life he craved and was determined to keep things that way. He could easily have erected atop his building a sign saying something to the effect of "Alfred David—known the world over for his skill as a maker of hats." But instead, the sign announcing his business read simple "Alfred David—hatter."

This is not to say that Alfred did not take pride in his status; he certainly did. But he had no desire at all to be thrust into the limelight and ruined by the publicity which usually accompanies such lofty positions. Alfred wanted only to be left alone.

But, alas, fame cannot so easily be put aside. One afternoon as Alfred was eating his lunch, which consisted of a kosher ham sandwich from Fred's, a gentlemanly looking fellow walked into his shop and said rather nervously, "Sir, I am going to be in France for the next three months or so,

and I would like a hat to wear for the occasion."

Alfred went to the back of his shop and rumbled through a stack of boxes until he came across what he considered to be the most appropriate hat for the situation at hand. He dusted it off and took it out for the customer to inspect.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "This type of hat is well-known in France. This particular one was last worn by a little artillery officer from Corsica. The price is \$27.50."

The man was obviously pleased. He produced the necessary funds, took his hat, and walked out.

Later that afternoon a second man walked into the shop and asked for a stovepipe hat. "It must be a very good hat," he said. "I am going to Pennsylvania for a few days."

Again Alfred rumbled through the boxes in the back of his shop until he found a hat suitable for the occasion. He knocked the dust from it and took it out for the customer to inspect.

"Here you are, sir. This is a very fine hat. It was last worn by a respected gentleman who had the misfortune to die in a Washington theater. The price is \$17.98."

Again the customer seemed pleased with Alfred's wares. He counted out the exact price

from a tremendous roll of bills, took his hat, and walked out.

Next morning a powerful looking man stalked into Alfred's shop and declared his intention to purchase a baseball cap. "It must be old," he added. "These days people just don't know what real baseball is."

Alfred had not sold a baseball cap in years; but nevertheless, he found one—a very old one—resting on the top shelf of his stockroom. It was dusty beyond reprieve, so Alfred merely took it out for the customer to inspect.

"Here you are, sir," he said. "This cap was last worn by a man who hit 714 home runs. Now that's what I call real baseball. The price is \$2.75."

For the third time, one of Alfred's hats met with a customer's approval. The man produced the price Alfred had named, fitted the cap to his head, nodded his satisfaction, and walked out.

Now selling hats was nothing new to Alfred. But taking back a hat he had sold was something he had never experienced until he found the baseball cap hanging on the doorknob of his shop one morning. Pinned to it was a note which read: "This cap is no good. I struck out my first time at bat."

Yet this experience had no real effect on Alfred. After all, what was one hat out of the innumerable ones he had sold? It was very easy for Alfred to dismiss the incident without further consideration after deciding that the man could not have been a very good hitter in the first place.

So matters stood until two days later when Alfred found the stovepipe hat in front of his shop. Again the hat was accompanied by a note which gave the reason for the hat's return. "This hat did not live up to my expectations. I was booed from the podium in Gettysburg."

Now one such incident could be easily shrugged off; but a second one was something else entirely. Alfred made a half-hearted attempt to pass over this latest failure of his hats by thinking that the man could not have been a great orator, but he realized that such rationalization could not

Alfred became paranoid. He waited in dread for the return of the third hat, an event he now considered inevitable. He lost his self-confidence and became nervous and saw his whole life disintegrate before his very eyes. He considered closing down his shop rather than accept the final defeat.

But for some reason Alfred kept going. Despite his emotional degeneration, he had an intrinsic desire to believe that things would eventually work out for the better, and that the third hat would after all prove to be faithful. And so he believed.

One afternoon about three months and one week later, Alfred sat in his shop drinking a screw-driver made with kosher vodka from Fred's, when a delivery man walked in with an innocent-looking package wrapped in plain brown paper and bound with the kind of string children use for flying kites. The package was postmarked "*H.M.S. Bellerophon* off the coast of England." Alfred had always liked English hats, so he eagerly tore the box open. Immediately underneath the flap he found a note which read "This hat has served me well, sir, but I am returning it. I am going on an extended vacation to St. Helena."

Alfred had a nervous breakdown and was forced to retire. He sold his shop to a bald-headed gentleman who paid him a very good price when one considers that the hats which went with it were proven to be defective, and he moved away from the city to his daughter's farm in southern Maine.

Before long Alfred had somehow managed to miraculously recover his composure and peace of mind. He grew tired of the quiet life and the rocking chair and resolved to take up a new trade.

So he moved back to the city and bought a small shop on the corner of West 48th Street and Somerset Boulevard, about one block from Fred's Delicatessen and Liquor Store, No. 2.

In this shop Alfred set about to the business of making shoes, and soon he was known throughout the world as the best cobbler in the trade.

DECISION

There's always one stinker who sits on the line;

Whose grades average out in divisions so fine
That you cannot tell whether he's A or he's B,

And you turn to intangibles, trying to see

If he really made up all the lectures he missed;

If you graded unfairly some things on his list;

If his practical chanced to be tougher than suet;

If his work's all his own, or he did it in duet.

All the labs that he cut—with a worthy excuse;

All the times he surprised you with terms and their use;

All the questions he asked—were they good, fair, or stupid?

All he said when he looked at his first Proctotrupid.

And you just shut your eyes, or perhaps toss a dime,

And you hope that the Gods will forgive you this time,

And you learn once again that this game's no fiesta,

And resolve to give more tests the coming semesta.

EW/K

May, 1969

Mary Jane:

The girl next door.

Since 1960, America has experienced a tremendous increase in drug use and abuse, bringing an increasing number of its youths directly into conflict with the "Establishment," the legal authorities, and themselves. Permissiveness concerning drugs is characteristic of most of the nation's universities, and Clemson has not been overlooked. Here the slow growth of a drug subculture has taken place steadily over the last three years, and its established existence among a conservative student body has resulted in a distinct gap. The differences between these two groups and the reasons behind their attitudes and behavior concern every involved student and raise questions on which both groups widely disagree.

The most pointed "difference," and the popular cause of conflict, is the subculture's use of drugs, especially marijuana. However, it should be understood that the drugs themselves are not "problems" unless defined as such by the local norms. This is especially true concerning marijuana consumption, and in America the negative legal and social definitions applied to drugs and their users can be seen as the immediate cause of many young people's alienation. As one observer stated, "It appears that marijuana, by itself, is more of a legal problem than a medical one, but in view of the activities of the police in this country and the extreme rise in arrest rates, it is definitely a social

problem." So it seems that before action can be taken against drugs or the people who choose to use them, a conclusion must be reached as to the significance of the part played by drugs on the general behavior and personality of the individuals who indulge. It is only when these reasons surrounding drug use have become clear that judgment can begin.

By BEATTY WOOD

Unfortunately an attitude of condemnation is far easier to assume than one of forceful questioning aimed at a compatible solution, the damage resulting from condemnation usually rationalized as the result of the thing condemned. It seems America's desire for drugs, for better or for worse, has grown to the point where something must change or be changed. Whether smoking grass is right or wrong, harmful or just relaxing, five years in jail is just plain bad news. This penalty becomes especially unwarranted when it is commonly known that marijuana is not physically addicting, for if the desire to use a drug, which in itself brings the drug into major existence, was not originally caused by the drug, then justification for its widespread condemnation fades.

Just exactly what are the personality differences between the drug user and non-user; are they the result or a reason for drug usage? To what extent are drugs responsible for the physiological, psychological, and socio-cultural changes taking place in people today? Answers to these questions

report completed at Clemson in the spring of 1970.

In the "Psycho-Social Correlates of Drug Use on a College Campus," researchers Rachel Blanton and Jim Shotton compared the grade point ratios, drug habits, socio-economic status, variables of interest, and the dimensions of social responsibility of sixty-eight students thought to use drugs with sixty-five randomly selected students. They attempted to show the reasons for and results of drug usage by comparing differences in behavior, attitudes, values, and self-image as related to drug usage and general history.

The resulting responses immediately revealed that the drug user's sex, class level, family income, and parental education were not significantly different from the non-users; and that there was an inverse relationship between drug usage and grade point ratios. Thus the high frequency drug users were generally lower on the GPR scale, in other words, the less time one spends studying, the lower one's grades become. Anybody from anywhere can conceivably turn on to drugs as long as he doesn't get carried away.

Desire for the euphoria afforded by drugs was the main reason students said they first used and continued to use drugs. Their "personal curiosity," "liking the drug," and "seeing no harm in its use" served as adequate justification for consumption. Of course, "A friend turned me on," indicates the importance of popularity in the establishing and spreading of the drug problem.

The social attitude scale, designed to measure social responsibility of the individual in the five attitude dimensions of pessimism, authoritarianism, fatalism, social aggression, and alienation, was then analyzed "to define the dimension of attitudes that might distinguish drug users from non-users." From the results, the factors relating to social concern and the established authority were significant.

The first factor "was related to items that define a dimension which might be termed

anti-establishment. Those who were rated high on the drug usage scale, and those who were selected as drug users tended to answer these items in the disagree direction." A person with a socially negative outlook would tend to seek out drugs as a means of temporary escape, or possibly as a passive way of channeling discontent. Thus the presence of such physiological depressants as marijuana and LSD can be interpreted as a passifying element, today's drug laws being impossible to enforce anyway.

In another study researchers concluded that "There are, however, areas in which the drug users show more involvement than the non-users. If their radical stance on civil rights and Vietnam and their political activism can be taken as evidence, then it is fair to say that they are deeply concerned about broader issues. Thus, there is a curious kind of reversal of involvement between the two groups. The non-users are more involved in their immediate milieu, there they play conventional roles in a conventional manner. The users are less involved in immediate conventional roles; the lows of their concern and involvement appear at the broader level of society, especially the political arena."

"Factor two shows that those who were classed as experimental subjects (the drug users independent of their actual use of drugs) showed more concern for their personal health and were less aware of aimlessness as a source of unhappiness in others. 'People in my community look up to me' was a question with which users tended to disagree, indicating a low self-esteem."

"The results of the point of view scale show examples of the alienation syndrome which is characterized by low social interests, high self-centrality and low self-esteem. Whether drugs cause alienation, or alienated persons incidentally use drugs has evidently been hard to determine, for when society is a part of the causation of drug abuse, modification of individual behavior through use of drugs is the result. Individual behavior then changes to reject or modify goal demands of the society, thus causing a change in the society."

The descriptions of the social results of drug usage seem to be in agreement with the personality characteristics in a manner such that they are inseparable, but the use of drugs seems directly related to the tension level of a society. Since the social attitudes of drug users are markedly different from those who do not admit to a high degree of usage, the drug trend indicates a passive resistance to the pressures of society. The society itself becomes the culprit rather than the individual who quietly avoids tensions associated with active disagreement with established values. To avoid these tensions, the user indulges in his behavior through indulging in drugs. The barriers built between the user and society through counter-cultural and societal definitions, therefore inhibit meaningful communication between the groups. Until these barriers are broken down, reasons, characteristics and results of drug usage will not be clear."

If the barriers separating the drug user from the non-user break down and disappear, there would be no drug problem, but the problems facing the young people today would remain. From the individual's level it is clear that the

...The descriptions of the social results of drug usage seem to be in agreement with the personality characteristics in a manner such that they are inseparable, but the use of drugs seems directly related to the tension level of a society. Since the social attitudes of drug users are markedly different from those who do not admit to a high degree of usage, the drug trend indicates a passive resistance to the pressures of society. The society itself becomes the culprit rather than the individual who quietly avoids tensions associated with active disagreement with established values. To avoid these tensions, the user indulges in his behavior through indulging in drugs. The barriers built between the user and society through counter-cultural and societal definitions, therefore inhibit meaningful communication between the groups. Until these barriers are broken down, reasons, characteristics and results of drug usage will not be clear."

Realistically drugs become one more distraction, the backoning for attention whatever your purpose for responding may be. No problems are solved by magic solutions discovered because of drugs themselves, the product of involvement usually being a bigger headache. The problems facing each individual, as well as today's youth, demand thoughtful undivided attention. Hopefully mankind will eventually realize that the solution to problems lies in confrontation.



Untitled

By JIM LUCAS

love
(barnacles
on a rotting hulk
oblivious to the ruin
around them
go on
living)
love

*Lived a little Chilomonas
And his daughter, Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*Light she was upon the bubble
Where we danced the flagelline;
It was there the Phacus found her,
There I lost my Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*He was flat and wrapped in spirals,
His paramylons were nine;
Hypnotized her with his stigma,
Swam away with Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*When we parted her flagella
Trembled as they pressed in mine,
But the Phacus came between us
And was gone with Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*Took her into salty water
When the sun began to shine,
He was caught by Pelomyxa,
Left alone was Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*'Round she swam in stranger places,
Concentration grew saline;
'Till at last she couldn't stand it—
Plasmolyzed was Chilomine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

*Still her ghost returns to haunt me,
Still we dance the flagelline
On the bubble by the desmid,
Where the Spirogyras twine.*

*Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Chilomine,
Thou hast gone and loved a Phacus
And can never now be mine.*

The Zoo and Stuff

By HOWIE EDGAR

I am eight. My brother, Russell, is seven. Right now Russ is drinking a Coke. He likes Coke but I don't think he should drink it because it gives him gas and makes him belch terribly. We are sitting here in Russell's bedroom with Mother. We asked her to help us write this story about the zoo and stuff. At least she can spell the big words.

Russell's bedroom is located on the southern side of the house which is located in a large suburban community on Long Island. We didn't always used to live on Long Island though. A year or so ago we lived in New York City. Right in the middle of it too. They call this place where we used to live Harlem. But now, like I said, we live in the suburbs of Long Island. And we are older too.

Anyway, when we were both about five years old, Mother would take us to the zoo. At five, a trip to the zoo is very close in real value to a million dollars. It was for us. We took the cross-town bus. Loud, smelly, and fuming all the way, we loved it the way pigs love to play in the mud. From the moment we hoisted ourselves up those three giant steps that led into the beast, until the moment we arrived at the zoo, we experienced an exhilaration which was beyond compare. At least Russell did. Without fail, ten minutes after the bus started moving, I threw up. Therefore, I sat next to the open window at the instruction of my mother who was once a victim of motion-sickness herself. I guess that throwing up out of bus windows is not an uncommon thing in New York.

With each trip to the zoo my fondness for and dependence upon the open window grew stronger. It was like a security blanket. And I wondered if it would always be there if I needed it.

The zoo itself lay in the midst of Central Park.

It was appropriately named the Central Park Zoo, Yeah, that bus ride was a thing of beauty at five. There were all those people to look at. No one ever said that New York City didn't have enough people. Some of them had black skin, some had brown, some were white like us (but not many), and there were even some with yellowish skin and slanty eyes. These yellow ones were very quiet. They never got on anyone's nerves the way some of the others did. Mother told us that they were brought up right, that's why. She couldn't explain why their eyes were slanty though. This bothered me until Russell told me his theory. He postulated that God had slipped up while making the yellows. He had pinched the corners of their eyes a bit too hard as he made the mold they were to be poured in. God, according to Russell, decided that it looked appealing and went on to make the rest exactly the same way. It sounded feasible.

So all these people went to the Central Park Zoo. And though there was much to see at the zoo, they would invariably end up at the monkey house. The main attraction there was this gorilla named Joe. People came from miles around just to see Joe. He was no ordinary gorilla either. He could chew bubblegum and smoke cigars and even talk. Not with his mouth the way people talk, but with his eyes.

Father was especially crazy about this gorilla named Joe. The two of them had some things in common. Father also chews gum and smokes cigars. He's almost as hairy as Joe too. The times Father could make it to the zoo with us, he would bring an extra cigar and some gum for this huge gorilla.

There were other monkeys in the monkey house. All of them were smaller than Joe which led

being of the philosophy that the best should always be saved for last, went to the other cages before we went to Joe's. Mother said that the monkeys were the smartest animals at the zoo. That explained why the people laughed loudest when they visited that particular house. Everyone laughed that is, except me. I thought it was somehow improper to laugh at anything so smart. Walking past individual cages, I felt a curious respect for all the monkeys.

As I said before, Joe was the main attraction at the zoo. And he talked with his eyes—mostly to Father. When he saw Father, he always came right over and stuck his big hand through the bars. Father would take the cigar from his pocket and place it in Joe's hand. Immediately, the gorilla would stick it in his mouth while rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. The way a man would do. Then he would lean forward in the manner of a British gentleman as Father lit the cigar end. Joe did not inhale, nor did he at any time remove the stogy from his oversize lips. He merely sat there in



his cage like the Kingly beast that he was, and
the crowd. Cheers and guffaws that made Father
smile proudly. Of course, if it wasn't for Father,
Joe would probably never have anything to smoke.
Father would rehash the incident over and over
until the next visit to the zoo. On a Saturday
morning he would say, "Let's go see Joe today."
And we would because Father wears the pants in
our house. None of us really minded since it made
him happy. And he wasn't happy very often. Not
so we could see him anyway.

For more than a year we visited the zoo and
the big beautiful monkey named Joe according to
Father's whimsical moods. And whimsical though
they were, we didn't have the hearts to tell Father
that we really didn't want to go all the time. I
recall one night when Mother came in to tuck
Russell and myself into bed. She told us how
Father had been brought up in an orphanage and
how they were very strict there and how they
made the boys work hard and eat slop. I didn't

know what slop was, but I did know that it didn't
sound very good. She told us how Father never
really had much fun as a child and how he was
trying to make up for it. That seemed understand-
able. I suspected that he never got much attention
as a kid either. Which was probably why he liked it
so much when he was at the zoo with Joe and all.

Like I said, we went to the zoo often. And we
always saved Joe for last. Well, one time we went
to the zoo and when we got to the monkey house
there were a lot of people crowded around the
entrance. It was closed. It wasn't supposed to be
closed. So Father went and looked for the
zookeeper. Father must have found the zookeeper
because he returned shortly afterwards. Mother,
Russell, and I stood there together as Father
walked toward us. It was odd. He was walking very
slowly and his head was hung low. There were tears
running down his face when he looked up. Joe had
died that morning.

I was too young to understand about death and
stuff at the age of five. But I felt bad for Father. I

then. And there he was, crying like a lost child in
front of all of us. It was hard to take.

Father was miserable when we got on the bus
to go home. In fact, he was impossible to live with
for a long time after that. He never went to the zoo
with us again. He never even made mention of the
place. Or Joe. Or that little monkey who played
with himself to get attention.

We are older now. And we don't live in the
middle of New York City anymore. It has been
almost two years since we've visited the zoo. And
we never mention it around the house the way we
used to. On Saturday morning Father tinkers with
his old Rambler and shoots the breeze with some
of the neighbors. But you know, I sometimes think
I can still see the tears in his eyes.

It's awful hard to forget places and things you
really loved once. I'll never forget the loud, smelly,
fuming buses and the people with the slanty eyes.
And the open window. I used to think that
someday I would die by that open window.



by L. J. Sands

I

Peace Beyond.
The day I hope,
Finds you in health and turned on to basics,
The simple and best of life's needs,
Standing fulfilled.

II

Seem to look in all transitory situations,
It's hard to find a solid fall of rain.

Who lives,
This day I send the sky that's gone all yellow,
Bright and not far from mellow;
A silent sweep of shadows
Restores the glass that's been broken,
It's changed,
Though,
It's never the same.

III

Time was,
And time is,
The things that stand as reality,
The images that glimmer and wane,
The sounds of traffic,
In your mind and before your eyes.

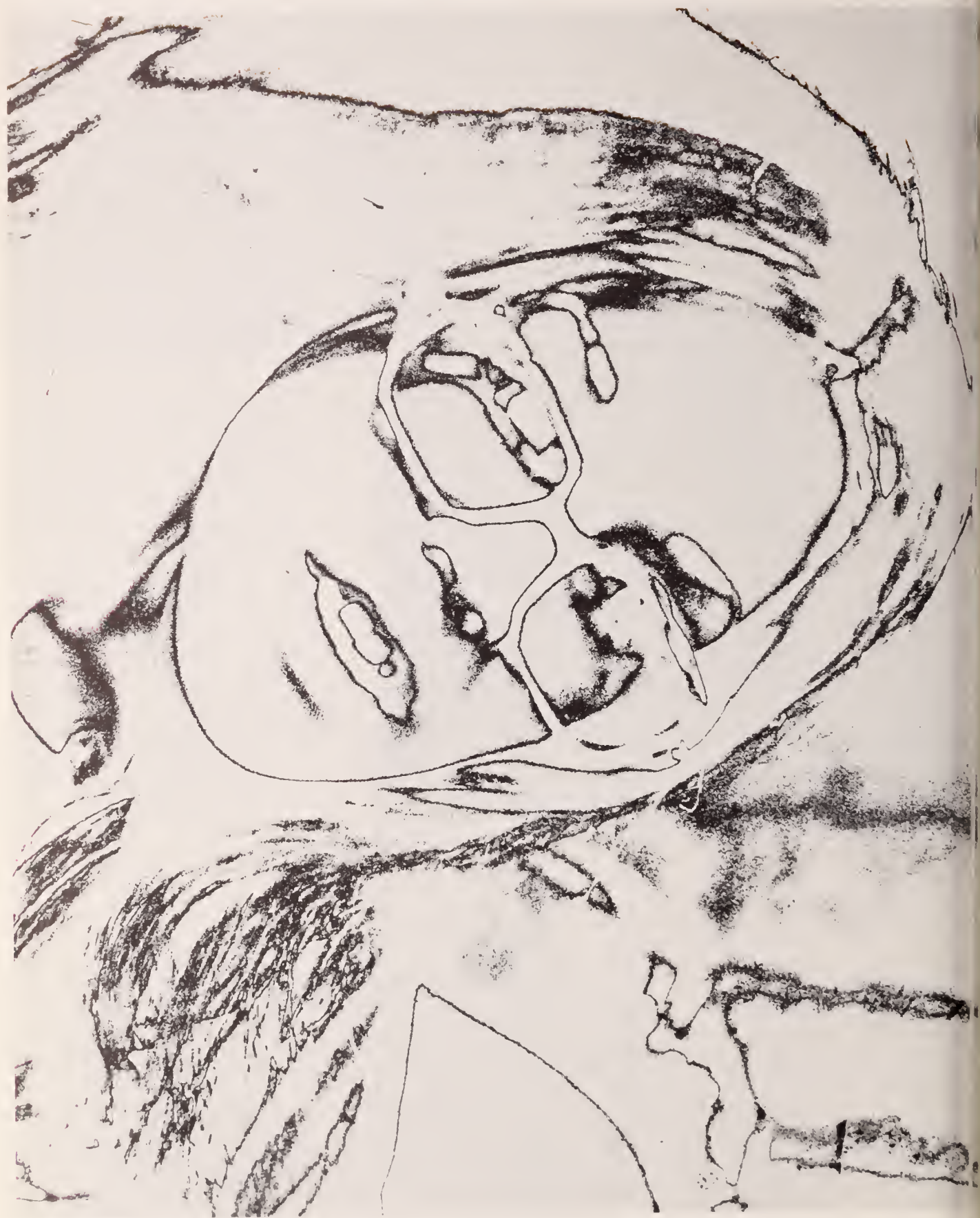
I stand in the midst of chaos
And scream in the window.

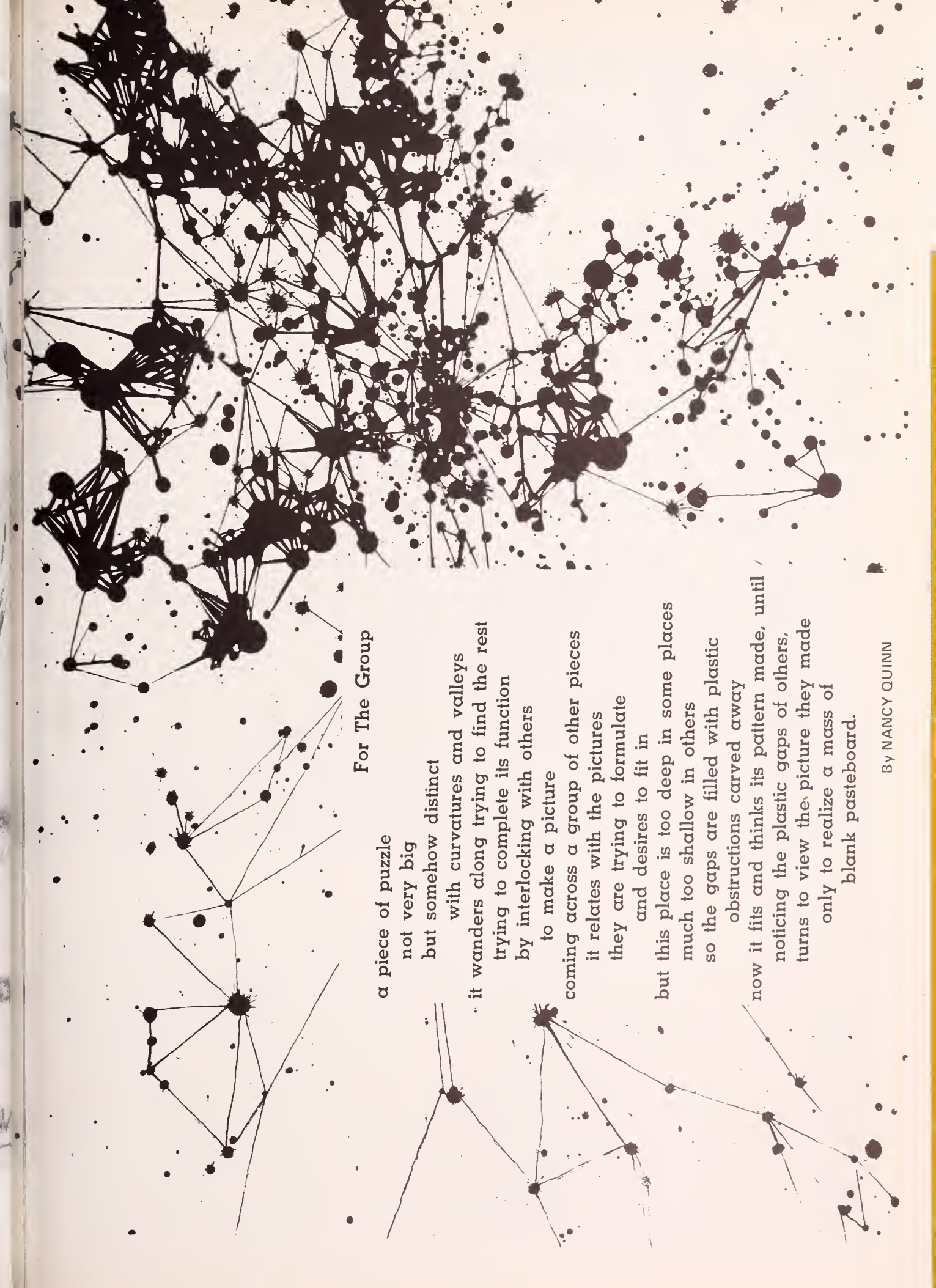


THE NEW YORK TIMES



THE NEW YORK TIMES





For The Group

a piece of puzzle
not very big
but somehow distinct
with curvatures and valleys
it wanders along trying to find the rest
trying to complete its function
by interlocking with others
to make a picture
coming across a group of other pieces
it relates with the pictures
they are trying to formulate
and desires to fit in
but this place is too deep in some places
much too shallow in others
so the gaps are filled with plastic
obstructions carved away
now it fits and thinks its pattern made, until
noticing the plastic gaps of others,
turns to view the picture they made
only to realize a mass of
blank pasteboard.

By NANCY QUINN

Much is being written about the demise of our generation's music-cultural art form, but few have taken time from their pessimistic obituaries to look for the hope of new directions. While 1970 saw a proliferation of indulgence, excess, and ego-tripping artistic overreach, it also saw these attitudes reach a type of peak and begin to ebb.

The frailties of the "rock as art form" perspectives, which came with the creative explosion caused by the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, has been one of the principal sources of rock music's current downward spiral. While the avant garde spirit of *Sgt. Pepper* was the energy source for the creative experimentalism which characterized the music of its period (late 1967-1968), it was also the energy source for the self-conscious artiness which has afflicted rock music ever since.

To understand the contradiction of *Sgt. Pepper's* influence, we have only to measure the creative distance from *Sgt. Pepper* (or The Doors' *Strange Days*, Jefferson Airplane's *Crown of Creation*, Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, Cream *Wheels of Fire*, The Who *Tommy*, or any of Frank Zappa's music—past or present) to such current hype as *Black Sabbath* or the infamous *Jesus Christ: Superstar* (which purports

to be a rock opera but is, in fact, neither rock nor opera). The former works combined the best of avant garde experimentalism with the vitality of the street, and achieved a commendable synthesis. But the synthesis very quickly degenerated into a shallow artiness when the creative artists behind it moved on to fresh ground. Artists attempted projects which were far beyond their aesthetic capacities as well as their technical skills — thus we now have the discarded rock operas, oratorios, masses, and Broadway musicals, all which mistook self-conscious artiness for truly creative insight and development of the music.

The creative doldrums which much of rock has fallen into during the last two years stem from a wide variety of cancers, principal among them: (1) a cultish hero fixation born of and sustained by a thick web of myths which has begun to break down and consequently is leading much of rock's faithful down the road of hero disillusionment (Jagger, Woodstock — Altamont, Hendrix); (2) a pseudo-revolutionary type coupled with a self-conscious exaggeration of political awareness and insight which has occupied the minds of many groups much more than has the development of their music (MC-5, Steppenwolf, Grand Funk Railroad); (3) an overzeal desire to fulfill every

thirteen-year-old teeny-bopper's wildest dream of the mind-blowing delights of acid-rock (Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath); (4) a subservience of musical swing and gentle flow to a hard-driving beat (compare Bob Seger System to Frank Zappa); (5) a decline in the general level of musical literacy and technical competence accompanied by a pollution of the quality of lyrics (Sly and the Family Stone, Iron Butterfly); (6) the following of successful commercial patterns rather than progressive development of their music (Creedence Clearwater, Three Dog Night, Grand Funk Railroad).

Where then is rock music going? Like all great movements, the embryo of *Sgt. Pepper's* successor was born a brother to it, rather than a son. Bob Dylan, the single greatest molder of popular music in the last decade, put out *John Wesley Harding* amidst the experimentalism of *Sgt. Pepper* and Frank Zappa. Harding, however, was a complete contradiction of the avant garde spirit of this period. Even the cover art stood in direct counterpoint to the elaborately arty covers of *Their Satanic Majesties Request* and *Strange Days*. *John Wesley Harding's* cover, as well as the music within, was a simple slice of Americana culture. Whereas the Beatles had consciously moved into the avant garde, Dylan had consciously withdrawn from

TRADITION

in ROCK MUSIC

John Wesley Harding). Dylan's *Harding* was simple both in its approach and purpose, and it was the main precursor of the Band's first album *Music From Big Pink*. With these two albums we see the first movement away from avant garde experimentalism and its resultant concern with artiness over true art. In the three years since the appearance of these albums, there has been a gradual move by the older, more musically together groups toward this simple Americana music. The Byrds have since put out four albums in this genre, while the most respected acid-rock San Francisco band, The Grateful Dead, has finally returned its music to the roots which were hinted at in their first album as well as the later release-Aoxomoxa. One of the earliest groups to catch a glimpse of the Band's synthesis was the Buffalo Springfield. Through three albums they displayed a unique blend of country-bluegrass with their folk music background. The principal offshoot of Springfield-Crosby, Stills, and Nash-added new impetus to the movement by abandoning the use of all electric instruments for the simplicity of acoustic guitars. Many younger groups would follow the lead of Dylan and The Band by achieving various blends of country-folk-bluegrass-hillbilly and rock musical modes.

The Band, however, went far beyond a mere musical synthesis of diverse forms. Like Dylan's music, theirs was a conscious move away from the experimentalism and artiness of Sgt. Pepper and towards a more solidly rooted art form - folk art. It has been discussed before¹ that the criterion for folk art is its ability to tap deep into the collective

unconscious of a particular culture and to bring the unconscious spirit and emotion of that culture to the conscious level through some sort of subliminal association. Their songs "hit you like odors remembered from childhood, evoking rich, sharp chunks of memory ... telling stories of things we may not have experienced directly but still feel in our blood as bits of our collective life on this continent." (John Poppy—*Look*, Senior Editor). The Band synthesized the music of traditional Americana (country-hillbilly-folk-bluegrass) with the contemporary music of the street-rock and roll, and then fused this musical synthesis with the timeless spirit of the collective cultural unconscious to create a progressive music rooted deep into the people's culture. In this way they expanded the limited cultural base of rock music, while at the same time speaking to the new youth culture through its own media about its larger culture source. It was through this diverse synthesis that the Band's work transcended a mere musical mode and passed into folk art.

Many critics have asked about the value or even the need of The Band's "bridge" between Americana culture and the new youth culture. They would assert that the new youth culture is a large enough culture base for rock music. It seems, however, that these critics mistake *culture* with *cultism*. The youth movement has developed a quite successful miasma of cults, complete with resident myths, heroes, and pseudo-ideology. But it seems very difficult to support the conclusion that we have developed a "new culture," and it is a culture base, not a cultish base, that is necessary for any true or lasting art



form. Ellen Sanger's, writing in *Saturday Review* (Dec. 26, 1970), has caught a glimpse of Dylan's and the Band's value: "Invention is the child of vision, and it is quite clear at this point that rock and roll musicians are reaching for a wider audience (and vice versa) realizing that continual acceptance depends on more than cultish appeal. There is an awareness that the music they create must break more frontiers to come beyond teenism, if it is to renew itself for a fresh generation unimpressed with precedent."

Whether or not rock music has been or will be inspired by the vision of possibilities created by The Band and Bob Dylan is an unanswerable question. It is undoubtable, however, that rock has already been at least influenced by the musical synthesis achieved by them, which has (coupled with widespread frustration and disillusionment with avant garde experimentalism), returned at least a part of rock music to the realism of its roots.

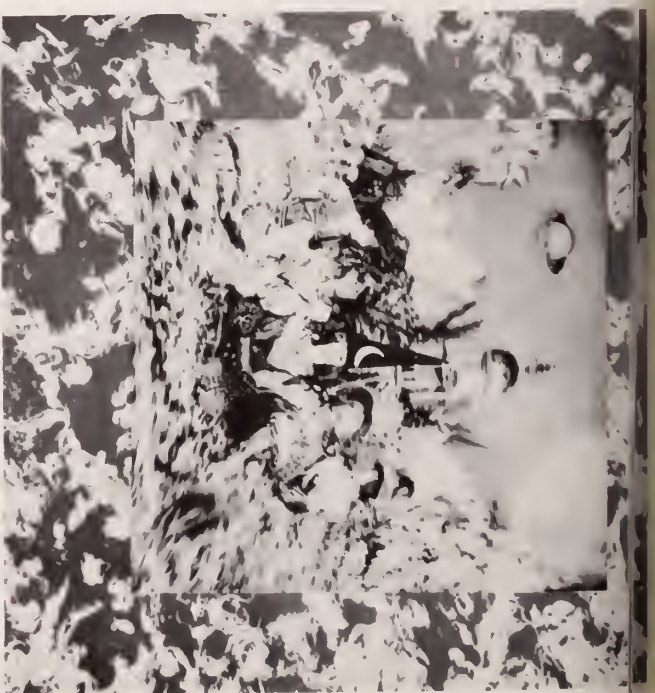
A second major direction in rock music was born late in 1970. Throughout the last decade the two major innovators in popular music, and more specifically in rock music, have been Dylan and the Beatles. Their influence has been so powerful and all-persuasive that you can discern the entire movement of rock music in the last decade through the progression of these two sources. We have just seen the influence of Dylan on the music of the last three years, and of course the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* was a major source of development, but the importance of the Beatles now lies in the work of the individuals who once comprised that group.

Whereas Dylan and the Band sought

conscious of Americana culture, John Lennon in his *Plastic Ono Band* (Nov. 1970) has delved into the individual subconscious. Lennon has explored deep into feelings which are intensely personal, and intensely painful, and has given us a myriad of insight into his personal odyssey.

Some may object and say that many other rock artists have done this before, but to say this is to show that you have not really comprehended what is going on here. Whereas people such as James Taylor, Neil Young, or any other of a host of artists have given us fleeting glimpses into the private recesses of their lives (see Taylor's "Knocking Around the Zoo" or Young's "Helpless"), they have never bared their chests and shown their soul. They have always hidden behind the objective reality of their private myth and have continually confused a detached inspection of their objective myth with an involved introspection of their subjective self. This is precisely the distance between Taylor's pseudo-realism in "Knocking Around the Zoo" and Lennon's scream of pain throughout the last minute of "Mother." Anyone who has read Hunter Davies' "Authorized Biography of the Beatles" or Michael Brown's similar biography *Love Me Do* knows that "Mother" is the result of a long, painful search through the subliminal self to find the source of the mother fixation which afflicted him from his earliest childhood.

"I wrote from experience, not from projecting myself into a situation and writing a nice story about it, I always found that phony, but I'd find occasion to do it because I'd have to produce so much work, or because I'd be so hung





up, I couldn't even think about myself." And elsewhere he talks of the source of that song and most of the album.

"You're born in pain. Pain is what we are in most of the time, and I think the bigger the pain, the more God you look for... creating is the result of pain, too, I have to put it somewhere, and I write songs... there's a channel. It just doesn't remain in me, it goes round and out. I can move a little easier... Janov showed me how to feel my own fear and pain... it was like I was crucified when I felt it... I'm opening the door for John Lennon, not for music or for the Beatles or for my body or anything."

And so, throughout the album, we see the man, stripped of his myriad myth, and baring the reality of his ego for all to see, and through this we feel the spirit of a man crucified from within, reaching out from his own pain to lend us the hand of a friend, so that our own pain may be lessened by his experience.

"There are many, many people who would not like 'Mother'. It hurts them. The first thing that happens to you when you hear the song is that you can't take it. They think 'Oh, Misery! Don't tell me that's what it's all about, it's really awful. Be a good boy, now, John, you had a hard time, but me! me and my mother'..." And Lennon, throughout the album gives us himself:

"People say we got it made
Don't they know we're so afraid
Isolation
We're afraid to be alone
Everybody got to have a home
Isolation.

"When you're by yourself
And there's no one else
You just tell yourself
To hold on.

"As soon as you're born they
make you feel so small
By giving you no time,
instead of it all
Till the pain is so big you
feel nothing at all.

"Look at me
Who am I supposed to be
What am I supposed to be.

"Don't let them fill you with
dope and cocaine
Can't do you no harm to feel
your own pain."

This is the fresh ground which Lennon has opened up to rock's creative energy. How many of rock music's artists can accept the gauntlet of challenge thrown down by Lennon is an open question; but like the Band's use of the collective unconscious, he has created a vision of possibilities for rock to work with and has brought it back down to the level of simple realism.

Dylan, upon first hearing half of the first side of *Sgt. Pepper's* snapped "turn that off," but his reaction to the avant garde experimentalism and the resultant self-conscious artiness of the period was not nearly so violent as the delayed reaction of the major creator of that idiom.

"I was consciously writing poetry and that's self-conscious poetry. But the poetry on this new album is superior to anything I've

done because its not self-conscious."

Unlike Dylan and the Band, Lennon attempts no new synthesis of divergent musical forms,

"The best stuff is primitive and has no bullshit. It gets through to you, it's beat, go to the jungle and they have rhythm. It does throughout the world and it's as simple as that... it's real, and realism gets through to you despite yourself. You recognize something in it which is true, like all true art."

And his constant companion Yoko, speaking is more technical terms has said:

"Classical music was basically 4-4 and then it went into 4,3,2, which is just a waltz rhythm and all of that, but it went further and further away from the heartbeat. Hearbeat is 4-4. Rhythm became very decorative, like Schonberg and Webern. It is highly complicated and interesting — our minds are very much like that — but they lost the heartbeat."

Lennon's music is a return to the heartbeat—a return to the simple realism of *emotive* communication. He wishes to return to the gut level emotion of the street which once was the only power of rock and roll.

"I've always liked simple rock... I was influenced by acid and got psychedelic like the whole generation, but really, I like rock and roll and I express myself best in rock."

The power of the music has always been in its dynamics and activism. It was never meant to be a substitute for the cerebral delights of classical chamber

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR



8

BOB DYLAN
JOHN WESLEY HARDING



difficult to maintain order at rock concerts. The music has a dynamic energy level not matched by any other western art form. Lennon recognizes this power, speaking of the influence of the blues on rock.

"The blues (and rock) are beautiful because it's simpler and because it's real. It's not perverted or thought about. It's not a concept, it's a chair; not a design for a chair. The chair is for sitting on, not for looking at or being appreciated. You sit on this music."

Both Dylan and Lennon share the belief that rock music, with the exception of a few truly creative experimentalists such as Pink F low and Zappa, must come down off the ego-trip of abstract intellectual experimentalism and get back to the "heartbeat" realism of rock's roots.

Lennon's album is devoid of the surrealistic imagery which pervaded most of his lyrics with McCartney. In place of the lyrical imagery, Lennon has introduced an audio imagery which is more aesthetically evocative than his earlier poetical imagery. At the end of the third refrain of "Mother" Lennon goes into the plaintive pleas,

"Mama Don't Go

Daddy come home."

With each repeat of this refrain his plea evolves a degree more toward a primal scream than the immediately preceding cry. By the sixth or seventh repeat, the refrain has evolved backwards to the scream of a child, and by the end of the song the first line has become "Mama don't gooooooooooooooooo" with the word "go" becoming the tantrum screech of a baby in primal pain. Thus, instead of using conventional poetical

BOB DYLAN HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED



STEREO

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MUSIC FROM BIG PINK



Capitol

THIS STEREO RECORD CAN ALSO BE PLAYED ON MODERN WIND
PUSH-ON EQUIPMENT. SAFETY AND WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS.

Capitol

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imagery, he exploits technical power of his media by using an audio imagery to convey his message. A reading of "Mother" without this audio image is a rather abstract non-affective intellectual exercise, whereas hearing the song with this audio imagery is a powerful and emotively affective experience. Much of the significant meaning of the song is also lost without the use of this imagery.

Audio imagery is also used very affectively in "My Mummy's Dead." Here Lennon gives the entire song the sound of a 1940 radio broadcast, complete with the nasal rasp and tube-like echo which marked radio transmissions of that era. By doing this, he gives the song an historical quality which places Lennon back into his childhood role at his mother's death (late 1940's). The song is much more effective through the use of the audio imagery because we view Lennon through the historical time-lock of the radio sound which projects the image of Lennon as a young child experiencing his mother's death, rather than the man he is. The use of this type of imagery opens up whole new areas of emotively affecting media devices which because of their technical bases will remain peculiar to recorded music.

Dylan and the Band sought to expand the culture base of rock music by fusing it with more traditional modes and exploring the collective unconscious of Americana culture. Lennon rejects this expanded culture base, and even castrates the youth culture he helped to create during the mid-sixties. He does not wish to speak to cultures or classes, for his songs are intensely personal and can only be effective on a personal level. The Band speaks to an expanded culture

about the collective historical and temporary life of that culture, whereas Lennon speaks to individuals about individual problems, hang-ups, and pains caused in large part by the cultural folkways and mores of which the Band sings.

"The Band seems to be recording an American history--of earth, humor, muscle, and emotion--that could stand with *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* for truth." (John Poppy--*Look Magazine* Senior Editor)

Lennon attacks that culture vehemently in a manner reminiscent of a distant Dylan,

"Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV

And you think you're so clever and classless and free

But you're still f-----g peasants as far as I can see" (Working Class Hero)

and in "I Found Out" he attacks the new longhair culture even more ruthlessly.

"I'm sick of all these aggressive hippies or whatever they are, the 'Now Generation', being very uptight with me. I'm not their f-----g parents, that's what it is. They come to the door with a f-----g peace symbol and expect to march around the house of something, like an old Beatle fan. They're under a delusion of awareness by having long hair, and that's what I'm sick of. They frighten me, a lot of uptight maniacs going around, wearing f-----g peace symbols."

And this is coming from one of the primary youth heroes or idols of the last decade. But even if such an eminent



GEORGE HARRISON ALL THINGS MUST PASS



movement had not said it, we could not ignore the obvious fact that we have mistaken *cultism* for *culture* and supplanted the development of the latter with the dogma of the former. In the song "God," Lennon is telling us that we must strip away the myths and the cultism and begin to develop our inner lives without all the type and pseudo-development of cultism. In 36 short lines, Lennon destroys the entire mythological history, not only of rock music, but also the mystical myths ("I-Ching," "Bible--Tarot--Magic), personality myths (Kennedy, Hitler, Jesus, Buddha), mystical-spiritual devotion-alists myths (Mantra, Gita, Yoga) political myths of our generation (Elvis, Zimmerman-Dylan, Beatles). At the close of this remarkable expose he does something which has rarely been done in rock music--(God knows Dylan never came close to it)--he turns his scathingly penetrative eye towards himself and destroys the myth of John Lennon--not by a one line "I don't believe" statement but by a more personal and more totally obliterative means. He tells us that the dream is over, and that he is tired of being a "fab, fat myth" and the world will have to carry on without his particular cultish mythology.

"The dream is over

yesterday

I was the dreamweaver

But now I'm reborn

I was the walrus*

But now I'm John

And so dear friends

You just have to carry on

The dream is over."

Thus John Lennon has brought rock music full circle. All of the sources of

the music's current problems are touched. He destroys the once useful, but now destructive mythology of rock, he exposes and condemns the dead-end cultishism left over from our teenybopper years, and he vehemently attacks the pseudo-revolutionary type, and well as the longhair delusion of a causal relation between socio-political consciousness and long hair. He further defines artistic overreach by denying the self-conscious avant garde artiness which he himself had created with *Sgt. Pepper*, while at the same time denying his famous "we're only in it for the money" salute to pseudo-progressive commercialism (research his walrus imagery in "God"). Through all of this, Lennon is still able to open up fresh ground for the creative development of rock music, by delving into the individual subconscious and redefining the value and standards of intensely personal "first person" lyrics.

John Lennon's album, along with the whole country-rock movement started by Dylan and the Band, are two new directions which can give rock music a much needed new energy source for creative development of its musical and substantive expression. A third new direction is found in George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass*, rock music's first "Gita" album--but that's another article.

* For a lengthy discussion of the Band's music, see *The Band: Rock Music as Folk Art*. (The Tiger, November 6, 1970).

* Walrus is "a big capitalist who ate all the fish-oysters" in *Alice in Wonderland*. (Rolling Stone Interview, January, 1970).



WETTER

הפירמנט



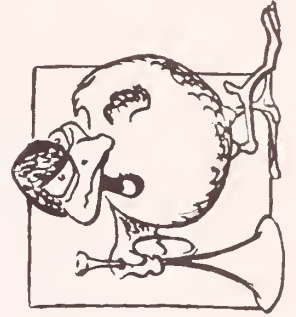
באשכול



עבודת האדמה



ביאטורג'ס פערזענלעכע



GHOSTS

By BOPEEP POTEAT

Few areas of the United States have been so richly blessed with resident ghosts as the coastal regions of South Carolina. The beautiful shoreline, reinforced by broad strands, high dunes, and subtropical forests, and the proud, old names that date to the country's earliest humble beginnings contrast with the strange Gullah influence that brought voodoo from distant African shores. The ghost tales come from descendants of the planters, plantation overseers, fishermen, and the Negroes who were the plantation slaves. All have historical bases and verifications.

Each of these specters has its own special story: some loved their homes and continue to watch over them; some warn of impending disaster; some await the return of a lost lover. Still others remain whose identities either were never discovered or have been long forgotten. A few, such as Theodosia Burr, were famous and wealthy during their natural lives; but others were destitute, and at least one was a lowly animal.

The area around Charleston is especially prolific. In fact, it has been said that every old house in Charleston has its own ghost; and if one is properly attuned, he will see it or at least become aware of its presence.

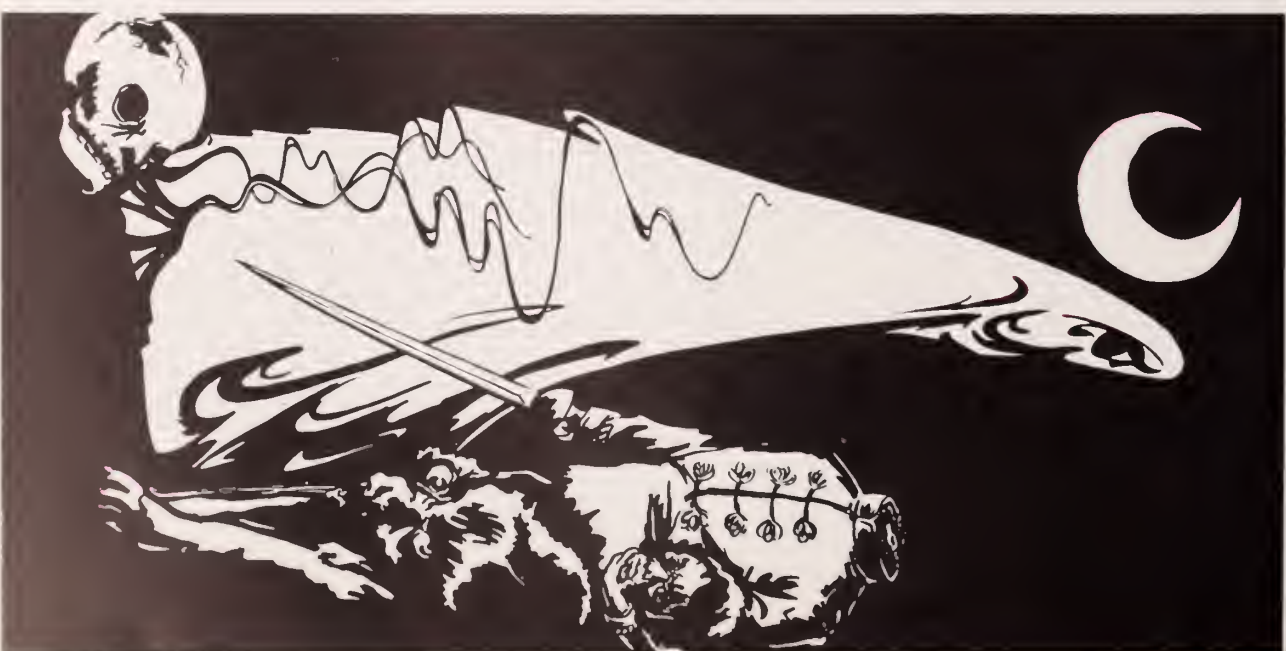
One of these old homes, Brick House, was built in 1720 and was owned by the Jenkins family. The only daughter Amelia was a tomboy, and her

constant companion was an Indian lad named Concha. They used a secret birdcall to signal each other; and whenever Ammie heard it, she would sneak out to meet him. This companionship continued throughout their childhood, and eventually Concha fell deeply in love with Ammie. She scorned his love and told him that she thought of him only as a wonderful friend.

As time passed, Ammie met a young man named Paul Grimball and fell in love. Concha was extremely jealous and threatened her. He said he would never give her up. After that, Ammie was frightened and refused to answer his calls. She never went out alone for fear of meeting him.

In time her engagement was announced, and the wedding date was set. Every night the birdcalls cut the silence, but Ammie ignored them. On the night of the wedding, the house was filled with guests eagerly awaiting the appearance of the young bride at the head of the stairs. Suddenly there was a singing sound and a piercing cry. Amelia staggered to the stairs and started down. The guests watched in horror as they saw the arrow in her side and saw the red stain spread over her white gown. Paul caught her on the thirteenth step where she collapsed and died.

The mansion is now burned, but at the northwest window of the firegutted house, a lady in white appears. Those who see her also hear a



and coming from the nearby woods and a grisly, piercing cry of pain.

In March of 1796, Timothy Wale came from England to work at Belvidere on the Cooper River three miles from Charleston. He had had a hard life and had come to America to earn a better livelihood and to find the happiness he had never known. He was filled with bitterness from having lost his family and his sweetheart to tuberculosis and had become disillusioned.

One day a slave girl named Clarissa approached Timothy and begged him to help her run away. He refused saying he had no money. She pleaded and said she could get the mistress's jewels for him if he would take her away. Filled with greed, Timothy promised to help her. When the mistress went to town on Saturday, Clarissa emptied the jewel box into her handkerchief and presented her prize to Timothy. He accepted the jewels and turned to leave. When she tried to follow, he pushed her aside and said she would be whipped if she were caught. She pleaded with him, but he refused to take her with him.

When the family left for church the next day, Clarissa feigned illness so that she could cover up her crime. She reasoned that if Belvidere burned, no one would know that the jewels were gone. She set fire to the mansion and hid in her own cabin. When the family returned, they questioned the girl and in her fright she confused her story. She was arrested and tried. She broke down and confessed to both crimes. She was later hanged.

Under the cover of night, a strange presence can be felt along the avenue leading to the mansion. The thing comes so close it can be seen and touched. It has no definite shape, only a dark form with white eye-balls and staring eyes. It is the ghost of the slave girl Clarissa waiting for the English gardener who never came back.

In another part of Charleston, the young daughter of wealthy Mr. Withers fell in love with a sea captain against the wishes of her family. Her father finally agreed to the marriage if the couple would wait until the captain returned from his

great voyage. Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding and at last the captain returned. He had brought his bride a rare gift: a bracelet exquisitely carved of pure gold with small beetles with ruby eyes linked together by a delicate chain. He had bought it from a seaman who said it had come from the tomb of an Egyptian princess. He sold it because it had brought him nothing but bad luck from the day he had found it. The captain bought it but thought it more likely that the seaman merely wanted money for a drink.

The girl promised to wear it at her wedding the following night. She tried to put it on then, but the clasp was stuck. She summoned a jeweler who said he could open it for her. The hour of the wedding approached and all the guests had assembled. Suddenly they heard a scream. They were awe stricken as the girl appeared at the head of the stairs and fell. The young bride was already dead when she landed at the foot of the stairway.

The rubies glowed like fire on the bracelet that encircled the girl's wrist. The captain knelt and gently unfastened the clasp. To his chagrin, tiny claws from the beetles' feet were embedded in the still-warm, white flesh! As he lifted the bracelet, the claws relaxed their hold and disappeared.

On moonlit nights, the girl is often seen in her bridal gown wandering on the porch and in the grounds of the old Withers-Powell House.

The islands off the coast of Charleston also have their share of ghosts. Kiawah Island was owned for many decades before and after the Civil War by the VanderHorsts. It was once a prosperous cotton plantation and had an elegant four-story house where the family entertained the elite of the country. After the war when it was no longer profitable to grow cotton on the sea islands, they allowed the plantation to become overgrown and used it for hunting.

Shortly after the start of one of their hunts, a shot was heard but was disregarded because it did not come from the direction of the deer stands. Later in the day, the members of the party found Major VanderHorst's horse tied to a tree, but the

major was nowhere around. The horn was sounded for the assembly of all the hunters, and when the party was together, the master was still missing. A search was begun throughout the neighboring woods and was continued for over three hours without success. Additional neighbors were found to join in the search, and shortly before sundown the lifeless body was found. His position indicated that his gun had discharged as he stepped over a log.

Vandals and time have defaced the once beautiful showplace. Broken plaster litters the wide boards of the floors. The exposed places on the walls show that the lathes are hand-riven splints. The lovely wainscoting and mantels are still there and in one room the wallpaper remains unfaded.

Before the island was sold in the 1930's, young people came from Charleston and neighboring islands to have picnics. They launched their boats in front of the house where a wide, green lawn reached to the edge of the water. Soon, however, they stopped coming. They said that strange noises came from within the house, lights appeared on the fourth floor, and they could hear music and laughter.

Another of Charleston's specters is the ghost of a girl named Alice who lived at the plantation home of her parents, "The Hermitage." Alice had fallen in love with a young man, but her parents thought she was too young to have a suitor. Alice felt that her father would let her marry if she went away to school for a year to learn to be a lady. Perhaps he would be sufficiently impressed by her gentle charms that he would forget her age. She spoke to her parents about the matter, and they agreed to let her go.

The night before she was to leave, her lover gave her a ring. She was admiring it when her brother came into the room startling her. She dropped the ring. Her brother picked it up and refused to give it back. Alice was afraid to tell her parents so she searched the entire house, but she could not find it.

Alice left and became a student at an exclusive

school for young girls in Charleston. It was one season for elaborate balls, and Alice had a new dress made for the occasion. It was a flowing white gown with lace and embroidery. She wore it to the dance and looked lovely in it.

Shortly after the ball, Alice fell ill with typhoid and was sent to her home at Murrell's Inlet. She died within a few days. The gown was taken out and the girl was dressed in it for the last time. She was buried initially on the plantation but was later moved to the churchyard of the All Saints Waccamaw Church to be near her relatives.

A few years after her death, a cousin from the North came for a visit and brought her young son with her. At breakfast the following day, he asked his mother who the pretty girl in white was who had been in his room the night before. The hostess asked him to describe her, and she recognized her as Alice. Shortly later the apparition appeared in the garden to several members of the family.

Many years afterwards, another young lady lived in the house. She had just become engaged and was sitting in the room that had belonged to Alice. She was admiring her ring when she felt an icy hand on her arm. The ring was jerked from her finger and landed on the floor in front of the door. The girl saw a whiff of white pass over it and through the door.

"The Hermitage" still looks much as it did when Alice was alive. She has reappeared there for three generations sitting in the window of her room or walking through the garden on moonlit nights.

The ghost of Theodosia Burr haunts the same area. Her mother had died when the girl was only twelve years old. She idolized her father Aaron Burr who was Thomas Jefferson's vice president. She lived with him at "Richmond Hill" on the Hudson River until her marriage in 1801 to Joseph Alston of South Carolina. She became the mistress of his large plantation, "The Oaks," on the Waccamaw River. Except for the many servants, she was very much alone and became bored and unhappy. She longed for the busy social life she

had enjoyed at Richmond Hill.

On June 29, 1804, Aaron Burr Alston was born. That same year the famous Burr-Hamilton duel was fought. Theodosia was heartbroken; she could not endure the criticism that centered on her beloved father. Then in 1807, Burr was arrested and was tried for high treason. He was acquitted and soon left for Europe.

In 1812, when Burr was scheduled to return to New York, little Aaron became ill and died. A few months later, Theodosia sailed for New York on the pilot schooner "Patriot" to visit her father. During the storm off the coast of North Carolina, the ship disappeared.

For years it was accepted that everyone on board had perished in the storm; but in 1869, Dr. William G. Poole was summoned to attend the widow of a seaman, and he noticed the portrait of a beautiful woman on the crude cabin wall. He recognized the girl as Theodosia and questioned the woman about it. She told him it had been found on a deserted ship near Cape Hatteras and gladly gave it to him in exchange for medication.

At about the same time, a dying man confessed to being a member of the gang of pirates who captured the "Patriot." He said that everyone on board had been forced to walk the plank. He had never forgotten a lovely young woman who unfalteringly walked into the sea with outstretched arms.

The Negroes at Murrell's Inlet claim that at certain times they see her walking along Magnolia Beach with her arms extended. She is sobbing and calling for her little son she will never find.

The ghost that pursues travelers as they pass over the old Buncombe Road through Goshen has staked out a five-mile stretch of the road as his own. He has struck terror into the hearts of many persons between Ebenezer Church in Maybinton township in Newberry County and Goshen Hill in Union County. He roams after dark and has never been known to leave his accustomed path.

It first appeared in 1855 when Dr. George Douglass lived on a bluff overlooking the stage-

night late in October, a slave of William Hardy in Maybinton was ill, and a young slave boy was sent by mule to get the doctor from Goshen Hill which was four miles away. Dr. and Mrs. Douglass were awakened by terrified screams. The trembling boy fell across their threshold crying, "Keep dat varmint from gittin' me." The boy was incoherent from fear. Eventually he had recovered enough to tell the doctor the reason for his visit and to tell his story.

"Marse Bill 'low when I lef', ride fas' but don't you let my mule git broke out in no big sweat. I wuz ridin' along jus' as moderate as I could 'til I got to de white folks' Ebenezer Church. Hit was there I heered somthin' and Marse, I looked back of me and seed de awfulest varmint I eber seed in my life, an' Lawd! I hope I ain't gwine neber see such a thing agin' as long as I lib. When I heered dat noise, I looked around and I seed de terrublist, whitest, biggest dog I is eber heered of in my life. I stuck my heels in dat ole mule and he bruk out in de fastes' run. I thought we wuz leavin' dat dog when all at onct it got in front of de mule. Dat mule reared up and I jus' did miss fallin' often him, when I looked agin hit was stretchin' hit's eyes at me. All de time me an' dat mule was jus' shakin' an' runnin'!"

The doctor told the boy to go back home and tell his master that he would be there at daybreak. The boy fell to the floor and said he would not go outside before morning.

This apparition has been seen by many respected and reliable witnesses since then, and its appearance has been reported with varying accounts. The ghost may jump from a thicket or leap through a closed iron gate. Horses behave as if they were badly frightened. Dr. Jim Coefield saw it while walking with his dog. The dog often followed him, but after they met the "ghost dog," he would leave the road at a certain spot and walk through the woods until the doctor had passed the trail of the ghost. Then he would continue trotting beside his master. The "ghost dog" has been reported

The most well-known ghost of the coast is the Gray Man of Pawley's Island. In 1822, Pawley's was a resort town, and many plantation owners had summer homes there. The daughter of one of them living at North Inlet received word that her fiancé who had been in Europe for two years had returned and would be there as soon as he had seen his family.

In the meantime, her fiancé and his servant had decided to race to her home. The suitor took a shortcut through the marsh. The servant followed and saw his master's horse stumble and pitch its rider into quicksand. The servant watched helplessly as his master sank deeper and deeper into the mire.

The girl was heartbroken at the news and walked endlessly along the strand. One day she was startled to see a young man gazing over the water. As he became more distinct, she was certain he was her dead lover. Suddenly he was enveloped in the mist and disappeared.

When she told her family what had happened,

they brought perhaps her grief had affected her mind and decided to take her to a doctor in Charleston the next day. Within hours after they left, a hurricane struck and the entire population of North Inlet perished. The young girl believed that the appearance of her lover had saved the lives of her family.

The Gray Man has strolled the beach at Pawley's Island since 1822; and when he does, he warns that disaster is near. His appearance was reported again just before the tidal wave in 1893. He most often was seen in late September or October during the hurricane season. The legend was revived in 1954 when a prominent South Carolina woman and her grandchildren saw him right before hurricane Hazel struck. The Gray Man is still seen walking along the strand at Pawley's Island right before a storm. Those who see him do well to heed his warning.

Litchfield Plantation near Georgetown, South Carolina, is one of the oldest in the area. One of its former owners was a kindly old doctor who often returned home at all hours of the night after visiting his patients. He kept the gates to his plantation locked. When he returned home, he would strike the clapperless bell with his riding crop to awaken the gatekeeper who lived in a small house nearby. If the old man was slow to answer the call, the doctor would beat the bell furiously. If no one appeared, he would tie his horse to the bell post and climb over the fence.

Long after the doctor's death, owners of the plantation would hear the bell's clamor during the night. Sometimes he would be seen on the back stairs or in the house, but most often he would announce his presence by ringing the bell. Finally one owner had the bell removed. He said he did not care how often the doctor returned as long as his sleep was not disturbed. People passing the plantation late at night sometimes see a bay tethered in the shadows of the gate and know that the kindly doctor has come back home.

The first mistress of Prospect Hill near Georgetown turned its house and gardens into a place of

beauty as early as 1794. She and her husband often entertained there and once had President James Monroe and the entire presidential party as their guests. They took great pride in their home but enjoyed it together for only a short time before the master died. Not long afterwards, the kindly lady of Prospect Hill learned that she was suffering from an incurable disease. To keep her spirits high, she worked hard to spread happiness around her. Her charity became almost legendary among her slaves.

After a few years had passed, the gentle woman succumbed to her illness. The slaves were frightened over the prospect of a new owner's splitting up the estate and selling them or leaving them to suffer the abuse of a Yankee overseer. Some months passed and no new owner had come. A group of the servants were gathered in the yard to sing and pray and discuss their fate when they saw the white figure of a woman standing on the upstairs portico where their mistress had once stood on warm nights.

Two days later the estate was sold to a kind neighbor whom the servants loved as much as they had their former master. They were certain that the woman had returned to tell them everything would be all right and not to worry. She has been seen many times since then and always is a forerunner of good news or fortune.

When the owner of Prospect Hill died shortly before the end of the Confederate War, he left the estate to his bachelor son who had managed it for him. Before the war, it had been one of the largest plantations in the South; but with the slaves gone and no one left to work the land, the estate was bankrupt. The young man tried to borrow enough money to save the estate, but money was scarce and interest rates were high. As a last resort, he tried gambling in an attempt to increase the little money he had. He lost and was despondent when he returned to his home. He sat alone all night in his room and gently rocked back and forth in his favorite chair. He refused to eat and would not see anyone. Early the next morning, the sharp report of a gun was heard. When the man servant entered

the room, he saw his master lying in a pool of blood repeating over and over, "I'll never leave this place." Then the man died and as he did, the room became dark, a strong wind blew open the window, and the chair began to rock.

The house was sold as a hunting lodge to a sportsman from Maryland. One day as his wife was changing the curtains in the suicide room, she draped them over the rocker. It began to rock violently. The woman ran and found her housekeeper who claimed to be somewhat psychic. She entered the room and saw a man rocking in the chair and asked him what he was doing there. He replied, "I will never leave this place."

Wedgefield Plantation, which is near Georgetown, was erected in the early 1760's by a prominent planter-merchant. He was considerably wealthy, and although he held no elected office, he was influential in the political scene of the period. When the Revolution broke out, he became a fence-straddler because his business depended on England for its support even though he personally believed the colonies should be independent. When forced to choose sides, he announced he was a Tory.

His only daughter, who lived with him at the plantation, did not share his views and became a spy for Francis Marion. She left her messages and received instructions in one of the vaults in the cemetery of Prince George Church.

There was a shortage of quarters in colonial Georgetown, so every house, regardless of the political feelings of the owners, was required to house British and Tory troops. Wedgefield was no exception and was used to quarter important prisoners of war. One of these, an old man, caused Marion much worry. He was the father of one of his officers and knew many of Marion's plans and strategies. Marion was afraid he might unwittingly divulge some secret and jeopardize the entire campaign.

The merchant's daughter was called upon to formulate a plan to free the prisoner who was being held in her father's servant house under

heavy guard. She arranged a party for the British soldiers at the nearby Mansfield Plantation and saw to it that all the guards were invited.

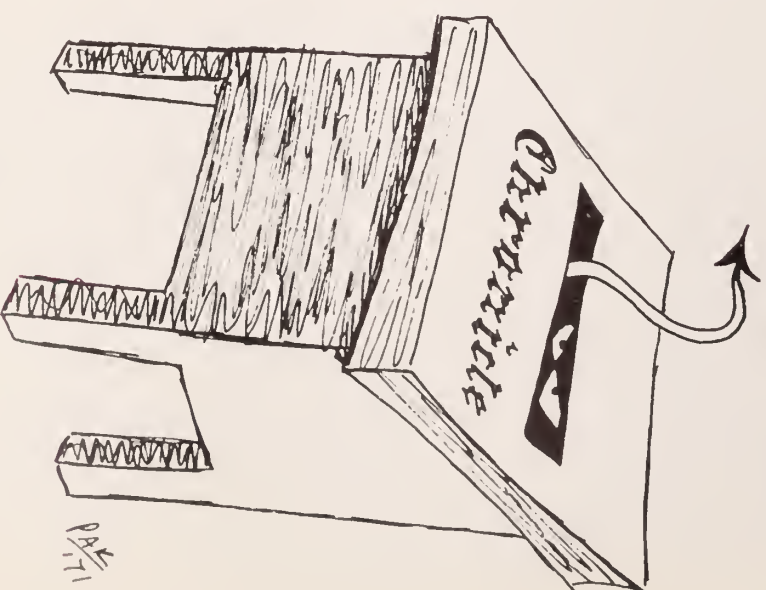
On the day of the party, only one soldier was left to guard the house and prisoners. Shortly before dusk, the guard heard the approach of many horses. Thinking it was some soldiers coming to relieve him, he ran to greet them. As he did, a saber-bearing cavalryman severed the sentinel's head from his shoulders. The prisoners were freed, the ill-fated guard was buried in the garden, and the incident was over.

However, for generations the residents of the area have reported seeing the ghost of the unfortunate sentinel, sometimes altogether headless and sometimes holding his head in his hand. They also claim to hear strange noises before seeing him: either the sound of many horses or what sounds like chains being dragged across the porch.

During the 1930's, the old house was torn down and replaced by the exquisite mansion now gracing the estate. The ghost is not seen so often now as before, but he still haunts the section of the garden where the first house stood. Strange noises are heard even in the new manor, and those who hear them say it is the ghost of the ancient soldier exploring the new house.

No area of the state is completely free of ghosts, or at least ghost stories. Even the state's capital has its share. One night as Mr. J. C. Tipton, an employee of the Land Bank, was driving with his wife to Columbia along a lonely stretch of highway through the South Carolina swamp, he saw a young girl walking beside the road. She was dressed in black and was carrying a travel bag. The couple stopped and offered her a ride. She thanked them and said she was trying to get to Columbia to visit her dying mother. She gave them an address on Pickens St., and they agreed to take her there. She climbed to the back seat of the two-door sedan. Mrs. Tipton continued to talk with the girl; and when she received no answer, she turned around to see if the girl had fallen asleep.

passenger had vanished. She was so hysterical that Mr. Tipton took her to a hospital as soon as they reached Columbia. Then he drove to the address the girl had given him. When he got there, the house was dark, but he decided to check anyway. He knocked on the door, and it was opened in a moment by a young man who said, "You needn't tell me why you're here. You came to say you picked up a girl in the swamp and she disappeared. She was my sister. She was killed in an automobile accident when she was on her way to the hospital to visit our dying mother. She returns every year on the anniversary of her death."





Life is a dance
The deep beat drives you on
Thundering
Deafening
Soft words direct your path
Whispering
Beckoning
Sounds swirling, churning the mind
Melodious intoxication
Too fast to linger on a single portion
Carrying you onward
Must move on
Turn
Spin
Step lightly
Swing low
Gyrating the body
Losing the soul....
Then it stops
Silence blankets over you
But you were dancing
Dancing to the soft, spinning,
trapping music of life
And now it is gone
And now you have ended.

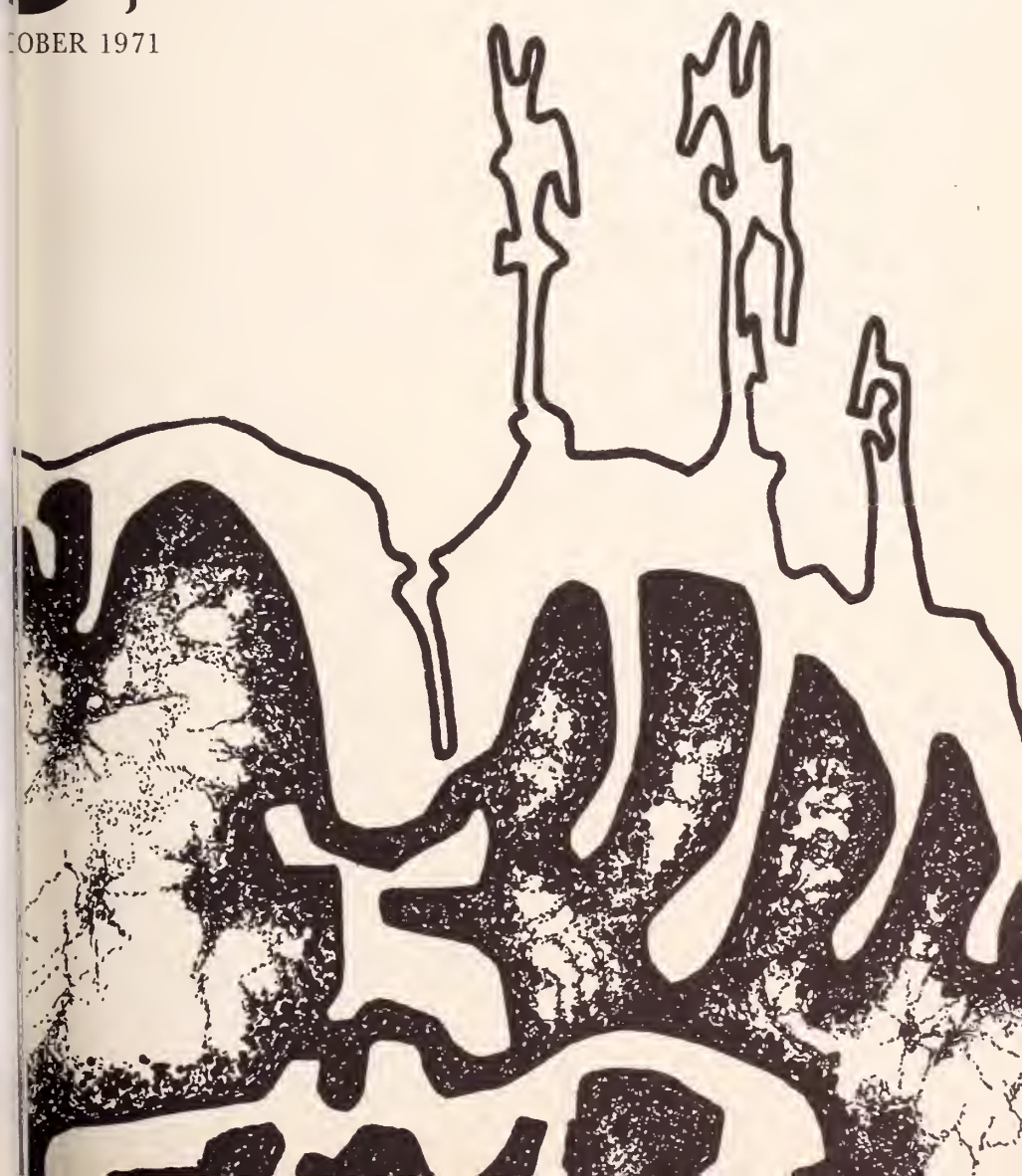
By NANCY QUINN





Chronicle

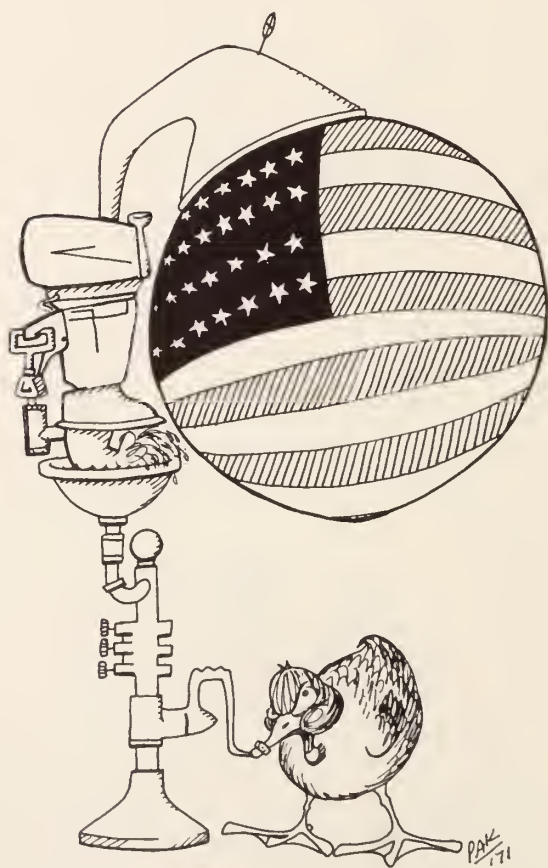
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Symphonics

by Jerry Griggs

It was a pleasant day for a change after a week of rain, so I was able to resume my habit of taking a daily walk before dinner. The ground was still little damp and it steamed a bit in the early evening heat. But that is not what I am here to talk about. I'm here to relate a very strange event which occurred shortly after I had decided to return home. As I was approaching the corner where the business district begins, my curiosity was aroused by a loud noise coming from close by. Attracted, I swerved in that direction to see what was occurring. I noticed a small crowd gathering around a man who stood there screaming out his troubles, his world of bad luck and poor choices, without seeming to be aware that his behavior was unusual and attracting attention. Everyone thought it quite extraordinary that this man should be making public his inner life, sky writing his diary as it were, and they said as much to each other in whispers. In whispers, because they did not wish to disturb this strange spectacle.

As everyone stood and watched, the rising, the falling, the sadness, and the anger, and the indignation in the man's voice gradually took on the character of a weird, despairing music, a music of the soul and a complaint in which all human beings could take part. I leaned my back against a wall and watched from my vantage point across the street as the crowd grew larger and larger and was drawn deeper and deeper into the music. I could see their faces change from astonishment and amusement to pity and agitation. The music was touching them, touching their own lives and their pity for the singing man turned gradually inward and became pity for themselves. Then slowly, a few at a time, the crowd began to take up the song. Eventually, one voice and then another began to take the lead position away from the original soloist until finally no one could not be heard at all.

It was then he became aware of his surroundings. He looked around, surprised to find himself in the midst of so many mournful soliloquies. Shaking his head in astonishment at such extraordinary behavior, he made his way through the crowd and strolled off down the street. When he was several blocks away I heard his faint beginnings of a new song, now that he was in the open it could be heard as a single voice again.

Meanwhile, the crowd at my corner had reached huge proportions and was producing a tumbling symphony, and I banged my head softly against the wall in time to the music.

A Son's Tribute

by S. K. Eisiminger

Broken

sidelong

on the basement barrow

unburied and dishonored—

Her graceful braced-back arch

curved thoughts of pipe-clayed curls—

her broken brow.

Late, long hours spent rubbing

rubbing up the buried gleam

dark as eyes

beneath the bone.

The penitential wool

pricked uncalled hands;

the sacrificial stain

stung a scraped conscience.

Each arm a day

a week on the legs—

a lifetime had warmed and worn

the ass-curved bottom

still warm to the touch

a glory to the eye.

A mahogany passion is an heirloom worth restoring.

william evans

*what have you done
this morning we found you at your bunker
with your face gone
and one of your hands*

*your triggerfinger
some fifteen meters from your post.
when they finally got you
into a bag you
looked like a bowl of stewed tomatoes*

*private evans
what happened last night
you received your
generalorders specialorders
ordersoftheday
you had your orders
you let a little man*

*a brown nut of a gook
crawl through six rows of
concertina wire past
a web of trip flares
blow you into a collection of
unmilitary pieces
you should have been alert
next time
remember
you were an american fighting man*

william evans

*a hick from downstate ohio
eighteen
ugly
as a gnome missing among things we noticed
three front teeth
complexion like a strawberry
i can see the thickankled
cow girls in your hometown laugh at you
left out the last to be missed
even among things of little consequence
you had less than most*

william evans

*where have you gone
in a wink no one will remember
in ten years even your mother will forget
you were gentle as
the wind effaced you like
a cloud
we went through
the things in your tent
this afternoon*

*i got your cigarettes
and a dollar
in small change*

in lieu of a parade

by Jim Battl

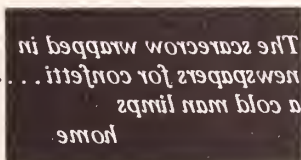
*for william evans
killed 4 july 1966
dau tieng, RVN*

INTERDEPENDENCE

*July . . .
old men clutch
old canes . . .
handles carved like clawed
eagles . . .
old carved eagles . . .*

New York City

*The scarecrow wrapped in
newspapers for confetti . . .
a cold man limps
home*



by Gary Ligi

Rabbit

by Gay Edwards

*Clearly stated what they wanted, but in veiled faces . . .
wanted*

wanted

what they wanted

Act I

Roll 'em

button by button . . . undress me, freely I give

Act II

Pin 'em

hung hind legs still very warm . . .

incisions from hock to thigh

continue along the abdomen

*gritting, grasp the fur skin and jerk off the protection
like a reluctant band-aid*

now . . . relax, relax,

applaud the red rip

you've done it now, it's finished and red

Act III

Screw 'em

Now naked and nasty and dropped on the stage,

watch with respect, please, my

bloody, bold ballet

the graceful pirouette,

prancing muscles without skin,

shiny mucus membranes are my

sequined gown

Why my dears, has your crisp attention been boiled

down to numb nausea?

you skinned the rabbit, now shut up and eat it.



*Two bits a tiny fare
To travel the grotesque
Journey of a mother's mistakes.*

*freak show barker
driving music
look and see
look at me
look look look*

*tattooed lady
horse faced man
fire eater
midget*

*How could she
Build a tree
Pour out a sea
And then
Do this?*

*SLEEP, it seems,
is a necessity
on all levels.*

*and for an extra dime
the she-man
mother and father
in one shell
flaunting the tools*

*of both
she little knows
how she disturbs
three hours
of popcorn
and cotton candy.*

*ah, the fat man
six hundred pounds
of stacked do-nuts
asleep in a chair.*

*Products, these
Of Man or God?*

*Grand finale:
bulldog baby
canine
human
dwarfed grotesque
hairy floating
in a jar.*

*EXIT, and a prayer
Unspoken but felt
For my son
Of the night before
Intercepted
Doomed to a watery grave
In a prophylactic coffin.*

Two Bits: Silent Prayer

by Larry Abernathy



by Ron Brandt

When Seymour's father died, he became the sole support of his mother and six brothers and sisters, all of whom were younger than he. He worked two jobs a day in addition to attending school, which is compulsory for a boy of sixteen. Needless to say, the meager wages he made at the factory and the local McDonald's barely covered the rather extensive expenses that his family accumulated, so he was rather pressed for any money for his personal use. With characteristic pluck, he quickly solved this dilemma. About once a month he visited the nearby Red Cross station and sold a pint of blood for whatever price O-negative was going for at the time. A few dollars sufficed to keep the girl at the desk from putting each of his numerous visits on record, so he at least had a small amount of cash for himself. Tall, laconic, and anemic, life was a rather tedious affair for Seymour, and from this he had only one relief. When the McDonald's closed on Saturday night, he would scurry to a nearby store and buy a bottle of Bali-Hai or Ripple; then, with his treasure securely under the front seat of his '58 Nash, he would blaze away to a lonely country road and feverishly guzzle the contents, thus offering a brief relief from reality. If life was a drudgery all week, then he at least had a few hours on Saturday night to happily fantasize his problems away. Life was complete.

It was during one of these transcendental moments of relaxation that a fairly unusual event took place. Seymour had made the mistake of eating one of his employer's culinary masterpieces just before the place had closed, and this, combined with a quart of luke-warm Bali-Hai which he had swilled in the record time of three minutes, was a bit too much for his digestive system to take. Fighting down his rising gorge, he dashed out of his Rambler and into some nearby brush for the only relief possible. He had barely finished this famous ritual known to all true slaves of the grape, when he was brought out of his stupor by a sound directly in the trees ahead. He glanced up in time to see what appeared to be a giant rat bearing down on him. Tall and gray, with tiny red eyes glowing malevolently in the darkness, it dashed straight toward him, made a dive toward his right leg, and took a frothing bite out of his calf. His evil work done, the creature ran shrieking into the moonlight, laughing and singing what sounded like "The Lemon Song."

Gasping with pain and fright, Seymour struggled back toward his car, the snappy sky blue and orange body painfully evident in the light of the full moon. He struggled briefly for composure, lit a Raleigh, then started his machine and headed for home. As his Rambler purred effortlessly at thirty-seven miles per hour, it occurred to him that the pain in his leg was gone. He pulled into his home's gravel driveway and, on impulse, rolled up his pant leg and examined the wound. Amazingly, there was only a tiny scar about a half-inch long. It was healed clean, but it took on a hideous gray overtone each time a shaft of moonlight penetrated his windshield and fell directly on the wound. Could he have imagined the whole thing?; might it not have been a Bali-Hai hallucination?; might it be that he was working too hard? A combination of the three? A combination of the two?

He lit another Raleigh, his fortieth of the day. Actually, Seymour loathed Raleighs, but his mother insisted that he smoke them. What with inflation and such, it was actually cheaper to supply their garishly furnished home with gifts redeemed from the coupons than it was to buy retail. Seymour paused to entertain the thought of saving some of the coupons for himself, but his mother's need for a new Mah-Jong table was far too pressing. Reflecting thus, a brilliant flash of wisdom dawned on him. His mind raced back to General Biology and the various species he had learned and classified. "By God, that wasn't a rat at all, it was an Aardvark, and a big 'un at that. Wait'll I tell Ma, at last something original finally happened." He fairly danced into his home, but certain sounds emanating from his mother's room made him realize it would have to wait until morning. Obviously, another distant cousin had dropped by for the evening, as had been the case almost every night since his father had died. Seymour smiled inwardly. "Bless her heart, there ain't nothing Ma won't do for a relative." He silently trudged to his hammock in the kitchen and slept the sleep of kings.

Time passed. The days drifted by one after another, a logical sequence of which Seymour fully approved. Moronically, he had all but dismissed the Aardvark incident from his conscious musings, concentrating instead on his two jobs. It was the first night of the new full moon when his tiny world suddenly became unreal. He was frying some McDonald's world famous french fries in sizzling kerosene when the first beam of moonlight hit him through the overhead vent. He began to feel feverish as he swayed uncertainly in front of the bubbling cauldron. He tried to compose himself, but in this he was interrupted by the

hideous shrieking of a lady customer who was pointing at him and drawing the attention of all the other patrons. Whirling about, Seymour caught the first glimpse of himself in the place's front window. Overwhelmed with fear and surprise, he made his way to the men's room and cautiously stared in the mirror. He shuddered with nausea as he realized the truth. The stubby front paws, the long, narrow head, the tubular mouth so far extended, the slick gray hair that covered his body—Seymour was a giant Aardvark.

He raced to his Rambler and turned the ignition. Smooth as silk, the engine roared to life—then stalled. Crazy with excitement, he tried again and successfully ground out of the parking lot.

"Seymour, what's the matter, you look a bit pale," his mother said as he burst into the kitchen. "You sit down and I'll get you a Bromo." Somehow she didn't notice the overall change in her son's appearance.

"Ma, don't you notice any change?" Seymour's voice cracked with excitement.

"Yes, you do look a bit odd: Here, drink this, it bubbles from you the troubles."

"Can't you see? I'm an Aardvark, I'm an Aardvark, damn it!"

"A what vark?"

"An Aardvark! I got bit by this giant Aardvark a few weeks ago, and now I'm one. Christ, what am I gonna do?"

"Now calm down. It's not that bad, you could be an empire."

"That's umpire, but anyway, what am I gonna do?"

"Well, you can't run about like that, you'll ruin your pretty uniform. I'll make you an outfit to go with your 'new look'. It could be worse."

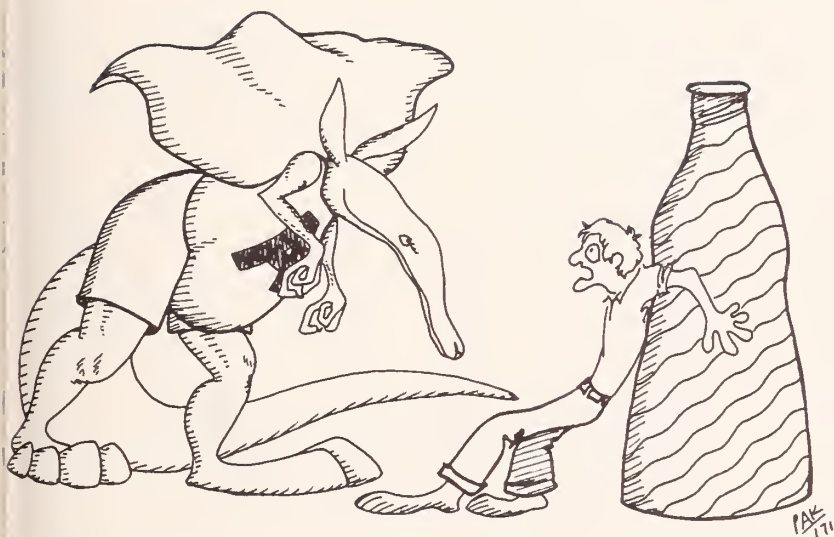
"Maybe so. I guess others have had it worse." He regretted that, it set up one of his mother's time-worn homilies.

"I cursed because I had poor eyes, 'till I saw a cheerful man with no head." Seymour nodded silently, recognizing the wisdom behind those words.

Weeks passed. Generally, Seymour managed to maintain some semblance of normality for a time, but when the full moon came, he left his work early to terrorize the countryside as "Aardvarkman." Just before dusk, he would put on his outfit of chartreuse and purple and wait eagerly. The outfit, cape, boots, and tights of chartreuse with a tasteful purple "A" in the most strategic places, was a thing of radiant beauty. When the moon's glow reached its peak and the transformation was complete, he would frequent all the cheaper, dirtier beer joints in the area; his mission: to find and attack an anemic wino, thereby relieving himself of the curse. For this was the way of the Aardvarkman, Truth Justice, and the Anemic way. Seymour understood this all too well, for the craving to bite an anemic wino had been strong in him since the very first.

In this he was frustrated. Most of the bars' patrons were too plastered to pay much attention to a giant Aardvark clad in chartreuse and purple, and Seymour had no way of determining anemia offhand. He entertained the thought of biting *all* the winos in each place, but that was a bit time-consuming and no real guarantee of success. Craftily, he decided to bide his time and to wait for the perfect moment.

Several months passed before he finally trapped his quarry. He was a stooped, elderly man in a dark blue suit that had seen better days. In front of him were several empty Ripple bottles and an overflowing ashtray. Aardvarkman sauntered in, spotted his prey, and instinctively knew that this was the man



whom he'd been seeking. Controlling his excitement, he casually sat down next to the old gentleman, then opened negotiations with a polite "Hello." The old-timer slowly looked up, his eyes opening wide with surprise. "Are you an Aardvark?" A heady aroma of fermenting Ripple and unfiltered Luckies made Seymour's head reel. Slyly, he shot back: "Are you anemic?" The old guy replied that he was. "Then I'm an Aardvark. Will you have a drink?" To this the fellow was more than willing. Seymour turned to the bartender: "Garçon, a bottle of your best Ripple for my friend and I, spare no expense."

"What kind do you want?"

"Why, Pagan Pink, of course. The choice of discriminating Ripple drinkers." The old man then introduced himself as Sanford Gass, adding that he had, at one time, taught Zoology at a prominent southern university, but had been purged by the administration for failing a prominent athlete in one of his classes. He'd been a lush ever since. The bartender arrived with their refreshment. With a flourish, Seymour tossed a five-dollar bill on the counter, allowing the bartender to keep a quarter tip, but to have several more bottles of Ripple at his beck and call.

"Ah, 1971, an excellent year for Ripple," Seymour praised the vintage as he poured. For some time the ex-professor rattled on about himself, his problems, and his aspirations, all of which bored Aardvarkman to tears, but as, nonetheless, necessary. Several bottles of Pagan Pink later, the old man crashed to the barroom floor in a stupor. Quickly, silently, Aardvarkman struck.

Years passed. Seymour was now a foreman on a factory assembly line. He had a nice home in a nice subdevelopment, with a nice wife and four nice kids. Since his mother's death, he had progressed slowly up to this, the pinnacle of success. He had several nice friends with whom to compare identical lives, and his nice job to devote his every waking thought to. Still, one day he became restless. There was no more moon to follow, no more drunks to chase, and no more chartreuse and purple outfit to wear. Soon after that day he began visiting the Red Cross again, drinking gallons of cheap wine, and sitting alone in the woods when the moon was full.

RENTYU RABIN ONE, IMPERSONALLY
LABERNATH

JERRYGRIG
SYMPHONIES
ASOME
RIBUTE
INLEUOFAPARADE
BATT
INTERDEPENDENCEBARK
NEWYORKCITYGEARLIG
TWOESILENTPRAYER
LABERNATH

BOOSRABBI
GRAYED
IMAGINE
TREATY
NO
ZVRE
HARTVAB
CROCHEN
EWE
BROG
MAN

TRAILER PARK
LABERNATH
I WOULD WERE
A UNWYEL
HAPPY
ADULTITUDE
IS NO THIN LIFE
DONNA SM
STARK TO
GAY LIC
MORE MOMENTS
WITH GOR
STOUL
TROUTHAN
FLEEING
VACATION
PREY
ATED
A DO
WALL
STITCH

I'LL RENT YOU CABIN ONE, IMPERSONALLY

by Larry Abernathy

*You roused me from a pleasant dream
But I could see that you
Were very drunk
And very ugly
Behind your crooked spectacles
But I'll rent you Cabin One
Impersonally.*

*A whispering pang of sorrow
A searing wave of anger
Embraced me
When you parked your shiny car
And destroyed my neon light pole
My identification
Instantly.*

*You tell me you are Mr. Crooks
Vague and ugly foolish
And she is Mrs. Crooks
Young and plain and painted
Yet you never spoke
Her name*

With meaning.

*Engaging my opinions
Behind my office blinds
It surprised me that
You came out so quickly
Stumbling . . . mumbling
That your insurance
Would fix my light pole
Fully.*

*You told me you'd return
Alone
But when you left
I knew that you were gone
And so
I checked your cabin
Saw the bed
Mangled.*

*Now all that's left of you
Is a tie on the cabin floor
Your license number
A check
For eighteen fifty-four
And a pity
For your union
Which could not have been
Meaningful
In a quarter of an hour*

in the imagist tradition

by Jim Battle

Hymnal to the Unkown Aquarian

*(killed in action-15Aug69-in the
dylanshrouded forests of upper new
york-squashed by a tractor)*

thanks

freaks

Trailer Park

by Larry Abernathy

*Ada Jewett lives in trailer three,
And reads her Bible lovingly;
Revels in her lovely light,
And thinks of Jesus through the night.*

*Katy Hooker lives in trailer four
And deals in passion; She's a whore
Who sells her pleasures proudly,
And no one here protests too loudly*

*But, I think it's strange that Ada,
Though not inclined to hate her,
On Christian feet steps from her door
And staunchly refuses to smile at the whore.*

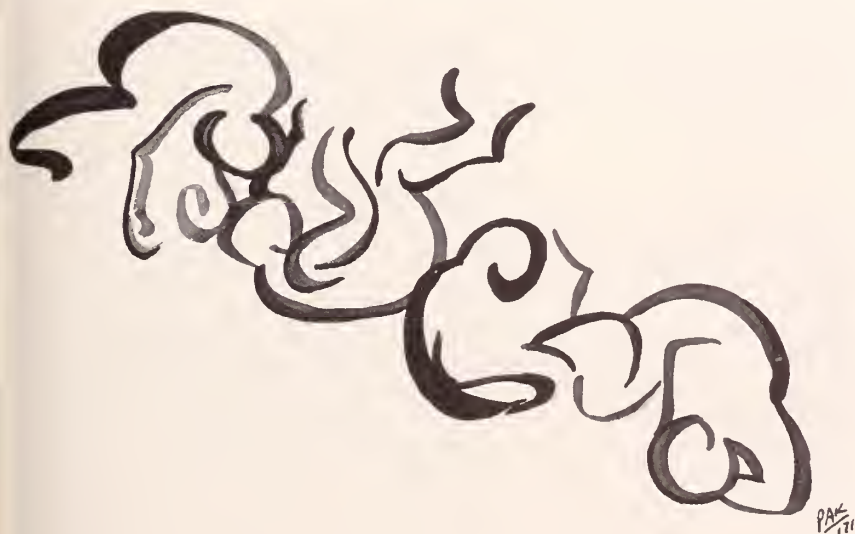
by Harry Macgillicutty

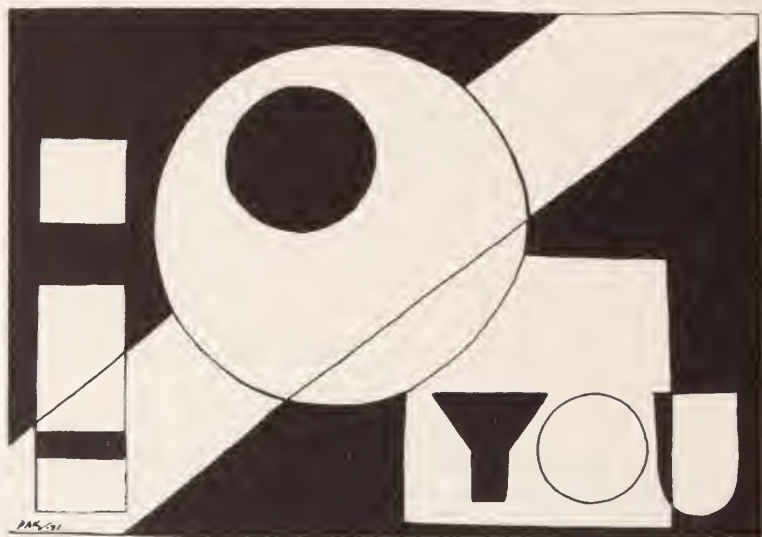
I WOULD I WERE A UNICYCLE

(A Play in one or more acts)

CHARACTERS

- Athlete:* A well built man of twenty, wearing white socks, white shirt, no shoes, with black smears under each eye.
- Librarian:* An attractive woman of 27, with severe features, her hair drawn tightly in a bun held by a small red ribbon. She is dressed in a gray suit, the skirt of which comes only inches above her ankles, bright orange hose and saddle oxfords.
- Eunuch:* An obese man in his middle forties, dressed in a black suit, a white shirt, a gray bow tie, and white combat boots.
- Carpenter:* A pleasant looking man of 32, with shoulder length hair and a full beard. He is dressed in a black and white choir robe.





THE SET

The floor of the stage is black. There are five structures on the stage, each three feet from the floor. The largest, *structure A*, is a perfect circle twelve feet in diameter, painted white. The other four structures are squares, four feet by four feet. The first, *structure B*, is painted blue and has a mailbox on it. The second, *structure C*, is painted red and has a telephone on it. The third, *structure D*, is painted yellow and has three books of varying sizes and shapes on it. The fourth, *structure E*, is unpainted except for some splatters of red and white and the word "YOU" painted on the front in green. On this structure kneels the Carpenter, rubbing a saw with a rag, wetting the rag, from time to time, with liquid from a large clay vessel.

The structures are arranged so that the large circular structure is in the center and the four smaller structures are spread around the stage in full view of the audience, exactly twelve feet from the large structure and exactly twelve feet from each other.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

(This play can be acted as either a comedy or a tragedy, or both. If a comedy, the actors should exaggerate facial expressions, employ an abundance of comic gestures, feel free to break into uncontrollable laughter at any time and make use of any spontaneous slapstick that comes to mind. If the play is to be a tragedy, the actors should maintain grim countenance at all times, allow their voices to break every twelve words, speak in desperate tones that suggest a touch of insanity, and shrug their shoulders a lot. If the play is to be both a tragedy and a comedy, it may be repeated, using each method once, making it a two act play; and, for the sake of emphasis, it may be repeated more, but preferably not more than seven times. Finally the use of the words in this play is optional.)

THE PLAY

As the play opens, the large structure is the only one lit. The *Athlete* is sitting crossed-legged in the center of the structure, the *Eunuch* is lying on a beach towel beside him, propped on one elbow, and the *Librarian* is sitting on a low stool holding a twelve foot two-by-four plank upright between her knees, her arms wrapped around it tenderly as she strokes it with one hand and rests her cheeks against it. Her eyes are closed. (From offstage, music is heard faintly throughout the play; it is a series of familiar hymns on the flute and banjo.)

Athlete: I feel that I should have the board. I should be allowed to cross the void. I am an athlete. I give freely of my talents to all the world, asking little in return.

Librarian: Are you aware of the fact that all of your sentences begin with the word "I"?

Athlete: (apparently paying no attention) I train diligently. I strive for perfection. I am never paid. I must cross the void.

Eunuch: (sleepily) You are a political tool.

Athlete: I have the strength of twenty, for my heart is pure.

Eunuch: (to *Librarian*) You must ignore him. You must let me use the board to cross the void. You can see that I am a eunuch in a business suit. You must know that I deal in high finance. You must realize that business is the life blood of existence.

Librarian: (caressing the board sensually) Are you aware of the fact that all your sentences begin with the word "YOU"?

Eunuch: (to *Librarian*) You come from where?

Librarian: (caressing the board and breathing heavily) From the books.

(At this point, *structure D*, the one with the books, is bathed in light.)

Eunuch: You come here for what reason?

Librarian: To get away from the books, of course.

Eunuch: You got the board from whom?

Librarian: I bought it from a young sailor.

Eunuch: You bought it for what reason?

Librarian: Because of something in the books, a new book. I felt the change when I was moved from the Science section to the Fine Arts section.

Athlete: (jumping to his feet) I want to know what you plan to do with the board.

Librarian: (continuing to stroke the board) Why, love it of course. Give it all it needs. Devote myself to it. It's all in the books.

Eunuch: You must have loved the books.

Librarian: Yes, until they were no longer real. Then I bought the board to cross the void and escape the books.

(The light on the structure containing the books goes out slowly.)

- Athlete:* I want the board!
- Eunuch:* You want the board for what reason.
- Athlete:* I am an athlete.
- Librarian:* Where will you go if you cross the void?
- Athlete:* I shall go to the games. I must mail a letter first, however. (He produces a letter and the structure with the mailbox is lit.)
- Librarian:* But the letter has no address on it.
- Athlete:* I, as an athlete, need no address.
- Eunuch:* You have no stamp on your letter.
- Athlete:* I know that all things come to pure hearts and strong bodies.
- Eunuch:* You get nothing free where I come from. (to *Librarian*) You must listen to me. You must realize that the financial futures of many lie in my hand. You must let me cross the void. You must. You. . . .
- Librarian:* Where will you go?
- Eunuch:* You must let me go to make my phone call. (The light on the mailbox goes out slowly and the structure with the telephone is lit.)
- Librarian:* And what will you say?
- Eunuch:* You know it doesn't matter, because the phone is unhooked. You know eunuchs in high finance only need to talk. You know there is no reason for listening. You know the phone has been unhooked for years.
- Athlete:* I know. I write letters. I must cross the void!
- Eunuch:* You are a fool! You must allow me to cross.
- Librarian:* I have no desire to go back. Why must you go? (She looks up for the first time as if she has had an idea. She puts the board down carefully and crosses to the athlete, putting her hand on his arm.) Let us forget the board. Let us play here together. (She kneels and looks into the athlete's eyes.)
- Athlete:* I. . . I. . . uh. . . I am. . . uh. . . Pure! I am pure! I am Pure in body and soul!
- Librarian:* And empty of mind. (She crawls to the eunuch, looks him in the eyes, and rests her hand on his stomach.) Let us stay.
- Eunuch:* (stares at her briefly and then begins to laugh.) You know my phone is unhooked. You know. . .

(The light on the phone goes out slowly and the light over the structure of the carpenter comes on.) He rises from his kneeling position, drops his rag in the clay vessel, and steps from his structure, carrying his saw. He walks slowly to the large structure and stands beside it.)

Eunuch: (amazed) You. . . You. . .

Carpenter: So it is written.

Athlete: (frightened) I. . . I. . .

Carpenter: Yes.

Librarian: How is it you walk on the void?

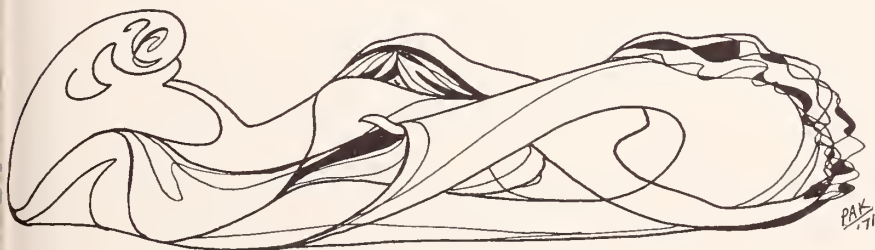
Carpenter: It is in the books. My father taught me.

(The *Librarian*, *Eunuch*, and *Athlete* rise and stare stupidly at the *Carpenter* as he walks slowly around their structure, picks up the two-by-four, and carefully saws it into three four foot lengths. He then gives each of them one of the pieces, and returns to his structure where he puts his saw down, removes the rag from the vessel, washes his bare feet, and reclines as if to sleep.)

(All the lights go off, except over the large structure. The music stops.)

(The *Eunuch* drops to his knees and begins to giggle, placing his section of the two-by-four between his legs. The *Athlete* tosses his section back and forth from one hand to the other, breathing very deeply. The *Librarian* walks across the structure, lies down slowly, wraps her arms around her section, and begins to hum a lullaby.)

(All lights go down.)



On Seeing Ho Thi Van in Life

by Donna Smith

*As you knell in desolation
At the shrine of your beloved,
Adorned
With Salem cigarettes and
Burning incense,
Do you see the candle flame
Mirroring
The nightmare image?
Do you hear the banshee's knock
or feel
The early morning terror
Seize you
Once again,
And see the neighbors
In the dawn
Coming
With news, with news of him?
Did you scream, then,
Ho Thi Van?
Did you scream?*

Storm Song

by Gary Ligi

*I searched through similes
to find Penelope sleeping
in the green.*

*She whispered below my breath
in dreams
of dreams
above our heads
&
above our heads*

*low birds called
the sky black
but I did not wake her.*

Then the storm . . .

*She shivered into the silence of my arms
&
I held her there.*

She was like nothing else.

Three Toed Carrot

by Jerry Griggs



*Oh for a three toed carrot
To be et by a four handed man.
We all thought he was crazy,
Till he showed us his other hand.*

*Oh weep for the death of the monster,
Cried the man with his hands lifted high.
And we all thought he was crazy,
But we wept for it to die.*

"God?"
"My Son?"
"You always ask."
"You always call."

More Moments with God

by John Norton

(jesus!) (Yes?) (are you in there?) (Of course.)
(how much longer?) (two days I think.)

by Gene Troutman

Fleeing

*On a drift wood
desk . . .*

*in the breeze
of seven past floating gulls . . .*

*I scribble to wash myself
for my churned ink well . . .*

*I see
the whipped water rolls
camouflage too
before they break and
are swirled
back under to
journey for just
that again*

Vacation Idol Prey

*Four door axle spinners,
pajama laden, toothbrush tot'in, and all box bunched,
aim for sherwood jungle
over our
multi-splattered
souvenir bargain land.*

*In high octane fury
for noxious stuff
by catchy color-worded
stock yard spots,
pioneers with pamphlet dope
make believe
their intermission
spree is live. . . .*

Stitch for the Dotted Line

by Gene Troutman

*A toad's hiccup,
maybe, paints the
roads with marks,
or maybe sew-machines
strafe the dash-weave down.*

*But, if this line
slips you, like the burnt out
light thrown by a
choked bulb, I'm string
without a needle.*





Chronicle





If you sign the SCPIRG petition,
students at colleges and
universities all over South Carolina
will establish an organization
designed to protect the public
interest in the environment.
In repair bills. In fair business
practices. In whatever area
students vote to investigate.
It will be called SCPIRG - the
South Carolina Public Interest
Research Group. A corporation
hiring lawyers, biologists, engineers,
and others to investigate (with
student volunteers) for the public
interest.

Owned and operated by the students
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If you sign.

SIGN FOR SCPIRG

CLEMSON Chronicle

Student Variety Magazine Of Clemson University

Vol. 12, Number 2 Organized 1897

February, 1972

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Dedicated . . .

Putting out a magazine is a deceptive task. Without actually working on it, one does not realize how very many people have helped with the work involved in putting a particular issue out. Along with this forest of helping hands, though, comes the near certainty that in thanking people and acknowledging their help, there will be some few among the number whose names will have been lost or carelessly omitted. There are even some people, in fact, who have worked up here anonymously a time or two, then vanished from sight without leaving a name. . . . Accordingly, I would like to take this time and space to thank the many who have helped us thus far this year. Particular thanks goes to Bob Wheatley, last year's editor, and Mike Sears for collecting, and to Rex Recoulley and the members of the Calhoun Literary Workshop for contributing much of the material for our first issue. I would like to offer a belated thanks to Bill Ellis who did the basic design for our spring issue last year.

This issue, obviously, is a return to our basic size and shape. (If there is any such. The three previous issues have all been different.) The first magazine's format was due both to economy and to subject matter. This magazine is more of a variety issue.

If it were to have one, the theme of this issue could probably best be stated in the words of a friend of mine as "Dedicated to the proposition that all fits in together, somewhere." Not to imply that this magazine is a conglomeration of dissimilar themes, but rather to suggest the possible, if not probable interrelationships of seemingly widely differing subjects. To state it another way, it might be said that each piece of this magazine presents an individual's striving toward some goal, and that all of these viewpoints or goals intersect at some point.

The Wavemakers feature is the revival of a Jeff Steinfeldt idea of spotlighting people who are actively causing changes on campus, or, as we have it, giving recognition for people's contributions or achievements. The Earlman Ellison interview is an introduction to one of the new breed of science fiction writers who is also, perhaps, the personification of the rational activist, and who writes, in the words of one of my English professors, "like a wild man." The articles on religion and objectivism are both points of information and controversy. Take them as you will. And the fiction, poetry, and graphic features speak for themselves.

That's it for this issue, then. We'll get at least one more out this year . . .

Oscar A. Jones, Jr.



purple gang

To whom it may concern:

As I sit now in this dank and debris-laden hall, the entire series of events leading to this end passes clearly although somewhat swiftly - before my eyes. For those of you not familiar with the circumstances, which, indeed, most of you are not if this letter gets out, I am a former student of Clemson University, writing this now from a small room in the crumbled ruins of Tillman Hall. I am not alone; there were originally 15 of us who miraculously escaped the series of late 1972 and early 1973 tragedies; now there are only 12. I doubt that we can last much longer.

I am writing this now in the hopes that it will somehow find its way out of the Clemson area; we have bribed a National Guard member on duty outside the building not to reveal our position, and perhaps if we increase his payoff by three dirty pictures a week he will deliver this letter to safety. I hope to describe to you, reader, the series of events leading to our present position.

It all began, innocently enough, with a commonplace occurrence. The Chronicle's second 1972 publication was censored, for two reasons: first, the administration discovered that if the word "Chronicle," which appeared over five times in the magazine, were read very fast backwards with a mouthful of cold oatmeal (no sugar), it made reference to a perverted sexual act; second, it contained what the administration considered a "dangerous political article."

The staff was, understandably, upset and decided that this time the action would not be allowed without a fight. Aligning himself with the most militant element on campus, the editor (and the militant element) marched on President Edward's office; neither one of them was allowed inside.

The bitterness of the staff, however, spread to other publications on campus, as The Tiger screamed for student action. Finally, in a move that was to touch off the entire series of troubles, the administration decreed that Jim Walser's name made reference to another perverted sexual act if you added sugar to the oatmeal; further publication of the news paper was turned over to the Office of Student Affairs.

The entire student body rose up in defense of The Tiger. What, after all, could everyone criticize without the Tiger? The answer made itself evident almost immediately when the Dining Hall was the victim of a series of late-October fire bombings. The administration stepped in on behalf of the dining service, insisting that the food served there was too good and should be of a quality in keeping with the "barbarism of the people eating there." The many faculty members regularly eating in the dining hall staged a massive demonstration in favor of the students, and the action snowballed into a

temendous movement: The United Order of Repressed University Students, Professors, and Various outside agitators (UORUSPV).

The administration found itself impaled on the horns of somewhat bitter dilemma; even Christmas holidays didn't stifle this movement, and something definately had to be done.

In this unstable state of affairs, the incident occurred which swung the advantage clearly to the side of the administration. The final volume of the University Self-Study, ominously entitled "Students," was issued in late January. Basically, the report stated that a good number of university personnel, ambiguously lumped into the single category "students," were entirely dead weight. In the interest of complete efficiency, the Administration saw that it was time to act: the students had to be "eliminated as a detriment to efficiency." Further analysis by the Administration yielded the fateful decision: the students weren't much good to mankind, either. Coincidentally, as the decision to act was publicized, the tragic series of "accidental" fires occurred in the dormitories resulting in complete destruction of all of the student housing save only the athletic dorm and a few of the fraternity dorms. The tin cans melted down to the state where they were worth nothing but scrap metal, and that's just what the Administration sold them for. Since a test was in progress on all the dormitory door locks, few students escaped.

We that did manage to get out rallied in opposition to the self-study findings; the administration responded by telling us that our opinion on the fires was to be that ~~of~~ the administration had nothing to do with them, despite the fact that Nick Lost — a noble administrator — was found dead in the basement of Barnette Hall after the fire, surrounded by the evidences of oily rags.

We felt that the administration was keeping something from us. We rallied in the amphitheatre, but were forced to leave when we were, by tradition, of course, bombarded with cherry bombs by hired students. In a panic we met in the safety of an elevator between floors in Strode Tower, and mapped our strategy.

Thus it was that on Ground Hog Day, 1973, the entire remaining student body of Clemson University — 473 of us, including Student Government officials — began at dawn with a series of well-planned terrorist activities to once again put the university on fair and level ground. First, we shut off all the power. With the help of sympathizers in the zoology department, we invaded the tunnels and released 6,000 indoctrinated tse-tse flies to pillage and plunder upon whomsoever they should encounter. Simultaneously, we ripped the facade off of Freeman Hall, burned Tillman Hall (the ROTC building was too heavily fortified

with land mines and Sherman tanks), and clogged the smoke-stacks of the physical plant with eight ton of egg custard.

We felt as if we were at an advantage when the dam broke. Combined forces of the Administration, the National Guard, and Howard Johnson's surrounded the campus and forced the students to retreat and occupy the Robert Muldrow Cooper Memorial Political Museum and Freedom Shrine, where the final bloody battle resulted in the death or capture, with the help of CBW and tactical nuclear weapons, of all but 42 students. Most of these students were rent with anxiety, and there was a rash of suicides following the news that four prominent student Government officials—some of the first liberals ever to gain positions of importance in that body—were found tied and chained together and locked in a trunk on the bottom of Lake Hartwell in what the Administration termed "the damnest case of multiple suicide we've ever seen."

Now, we are 12. Rumor has it that there is still another group of students alive on the other side of campus, but there is no way that we can ever know for sure. Manning Hall still stands and the Administration forces occasionally lob a tear gas grenade into the gutted windows in what we can only imagine is an attempt to flush out some male students who obscenely chose a girls' dorm for their sanctuary.—I feel sorry for them if that is true, for they face a severe Visitation Violation upon capture. The three girls with us already face first degree curfew violations.

I can occasionally hear from our current vantage point the sounds of the administration Secret Police and their powerful dogs as they sift through the rubble of the Tin Cans in search of student hold-outs. What little information we have been able to receive since The Revolution has been slight; we can see through a crack in the Administration Building basement—we laughingly call it our "loophole"—but our sight is somewhat restricted. We had a double agent working with us until he was caught trying to call his mother to tell her what happened; the administration had him drawn, quartered, and passed through a vegamatic on Bowman Field as an "example" to any students that could see.

I am weary, so I must here leave the rest to the imagination of the reader if indeed this epistle reaches the outside world. I have my doubts; under order of the Administration, no contact has been made between Clemson and the outside world since the Massacre; the claim there is a quarantine due to a ptomane epidemic. I fear we shall not last much longer. If nothing else good ever comes of this uprising, let it never be said that Clemson students weren't involved in world affairs; we knew that the food in the dining hall was inferior; we knew that the administration had no right to deny us seats to the Carolina game. We knew that neither the Chronicle nor the Tiger was obscene: we knew these things, and we acted on them, and the few of us that remain know that the other 8,500 of us did not die in vain.

Frankston Durbin

Air escaped from its brakes with a sigh, and the bus came to stop by a pile of tires in front of a filling station. A young man stepped off, and the bus was moving again before the door had even closed behind him. He set his small suitcase down and looked over the familiar little town. Nothing had changed; the few stores looked about as they always had, and the people moved as slowly as ever.

After musing for a moment, he picked up his case and started down the street quickly. He went past the grocery and feed store, turned and went in. Feeling conscious of the curious eyes watching him, he ordered a milkshake and left quickly; it would be several more hours before he would be able to eat again.

Main Street narrowed rapidly into the familiar country road which led to the farm. The road was wider and better paved now than in most of his memories. Yes, Granddaddy had spent much of his time in the past two years trying to get the road improved. That project, like so many, had been undertaken to help his neighbors. Granddaddy was probably just as happy that it was only the neighbors who benefited from his efforts now.

The Farm

John Pratt

The sun was high overhead, but he felt comfortable with his light jacket on. It was one of those early fall days that hint at what winter will bring. It was a long walk, almost three miles, with several steep hills; but his bag wasn't heavy, and his journey passed quickly, as do all journeys which we're reluctant to take. He declined the offer of a ride from a man passing in a pick-up truck loaded with hay.

At the top of the ridge which formed one boundary of the farm, he turned off the road onto a piece of the old road which now formed a winding, quarter-mile driveway to the house. He rounded the last curve and the house came into view, just as it had so many times after the long drives with Mom and Dad. As he walked slowly to the house, he noticed that the white paint was peeling in places, but the roofing he'd helped put on still looked okay. The skeleton key was still in the ivy planter on the porch wall. He went in and put his suitcase by the fireplace in the living room—the same fireplace where he had popped corn and warmed his hands after playing in the snow at Christmas time.

Outside he searched for a few minutes in the dark closet under the back stairs and found the tools he'd need. He put them on the workbench, the same battered workbench where he had started so many grand projects, and went to the shed to

get some wood. He located a couple of suitable boards and started back to the house. On his way, his glance fell on the creek down below the house. Instantly the many happy summers he had spent here at the farm flashed before him again. He leaned the boards against the porch and started down the hill toward the creek.

As he passed by the garden, he thought about the two hogs he shot there. "Ja-wan, I can't see well enough to aim the .22 now. Maybe you can get those ground hogs that've been in the tomatoes." Granddaddy had always somehow gotten two syllables out of "John." For some reason, it sounded right that way.

Then he got to the creek. The creek was always about the best thing about the farm. It felt mighty good to splash in it in the middle of a hot day, and then there were pine bark canoes to launch and turtles to catch and crayfish to chase. Over there was where Granddaddy had helped push a log into the water so he could make a dam.

Somehow the creek looked smaller now; a few long strides followed by a jump took him across it. He walked along the far side for awhile and then started up the old logging road that angled up the hill. The road was almost full of popular saplings, but he slowly threaded his way through them. Toward the top, the ground was rockier, and not as much had grown in the wash ruts. At the top of the ridge he paused; somewhere near here was place he had found his best arrowhead. This ridge was always a good place to look for them. He walked north along the ridge until the logging road ran out. Right below here, where the hollow is deepest, was where Granddaddy and he had found a liquor still that time. The bushes seemed to have grown back over everything now, though.

He followed the ridge a little farther and then started back down where it sloped gently into the big pasture above the house. Granddaddy had always talked about damming the creek here to make a lake. Guess the pasture needn't worry about getting wet now, though. He pushed on through the brown, waist-high stalks and started along the base of the opposite ridge. This was where he'd ridden old Joe so many times. The house and the barn should be coming back into view about now. There's the house and—that's right, there's a big fill for the new road where the barn used to be now.

Nearing the house, he passed under the walnut tree where he'd built a tree house that time. Slept in it all night and got his knees so cramped he could hardly walk the next morning. Two rotting boards were all that remained of the treehouse now. Back at the house, he worked slowly and kept mulling it over in his head. There was no good reason, but he just didn't want them to let go of the farm. Uncle George and Mother might have agreed, but Uncle Fred simply couldn't see it. Then, too, there was the problem of tenants . . . It was, well, it was like losing the best part of your childhood. But then maybe you always lose your childhood one way or the other. It was just hard somehow.

The paint was dry now, so he took the sign around in front and drove it into the ground. He retrieved his suitcase quickly and climbed the steep bank up onto the new road. Yes, his neat letters—For Sale—were clearly visible from the road. The sun was just setting as he started back toward town in time to catch the return bus at 9:30.

Objectivism

The quiet revolution

Jim Lucas

We live, it seems, in an age of ubiquitous “revolutions;” a host of rebellions — the black revolution, the Chicago revolution, the student revolution, the “revolutions” of consumers and ecology and what have you — seethe around us, clamoring for our attention. These revolutions — or “The Revolution,” as the total phenomenon styles itself — are, however strangely, entirely *non-radical*, despite the self-appellation of the leaders. *Radical* means *Fundamental* (from the *Latin* *radix*, meaning “root”) — and the fundamental philosophy of this “revolution” is one and the same as the fundamental philosophy of the present “Establishment.” Examine these fundamentals, and it becomes quite evident that the disagreement is only one of emphasis and degree: the fundamental idea of *mysticism* — the “Rebels” and the “Establishment” disagree only as to particulars (occult vs. Christian mysticism, existential vs. spiritual irrationality); the fundamental idea of *altruism* — the “Rebels” and the “Establishment” disagree only over the recipient of the sacrifice (to the “people,” or to the State); the fundamental idea of *collectivism* — again, the bone of contention is superficial (both worship the deity of Society, but quarrel over the high-priesthood). The fundamentals — mysticism, altruism, and collectivism — are shared by the New Left, the Radical Right, the Militant Center, the Silent Majority, the Eastern Establishment, and any other prevailing movements or pressure groups currently in the news.

There are, however, radicals at work in America today — true radicals, whose philosophical premises are diametrically opposed to the mysticism-altruism-collectivism axis which dominates our society. These radicals call themselves Objectivists. You may never have heard of them, but you probably have heard of their ideological leader and the founder of Objectivism — Ayn Rand. Unfortunately for those who are not acquainted with Miss Rand and Objectivism, Ayn Rand has been subjected to more deliberate misquoting, misinterpretation, and purely hysterical denunciation by the numerous adherents of the dominant mysticism-altruism-collectivism axis than perhaps any other writer and thinker of our age. Let me

say here, then, that I am an Objectivist, and the following article is an introduction to Objectivism for those of you who are uninformed — or misinformed.

The essence of Objectivism is contained in one word, the word which Ayn Rand has selected to stand as her epitaph — REASON. This is the *sine qua non*, the foundation, the *radix* from which the entire philosophy springs. Metaphysically, it means that *A is A* — that *existence exists*. Epistemologically, it means that man’s cognitive powers are capable of achieving objectively valid knowledge of that which exists. Ethically, it means that a moral system proper to man *qua* man (i.e., a system by which value-judgments are based on reason) may be rationally derived, and is objectively demonstrable.

In simpler terms, Objectivism may be outlined as follows: man is a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and with reason as his only absolute. Man is a heroic being — within each of us is the potential for heroism, for each man is an end in himself, an individual, self-justified, independent entity, and not a means to the ends of others. His happiness is the moral purpose of his life — his happiness, achieved by the highest fulfillment of his own individual potential, realized in an ethics of rational self-interest (not hedonistic whim-worshipping). Productive achievement is his noblest activity — “Productive work is the road of man’s unlimited achievement and calls upon the highest attributes of his character: his creative ability, his ambitiousness, his self-assertiveness, his refusal to bear uncontested disasters, his dedication to the goal of reshaping the earth in the image of his values.” (. . . from “The Objectivist Ethics,” in Ayn Rand’s *The Virtue of Selfishness*.)

The social implications of Objectivism are inherent in the phrase which occurs in *Atlas Shrugged* but which is a leitmotif of Ayn Rand’s works: *man is not a sacrificial animal*. That is, as John Galt, the hero of *Atlas Shrugged* says in his oath of dedication: “I swear — by my life and my love of it — that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine.” The Objectivist man does not allow

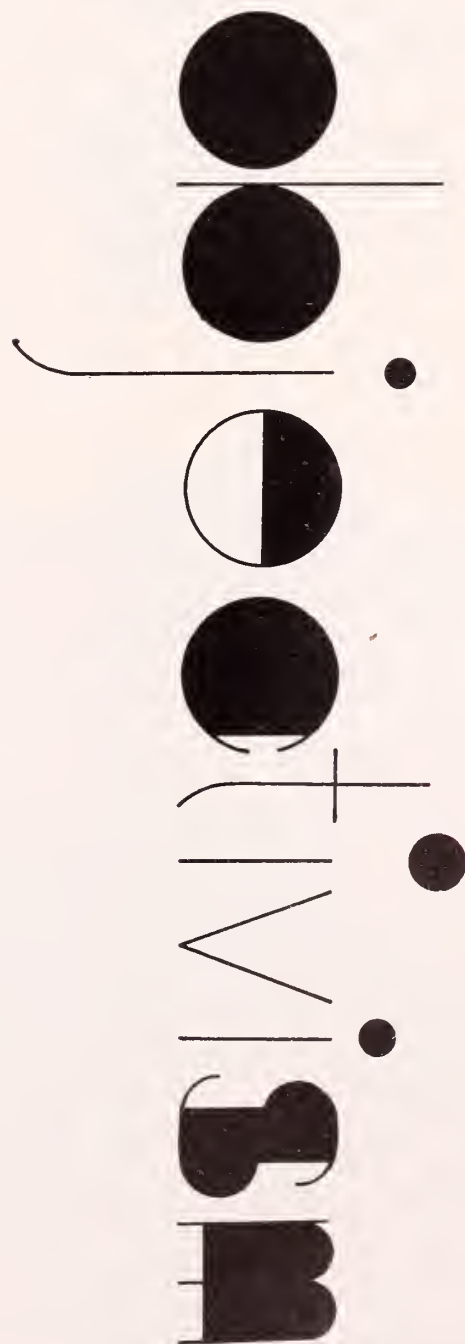
himself to be sacrificed to others, to be made a means to the ends of others; nor does he seek to sacrifice others to himself, to make others the means to his own ends. The social and political expression of this ideal is embodied in the system of free enterprise — *capitalism*. To particularize, the figure of the *trader* is virtually a personification of the Objectivist ethics — the man who *values*, the man who *earns*, the man who does not seek or accept the unearned, the man who exchanges value for value, dealing with his fellow men in a relationship based upon honor and respect between peers in their transactions, the man who does not sacrifice or submit to sacrifice — in other words, the man of *justice*.

Justice — the idea of the earned and the unearned, or the “fairness ethics” (as Fromm calls it) — this is the heart of the attacks upon capitalism and upon Objectivism. The essence of justice is the idea of *treating men as they deserve, by an objective and conscientious evaluation of their actions*. Rewarding incompetence, stupidity, or evil and punishing ability, intelligence, or virtue is equally unjust. The evil man does not deserve honor — it is wrong to give it to him; the good man deserves honor — it is wrong to withhold it from him. Here is the difference between the trader and the mystic, and the reason behind the vilification of the former by the latter — the trader gives values only in exchange for equal values (or to one who *earns* or *deserves* them) and does not seek unearned values, while the mystic, not comprehending or not accepting the idea of the deserved, is indiscriminate with his values, maintaining that whether or not one has earned something or deserves it is irrelevant, that the only criterion is his desire for it.

If those who cannot or will not earn a thing desire it, and are to be given it, from whom does it come? Who pays for it? Those who can and will earn or produce it, of course. Wealth, despite the naivete of the New Left, is not wished into existence; it must be earned or produced. This, plainly and simply, is the sacrifice of the competent to the incompetent — the hatred of ability for being ability, of the good for being the good. This is the ideal of the mystic-altruist-collectivist philosophy. This is the ethic of altruism stripped of its benevolent facade and exposed to full view. Altruism, self-abnegation, sacrifice—the terms are equivalent. Whatever the term used, the idea is a total reversal of rational ethics. Is it absurd to penalize a football team for crossing its opponents’ goal while awarding the opponent a touchdown for failing to stop the team from crossing its goal? Of course. Now evaluate, if you will, the relative rationality — and justice — of taking money from a man who has worked ably and conscientiously to earn it and giving it to a man who cannot or will not earn it for himself. There is a phrase familiar to most of you that is a concise and accurate summary of the idea, a capsule definition of altruism: “From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.” Recognize it? It is, of course, the main tenet of communism — and communism is only the consistent, practical application of altruism. Make no mistake — *philanthropy* and *altruism* are not synonymous.

Objectivism stands in complete opposition to that idea. The mystic-altruist-collectivist axis and the rational-egoist-individualist philosophy are, in fact, the primary, and diametrical opponents in the philosophical battles of today. The former is distinguished by its battle cry: “Give up, give

up, give up!” The mystics urge you to give up your soul to a ghost in heaven; the altruists demand that you give up your values to any and every passing beggar; the collectivists order you to give up yourself to Society — to the State. On the other side are the Objectivists, the representatives of the reason-egoism-individualism ideal. Reason gives you the means to defend your rights; egoism tells you that you do have rights, for your life belongs to you; individualism defines your rights — “the term ‘individual rights’ is a redundancy: there is no other kind of rights and no one else to possess them.” (. . . from Ayn Rand’s *Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*). One offers you death as an ideal — for death is the inescapable consequence of a consistently applied philosophy of sacrifice. The other offers you life — for Objectivism is, above all *a philosophy for living on earth*, with *life* held as the highest ideal.



Z-Z-Z RIBBIT



RIBBIT!



RIBBIT



RIBBIT!



RIBBIT!



RIBBIT!!



OH, RIBBIT



RIBBIT?!



RIBBIT, GULP!



RIBBIT



RIBBIT!



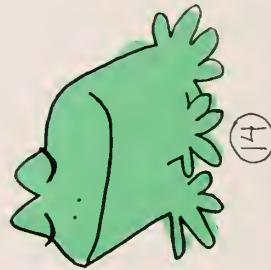
RIBBIT, ZOT!



RIBBIT



Z-Z-Z RIBBIT



RIBBIT!



RIBBIT, GULP!



RIBBIT, Z-Z-Z



To say that Harlan Ellison is a writer is to say Raquel Welch is a girl. Harlan Ellison is a WRITER. Probably the most outspoken writer the field of science fiction has ever produced, he is also the most honored, having won five Hugos (since fiction's equivalent of the movie industry's Oscar), and two Nebulas (an award voted on by the Science Fiction Writers of America).

Besides his writing, however (which includes 22 books, over 800 magazine and newspaper stories, articles, and columns, and dozens of tv screenplays), Ellison has found time for dozens of other activities including work in the youth, civil rights, and dissent movements. He has written a weekly television column entitled "The Glass Teat" for The Los Angeles Free Press which, as a paperback release from Ace in April 1970, has sold over 80,000 copies. Because of these critical writings on the subject of television, Mr. Ellison has attracted considerable attention from both the media and the mainstream. As one of his critics summarizes: "His writing is informed by his deep, and outspokenly anti-Establishment, commitment and activities in the civil rights movement and anti-Vietnam struggles. He has been to jail as a result of actively supporting such causes as the march on Montgomery, Alabama, the Delano Grape Pickers Strike, the Peace Demonstration at Century City (where he punched a cop and wound up in the slammer), and numerous others."

What is such a person actually like? How does he view the role of a writer today? What does he think about censorship? With these questions in mind, and the help of Sandy Ingle and the WSBF studios and telephone recording patch, we made a call to California one day early in November. . . .

The Chronicle INTERVIEWS HARLAN ELLISON

CHRONICLE: Mr. Ellison?

ELLISON: Yeah?

CHRONICLE: This is Marchelle Jennings from the Chronicle.

ELLISON: It's a she. I thought it was a he.

CHRONICLE: No, it's a she.

ELLISON: Good lord.

CHRONICLE: Don't feel bad. I figured you'd have something to say about it.

ELLISON: No. I'm not disappointed at all. In fact I'm pleased. I was trying to figure out whether it was a man or a woman, and I thought, well no "M-A-R-C. . ." that's got to be a man. You know, I thought I was very logical about it. And having figured wrong, I'm annoyed with my own reasoning.

CHRONICLE: I'm glad. Did you know you're my hero? God with a capital G?

ELLISON: No, no; no; we gotta get something straight. First of all, I'm not Mr. Ellison. Mr. Ellison was my father. He's



dead; I'm Harlan; and that's for openers. And I'm not a god. I just write stories.

CHRONICLE: Very good stories

ELLISON: Well, yeah, but just stories. That's all I am, dear, is a writer. I'm just another dude. I'm not a god and there's nothing holy about me. Okay? Now let's talk about the interview.

CHRONICLE: To begin with, I hate to do this to you; I know you probably don't have a list handy, and you probably don't remember everything but could you list your major awards or citations and current writing publications and things like that.

ELLISON: Well, one at a time.

CHRONICLE: Awards.

ELLISON: Major awards. Okay, the dates I don't really have. . . . I've won the Hugo award four times, actually five times. They gave me a special award in 1968 for *Dangerous Visions*, so that makes five. I've won the Nebula twice. And I've been nominated for Hugo and Nebula another twenty-three times. I didn't win them, but it doesn't really matter. It's pretty good getting even nominated. I won the Writer's Guild of America, West award for best teleplay twice, the '64-'65 season I think it was. Once I won it for an "Outer Limits" and once I won it for a "Star Trek."

CHRONICLE: Which "Star Trek"; Do you remember the title?

ELLISON: Yeah, it was called "The City on the Edge of Forever." The difference, though, is that the screenplay for it was considerably better than what they shot, and I was very upset about it and wanted to take my name off it and everything else. The award, the Writer's Guild Award, is given on the basis of the script, not what is filmed, so that's quite a meaningful award to me because the work was infinitely better than what that $\dagger||\%@*!$ Roddenberry put on the tube. Anyhow, I've won that twice. Oh Christ, I don't know what other. . . . You know there's a batch of them, but they really don't mean anything. Awards don't mean *****, they really don't.

CHRONICLE: I know, but we needed this for the note under the picture, you know? . . .

ELLISON: You're going at it all wrong. You really are. You're going at it all wrong.

CHRONICLE: What should I do then?

ELLISON: Well, I can't tell you how to do it. I mean you gotta do it the way you think you want to do it. I always feel that you should never try and identify the man with what he writes. The writing is always so much better than the man. I went to see the *Jesus Christ, Superstar* concert the other night and it's really a brilliant piece of work. And then outside there were all the Jesus freaks standing around and there was such a difference between what they were trying to do and what that rock opera had done. On the one hand, they were nature, the

Jesus freaks, and *Jesus Christ Superstar* was art. And nature is always supposed to transcend art, you know, and yet here was art once again putting form and meaning to the myth and saying essentially that Christ was just a man, too, instead of deifying him and mystifying him, the way the Jesus freaks were. You know, it was just such an eye-opening kind of experience to see the two ways people can look at things, and the men who are out on the streets singing their little songs and doing their little dances about Christ and all. I'm Jewish, you know, and that's not even my trip. But they seem to me so ridiculous, so pompously sententious and locked into their own vision of what they mean. Like they were high on some new kind of junk, you know? Whereas Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, when they created the rock opera, took the myth and made it real, made it greater, made it more important, made it more vital. And the difference is that Christ was just a man and what was written about him has become great art. And I'm just another guy sitting behind a typewriter and I lie and I make mistakes, you know, and I get laid and I yell at people and I cheat and I do everything else that everybody else does. And that's really not the qualifications for being sanctified.

CHRONICLE: But you do it in a spectacular manner.

ELLISON: Yeah, but . . . wow. Dostoyevsky was an absolute reprobate, you know? He beat his wife and ran off on her, and left his children, and borrowed money from all his friends and never paid it back, and shot down one of his best buddies, and stole and embezzled, and did everything else. But that's Dostoyevsky on the one hand. On the other hand, there's the writing of Dostoyevsky which stands in and of itself without having any relation to him. And that's the true dichotomy, the true schizoid nature of being a writer: that no matter how brilliant you may be and how well you write, and how importantly you go at whatever subject it is you're dealing with, you're still just another guy and you're heir to all the stupidities and evils of the rest of mankind but you try to live the best possible way you know how. You try to be an honest man, but. . . . wow.

CHRONICLE: Mr. Ellison, could you kind of give us a sketch of your career before you became a writer probably up until your first published work?

ELLISON: Miss Jennings, I think I can save you the trouble of sending you off a bio I've had made up. If you give me your address I'll send it out today and you'll have it in a day or so or so.

(Address bit with mention of Zip Code)

ELLISON: How near Clemson is Central?

CHRONICLE: Three miles.

ELLISON: Well, would you believe that I was just up in San Francisco all this weekend with a girl from Central, South

Carolina? Jefferson Airplane has started its own record label called "Grunt" and they had this enormous party up there with Hot Tuna playing and Jefferson Airplane and a whole bunch of other people, and I got invited. Paul Kantner and I are kind of working on a project where I would do a book of stories and he would write music around it and then Jefferson Airplane would record it and it would be the record and the book together. And so we were kind of talking about it and they invited me up to the party and I took along an absolutely gorgeous girl from Central. We spent the weekend up there and had just an absolutely marvelous time in San Francisco and I just got back yesterday afternoon, and brought her back with me. I did not strand her there.

CHRONICLE: I'm proud of you.

ELLISON: Well, I'm basically a wonderful human being.

CHRONICLE: I believe you. Another question: *Alone Against Tomorrow*, a book of yours that just came out, was labeled a speculative science fiction study of alienation.

ELLISON: No, that's not quite what it said. It's "stories of alienation in speculative fiction."

CHRONICLE: Anyway, I wanted to know why you decided to gather together this group of stories on alienation at this time and print it. Why right now? Why not three years from now or two years before or . . . ?

ELLISON: Well, mostly the reason why anybody does anything at any particular time is because that was the time when it happened to happen and that's basically why it happened. I had had the idea for doing a book called *Space Man Alone* a long time, maybe ten years ago, and kind of drew up a table of contents with the stories that I would use. Actually I never got around to it because I was busy doing other books, so the idea just sat around and didn't do anything. And then MacMillan came and asked me for a book and they wanted books that were on a theme, and stories that were on a theme that they had kind of picked up, and I remembered the idea, and the book was put together — two years ago actually — and just came out in April. April is when the book came out, so asking why I did it now really doesn't have much relevance because I didn't do it now. When *did* I do it? Ten years ago. . . Two years ago. . . and last April. It was just a collection and these are all stories that were written before. I think the most recent one is maybe two years old, but it's kind of a perspective of my work, if you look at the copyright dates on the stories. They progress from 1956 when I first started selling all the way up to I think it's 1971 or something like that and it's kind of. . . What am I trying to say? What is the word? Come on, you're in college; you know words. . . It's a retrospective. The things I'm writing now are vastly different and quite. . .

CHRONICLE: What are some of the things you're doing now?

ELLISON: Well, let's see. I just sent off *Again, Dangerous Visions* to Doubleday. That'll be out in February. That's the sequel to *Dangerous Visions*. It's a very big book — a quarter of a million words, of writers — and of course I did the introductions for the stories, and there's over 70,000 words of introduction — nearly the equivalent of a novel there. And then the final book in the trilogy, *The Last Dangerous Visions*, will be coming out about six months after that. It's going to be a trilogy: *Dangerous Visions*; *Again, Dangerous Visions*; and *The Last Dangerous Visions*.

CHRONICLE: I see. In *Dangerous Visions* you stated that when you wrote this book that you felt it needed to be done and that you would have done it sooner but you couldn't get publishers' backing.

ELLISON: I never said that. What I said was that I wanted writers to write stories that publishers would not publish. I never had any trouble at all getting that book published. The first publisher that I called, which was Doubleday, I had never done any business with. I just called them on the phone and said 'Hey, why don't we do this book?' And they said send us in a little prospectus and so I sent them a prospectus and they decided to do it and I never had any trouble getting the book published. The stories individually had trouble and since the publication of the book many of the stories have had this problem. You know, when we sold foreign editions, there was invariably a publisher who doesn't want to use this one or that one because he's offended by it or it pushes one of his little buttons — maybe he can't conceive of going to bed with his mother or something. You know, he gets very upset with one of them. That's one of the things, that's the *Again, Dangerous Visions* books, is to show the people behind the stories. That there are people there and that they have to get up in the print before called *Deathbird Stories*. They're stories about contemporary gods, kind of a new mythology, and that ought to be out about April. And then I'm doing another book of new stories for Walker called *Approaching Oblivion*. And I'm completing a new novel for Ballentine called *The Prince of Sleep*.

CHRONICLE: How many novels have you done in the past?

ELLISON: I think I've done four novels. Four novel length books. One I did was an autobiography.

CHRONICLE: Why don't you do more speculative fiction novels and less anthologies?

ELLISON: What, you mean short stories? Because I dig the short story form. I'm doing some novels you know; it's not that I can't do novels because I do novels. Novels interest me less, or have up until now interested me less than the short story form. I think the short story is given very short shrift, that people — particularly people that buy paperbacks — like a novel and so everybody does novels. Even if they're not equipped to write novels they write novels. And they're an

ELLISON: Yeah... Well actually, Bob isn't going all that strong. He's quitting writing, he's giving it up, he's retiring.

ELLISON: He doesn't want to write anymore. If you do something for ten or fifteen or twenty years, you get tired of it maybe. And you just want to knock it off. People who admire someone's writing very seldom take the time to realize that there are human beings behind those books. That's one of the things that I've tried to do with the *Dangerous Visions* books, is to show the people behind the stories. That there are people there and that they have to get up in the morning and brush their teeth, and they have to make the bills, and they have to contend with fights with their women, and they have to worry about eating, and getting laid, and paying the rent, and doing everything that everybody else does, and that there's nothing particularly godlike about them. Which is maybe why what you were saying when we started off the conversation disturbs me so much because men and women who write still suffer the same fleshly ills that everybody else does. And it's the writing that's noble; it's the writing that's golden. It's not the writers.

ELLISON: I won't argue with you because it's something you'll have to learn on your own. Anyhow, let's see. So there's those projects and I'm finishing up a couple of movies. I'm doing a film based on "A Boy and His Dog." It won the novella Nebula for the last year, and I'm writing that. And I'm doing another film for *Playboy*, part of an omnibus film that they're doing called "Foreplay." There'll be four short films included in it: One by Terry Southern, one by Lee Pogostin, one by me. . . one by somebody else, I don't know if I knew who it was. And that's based on a story of mine that was in *Playboy* a few years ago. That's about it, really. I'm doing a few other short stories for different places: But a novel, two short story collections, and two films, and I'm putting together a one hour special for educational tv on science fiction, which I'll be hosting. I'm writing it and co-producing it and hosting it. That's what's on my slate at the moment and from morning to night I'm behind the typewriter.

ELLISON: That's why I've stopped doing tv pretty much, because once a writer finishes a script it's turned over to everyone else and everyone else has his own need to make his job important so that he won't get fired and so he changes everything. And I just won't permit that with my work and so I've gotten a reputation as a troublemaker. The only people who hire me are people who guarantee me that they will not f**k up my stuff. . . and I just don't feel like writing standard



tv fare anymore. It's kind of a drag. There's very little room for imagination and inventiveness so I just said 'screw off' and that's that. Fortunately, I make enough money elsewhere that I can pass up tv until I find somebody who wants to do what I want to do.

CHRONICLE: Is that the same reason that you quit writing for the *Los Angeles Free Press*.

ELLISON: No. Not at all. I wrote two full columns on it, dear, explaining why it was that I had stopped the column. I just stopped the column because I had been doing it for two and a half years and I figured that I just didn't want to do it any more, that's all. I'd said everything I had to say about tv. If you can't say what you have to say about something in two or three years' worth of columns, for Christ's sake — there's a hundred and two columns done — then you really shouldn't have started in the first place. No one ever touched a word of what I wrote in the *Free Press* except for every once in a while they would make some typographical error or somebody would make a mistake and leave something out by accident or something. But no one ever told me what to write, and no one ever censored me, and I wrote what I wanted. I now write for *The Los Angeles Staff*. . .

CHRONICLE: What is *The Staff*?

ELLISON: Well, the entire staff of the *Free Press* quit. *The Free Press* turned into a hype and everybody who was anybody who was working for the *Free Press* is now working for *The Staff*. *The Staff* is the big new paper here in L.A. You can stop buying the *Free Press* 'cause it's really a piece of sh*t now. *The Staff* is being edited by Brian Kirby who was the editor of *The Free Press*, and Gilbert Shelton is drawing for *The Staff*, and Norman Spinrad and I are writing for them, and John Mahoney, who did the movie reviews is reviewing for them. It looks about like the same kind of paper but it's got more vitality and it's owned by the staff itself. I send in occasional stuff for them now.

CHRONICLE: What kind of things are you planing for the near future after you're through with the things you just listed, your short stories and . . .

ELLISON: Lie down and get a long sleep.

CHRONICLE: After that. Are you going on with your writing or. . . ?

ELLISON: I don't know how I'd hold down any other kind of an honest job. I'm essentially an untrained bum; it's just that I was able to write. Of course I'm going to go on with my writing. And I'm going to go and live in England for a year, and I'm going to continue to stalk ladies and attack them, and I intend to get in trouble, and that's what it's all about. There's not all that much to do on this earth, you know. You keep on looking around to find things to do.

CHRONICLE: What are you going to be in England for?

ELLISON: For about a year.

CHRONICLE: No, why?

ELLISON: Why? Because it's not here, that's why. That's the chief reason.

CHRONICLE: Are you doing anything special to send you over there?

ELLISON: You know what you're like? You're like people who come to writers' workshops and they'll sit down, and they would sit at our feet, at the writers' feet, if we allowed it. Of course, we'd kick them out. . . . But they expect us to give them these words of magic that will unlock the key to the universe. We tell them there ain't no magic key. All you gotta do is go and write. You don't go up in the attic and chuck out the knucklebones and say the mystic slogans and then come down in the morning with a short story. You have to sit in front of a typewriter. . . . And you keep asking me things like what are you going to be doing? The reason I'm going to England is because I'm tired of sitting around the United States. This goddam country is turning into a ***** and I can't stand it so I'm going to go over to England for a while and try and get some air in my lungs. And maybe I'll go to Spain and maybe I'll go someplace else, and I've never really done that. . . . Also, there's all kinds of women over there I haven't even looked at. There's nothing more magical than that. I wish I could give you some great and ennobling thing about why I'm going. . . .

CHRONICLE: That is good enough. I'm not asking you to say 'I'm going over there to dig up England and bring it back over her.'

ELLISON: 'I'm going to discover my roots so that I can be a great writer' . . . does that sound right?

CHRONICLE: No.

ELLISON: No? Okay.

CHRONICLE: I know these questions are inane, but I tried to get something . . .

ELLISON: No, they're not inane. It's just that if I start taking myself seriously it will become a terribly boring conversation. 'The most important thing in the universe,' he said, about to give her the key to the world, 'is to keep yourself entertained at all times.' Dig it? That's really the secret. If you can come to enjoy your own company, and not be bored by what goes on around you, then you will have an absolutely fantastic life. Even the sh*t will then be interesting.

CHRONICLE: OK. Moving right along, do you still do tours, university lecture tours on campuses?

ELLISON: Sure do. I've got things on right now. I'll be speaking . . . you see, right about now is when most of the colleges start arranging their schedules—and I'll be going up to do a seminar at the University of Rochester on John Campbell,

I'll be speaking at Harvard, . . . where the hell else? There's a lot of weeks in the year and I average out about, maybe, three months total on the road lecturing. It gets to be a drag after a while, and I'm really delighted to be home, but for a while it's fun and I like meeting the people and getting in trouble. . . .

CHRONICLE: Well, do you have a set price for lectures?

ELLISON: They usually pay me a thousand plus expenses, but you know, if something gets tight I can usually work for less. It depends on how long you want me and how much work I have to do and how far away it is, and you know, just a whole bunch of crap. I try and pull as much money as possible, because if it isn't spent on me, it'll be spent on some other dumb thing like a war contract. The universities have X amount of dollars and. . . .

(Feedback on tape and various comments.)

ELLISON: You mean we're being broadcast this very moment?

CHRONICLE: Oh, no. We're being taped.

ELLISON: Taped; I see. You mean all of this rotten language of mine has been going out over the tape? Are you going to bleep it?

CHRONICLE: Yeah, we're going to have to.

ELLISON: . . . Which will then make me sound like some sort of a . . . Are you aware of the fact that bleeping is really self-defeating because no matter what you bleep, the person who is listening always thinks it's something dirtier than what you hide?

CHRONICLE: Yes, that's what we're hoping for. . . .

ELLISON: I see. So we're going to contribute to the delinquency of their morals.

CHRONICLE: We're hoping.

ELLISON: My life before I was a writer is an endless string of in and out of jails and in and out of various jobs and in and out of peculiar situations, that I guess that everybody has to go through if you're going to be a writer, otherwise what could you put on the back flap of a book, right? Whoever heard of a writer who hasn't been a short-order cook or a taxi driver? That's ridiculous.

CHRONICLE: I haven't. You mean I'm going to have to be a taxi driver or a short-order cook yet?

ELLISON: You haven't been those? Well, there's still hope for you; you could possibly be a tuna-fisherman and a prostitute.

CHRONICLE: Tuna-fisherman? Maybe. Prostitute? That's out. Not with my husband. Maybe I could be the archangel of literature.

ELLISON: Archangel of literature? I can see you have a really funky idea of what it is to be an artist. You'll learn. You'll either learn or you'll fall by the wayside, which is what happens. Those are the only two alternatives. . . . OK, what else do you want to know?

CHRONICLE: Well, I was going to ask you about that Marvel Comics' thing that came out . . . but, that . . . no, I'm not.

ELLISON: Why not? I've got two more coming out for Marvel.

CHRONICLE: Well, they came out with this thing that said 'plot by Harlan Ellison' in great big gold letters.

ELLISON: It was, too.

CHRONICLE: The story reeked.

ELLISON: Oh well. You have no taste, so what the hell?

CHRONICLE: But it wasn't me; it was the writers: 'He has no mouth and he must scream.'

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the title of one of Mr. Ellison's stories that won a nebula.

ELLISON: Well, that was Roy Thomas. He was getting off his jollies by taking all my titles and putting them in his dialogue. But that has nothing to do with the story.

CHRONICLE: You really irked a lot of people.

ELLISON: It didn't particularly overjoy me either, but Roy's kind of a boob in that respect. He's like all fans who want to do these private joke trips, which is a very unprofessional thing to do, and he should know better because he's one of the top writers at Marvel. But I've just done another one called "Five Dooms to Save Tomorrow," and it's going to be an *Avengers*. It'll be out fairly quick — I don't know how soon — but fairly quick. I guess it'll be in the next three or four months. And I was really knocked out by it. You can't say anything that will make me unhappy about it because, man, there it was: wow! You know, . . . I did my own comic! I really dug it. And it was a pleasant experience. I think a writer should write everything . . . even words on walls.

CHRONICLE: I just got a note from my editor: 'Since he has only a limited amount of time you might hit the high spots and bring it to a close.'

ELLISON: OK. What do you want to ask and I'll give you some intelligent answers so you'll actually have some material.

CHRONICLE: Well, I think you've covered about everything.

ELLISON: OK. I hope you've gotten what you want, but the bio will probably give you much more of what you want. The only thing I really ever have to say is what I say in my stories and in the introductions to the stories, because, you know, I never really hide anything. I come right out and say what I'm about, and I'm not a terribly devious man in that respect, so any conclusions you want to draw about what I do I guess, are cool, because you have the stories before you and they speak for themselves. It was nice talking to you . . . and I guess we're coming to an end, so I'd better cut it off. . . . And I'll send you the bio today. Thank you for calling me.

CHRONICLE: Thank you, Mr. Ellison. Bye.

GALLERY



bowen



bowen



highsmith



kazmer



gibson

monteith



highsmith





highsmith



gibson

highsmith



highsmith





huff

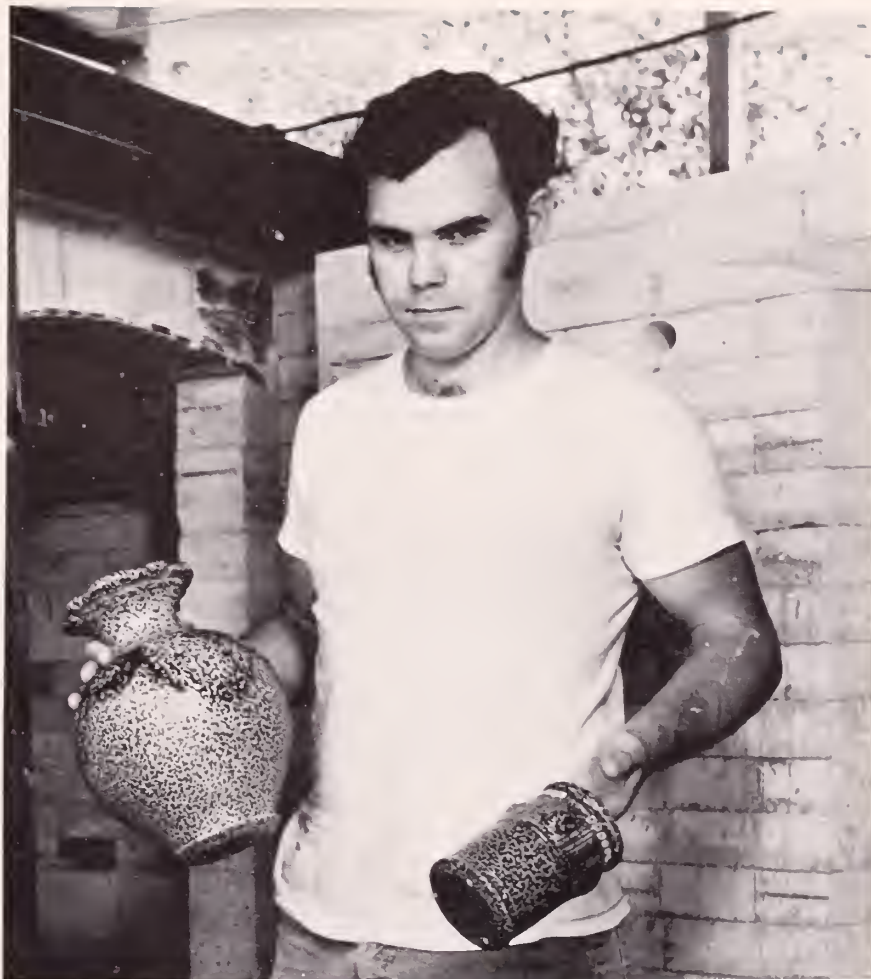


highsmith and bowen



JARRS

James Veitenheimer



I

Robinson Crusoe spent many hours making and forming his clay in order to make some pots, or pipkins as he refers to them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste, what odd mishapen (sic) ugly things I made, how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many crack'd by the over violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dry'd; and in a word, how after having labour'd hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things, I cannot call them jarrs, (sic) in about two months' labour.

Crusoe finally accidentally learned to harden his pots by putting them in his fire. In essence, his fire acted as a crude kiln, a furnace for firing ceramic products. These were purely utilitarian pots, devoid of any type of ornamentation. After much labor, experimentation, and fortuity, Crusoe was able to finally make a functional, hard-baked pot.

Clemson's Robinson Crusoe, alias Tom Turner, experiments with ceramics in a much different manner and for quite different reasons. Tom Turner, formerly the artist-in-residence at the Columbia Museum of Art and originally a native of Illinois, last summer became Ceramist-in-residence at Clemson. Although that is not offically his title, a visit to his studio in the Architecture Annex will convince one it should be.

II

During the interim from September 24 to October 20, Lee Gallery displayed some of Tom Turner's ceramics. The forms of the pieces exhibited were not too novel. Displayed were bowls, jars, bottles, vases, and plates. More noteworthy were the teapot, the umbrella stand, and the paper weight which oddly enough resembled an upside down chamber pot. Some of the plates were a bit unusual because of their "bent lips." A few of the vases were remarkable because of their large-lipped openings. No, it was not the forms of the objects that trapped the viewers; it was the colors: many deep greens, several golden browns, and particularly a plethora of blue.

An understanding of the basic steps a ceramist goes through is prerequisite before one can appreciate the uniqueness of the colorations of Turner's ceramics. After a vase is formed or "thrown" on the potter's wheel and dried, the vase must be put in the kiln, or furnace, for its bisque firing. The bisque fire is to harden the clay, and the temperature is usually 2000° to 3000° F. This process takes a couple of days, for the ceramist must be careful to raise the heat very gradually and allow the pieces to cool very slowly. After the bisque fire, one applies the glaze, which is a thick glassy coating. The glaze contains the color that the ceramist wishes to make his vase and also makes the piece washable and waterproof. The vase is then returned to the kiln for the glaze fire which hardens the glaze.



There are many different types of glazes. The lead glaze just recently has been accused of giving people lead poisoning who ate off of chinaware that had a lead glaze. Bristol, luster, crackle, and reduction are all names of glazes. In his recent showing in the Lee Gallery, Turner exhibited three items covered with celadon glaze; several vases covered with ash glaze, probably the oldest type of glaze known to man; and one of transparent glaze. These three types of glazes only represented about thirty percent of the items in the exhibit. Thirty-eight items in the fifty-five piece exhibit were examples of salt glaze. The most obvious example of salt glaze was the large, five-handled, \$400.00 bottle vase.

Turner has been experimenting with salt glazing for many years and has produced some colorations with salt glazing that have probably never before been made. It is because of his salt glazing techniques that Turner's ceramics have such vivid coloration; it is because of these same techniques that he is gaining so much notoriety; it is because of his experiments with salt glazing that he has exhibited in one-man and group shows from Wisconsin to Florida.

III

In the brick building across from Schilleter Hall are located the offices and studio of Tom Turner. This building is known as the Architecture Annex. In this building are the two classrooms for his classes in ceramics, a special room for glazing, and one for Turner's office-workshop. Outside the back door there is a gas kiln. Turner himself constructed this 30 ton kiln in July and August of last summer. Many of the articles that were exhibited in Lee Gallery that were not salt glazed were bisque fired and glaze fired in this kiln. Turner made the salt glazed articles that were exhibited at Clemson while he was staying in Colombia. One needs a special salt kiln in order to use the salt glaze. Turner has now amassed materials to build a salt kiln here at the University. He hopes to construct it next summer, and then again he will be producing those beautifully colored salt glazed ceramics. Through further experimentation he may be able to give his ceramics even deeper hues and even more intricately variegated colorations. R. Michael Holden, the Lee Gallery curator, says, "Tom Turner is one of the most versatile young craftsmen and potentially one of the best potters in the Southeast." It is not only his mastery of forming clay but his unique glazing techniques that make Turner worthy of the encomium by Holden.

IV

Turner's classes in ceramics are open to all majors. In them one learns to operate the potter's wheel and to use the various glazes. One spends half of the semester working on the potter's wheel and the other half learning other techniques for working with clay. There are, in particular, the coiling techniques and the slab technique, the latter being especially adaptable to nonsymmetrical shapes. Robinson Crusoe could definitely learn a great deal, and some of this semester's students at the beginning only knew about as much as Crusoe knew when he was first marooned on the island. After only a month of being marooned in Clemson, some of Turner's students have made elegant, well-proportioned bowls, plates, and vases.

V

Turner introduced the artistic use of ceramics to a rather technically-oriented university much as Crusoe introduced the functional use of clay to a very deserted island. The possible implications from the above statement are more than were originally intended, but the point is that formerly Clemson regarded ceramics purely from the standpoint of commercial uses. Another comparison is that Crusoe needed a strong, fire-withstanding pipkin for boiling water, whereas Turner needed a pot that was aesthetically outstanding. Turner's experiments in salt glazing answered that need. Robinson Crusoe's pot making techniques were adequate for his entire twenty-eight year stay on the island. It is hoped that Tom Turner and his salt glazing kiln will remain at Clemson even longer than that.



Legal Notice:

Here, in a parking space
with a broken meter,
dumb riders in empty bags
lap around
mind's attic in brains
of spokeless wheels.

jello up your ass—

popsickle souls, jellybean brains,
bubblegum tongues.

Mental suit cases
pick, pack, and suck
no sense.

BY GENE TROUTMAN

Cripple Waltz

In preening, we sing
a breathless whistle—
bodies in a lathe, a pew,
for some Coffin Chisel.

We prune hearts and
snake pulse a shackle
for some Focused Haze

We drink genie urine
under a one book ceiling
and miss the star's point.

In our next door master's shadow,
we thrive in a rut,
His garden.

"Forgot not, you're and this is divine to know.
Our sought nude mirage is clothed."

GRAYDEN O'DONNAHUE ALSO RISES

Jerry Griggs

(EDITOR'S NOTE: A quintessential polyanalytic proposition posited in the twenty-fourth Stellar Configuration of the Creative Advance, conceived and refined, the coalescence of random sparks jumping random synapses, carefully synthesised and with great sensitivity, following a sun gone nova, representing a continuance of the tradition of stars gone nova, but here the astronomer becomes the artist, forthwith presented excerpts from a novel being written by Jerry Griggs.)

I

Grayden O'Donnahue Also Rises

The Honorable Grayden O'Donnahue opens his one good eye. Pulling himself out of bed he stumbles to the bathroom, spits in the mirror, and looks at himself in the sink. Once again he has started the day backwards.

II

The Sound of Muzak

He stares at the sink for several seconds. Distort image in the chrome plug. Eyebrows arching? nose bulging? chin fading off into the distance. Hole from the spigot in the middle of his forehead. That's how I feel most of the time, may as well look like that. Hello, thou bulging nose. Now to make my eyes bulge—teeth—stick out my tongue and it covers my face. Ah this is what I shall be today a giant bulging tongue. Throw a handful on the mirror to wash the nasty spittle down plunge into the filling water. Close-plugged sink and sink I down go deep come up and let the water slide down my face to soak the clothes—clothes slept in again. You're wet, sling water like a dog. How do you sling a dog? Must learn to sling my head like that. Towel? door door where's the door. Place it neatly back from four yards out, over the top. Here he comes ladies

and gentleman no no fun that's real. And there it is, ye giant wardrobe. Baroque, immense, intimidating the room. Stand me my body dumpy small frame before—supplicant to a king. Let's have a little reverence for the King. Carefully reverent as I pull it open carefully insert my hand carefully touch. The King obeys no one. Linger my hand lovingly on the brocade uniforms here on the side—soon—soon I wear one again. Think about like to think about thinking to the music again. "Crack! burruzz!" and I'm out of the thought but the static splits my nerves. "Shut you up! speaker." You interrupt my dream. I shake at you my fist. "Stop that!"

Immediately the speaker, which forms a wall of the room, resumes the strains of waltz in deep and soothing tones.

"Much thanks."

III

A Gathering of Pigeons

The clock the clock it's nearly time come hurry. Pluck the gold gown out. Monogrammed gold nightgown. But no, it's Tuesday—put it back wear the red. Tuesday is red. Seven days and seven gowns all hanging in a row hang the days too. Seven days and a different color for each. Slip the gown over and feel its touch—hurriedly there's no time to think. Time and time time I'll abolish time. "No more clocks, my good people. I your leader, command it." Reichser wouldn't like that, would he? No, Reichser needs clocks. Time is control he says. Then, Reichser and I are time. Seven every morning and it's three till. I'm expected red is nice but gold is my favorite. At least it's not the green a sickly green. The crowd the crowd. "I'm coming crowd, stay where you are." The illustrious leader arrives "at seven." This last toward the balcony.

Hair's a mess. My hands rub it flat with my hands. I runs to the balcony, then hurry back to gently close the wardrobe doors. Almost forgot to close the altar of my doors. Sweet sweet doors to be or not to be doors close doors gently gently. I gives a pat. "Stay boy, stay Rover. Nice doggie." Doors pant as they close or sigh . . . yes, sigh a mother sending her little boy out to play in his new cowboy suit—red cowboy nightgown. "Coming, coming." Reichser calls them costumes and he's right. Costumes yes beautiful costumes, lovely costumes. For appearances I say the political and spiritual head of the world. Think of that—the political and spiritual head of the world. Of course I must have costumes oh the people don't care. The people don't care about anything. Sheep sheep that's what it's come to pigeons flocks and flocks of pigeons landing on my buildings crawling all over my statues eating my peanuts I thought they would all be eagles but they're pigeons. "Pigeons!" Reichser's right, they'd cheer me in rags. They don't cheer me they cheer the balcony. My beautiful gowns this stupid corset I wear pigeons cheering the balcony every morning seven am.

Stand just inside the balcony windows hand on the latch. Wait for that minute hand to touch the twelve. The crowd is beginning to cheer maybe it is for me after all. Cardboard scene behind me cardboardroom. Magnificent furnishings painted on a cardboard backdrop. A show like the gowns nothing real in it but they think there is or I think there is.

They probably don't think at all. Told Reichser I wanted elaborate room, more appearance. "Well if it's not appearance you want then why not appearance of the room?" Why not the appearance of the room? why not? So the cardboardroom and it hangs behind me. Appearances, Reichser, it's not all what it should have been.

Seven o'clock. I could walk out there, jump off the balcony, sprout wings and fly around a while—and they'd cheer. They'd cheer like they're cheering now—in monotone never knew cheering could be in monotone sounds like static. I come they cheer it's seven and they're screaming off their heads so open the balcony door. Sun is barely up. "Bless you all, bless you" go to hell die die you're all nice pigeons yes yes the morning blessings...

IV

There Are Smiles

Consuelo Martinez takes a long sip of Tequila and pops the last Jalapeno in her mouth. Her hemorrhoids glow in anticipation of the approaching fireball. She stuffs the half-empty bottle in the top of her go-go boots, and hurries down the empty hall. At the first door she stops, puts down her mop and empty pail. A sign proclaims "The Board of Directors: Meeting Room." She stifles a belch and peeps inside. Old men, twelve of them. When they see the door open they jump to their feet. Smile like a salute. Carbon copied old men, twelve of them. Their smiles are like a cross between the sheepish smile of a guilty offender and the benevolent smile of a crooked judge. She remembers a legend of her childhood. Old man just like that in a red suit. She smiles back fondly, belches. Close the door. They stand, they smile, they contemplate the magnitude of what has just happened. Old men. Twelve of them. Old men still standing there with that smile when O'Donnahue came in. ECSTASY, he's here! and Gibson! and Reichser! twice in one day... the door... unheard of happiness! Twice in one day... open! Twice! In one day!

V

A single eye surveys the room before moving inside. OD, followed by Gibson and Reichser.

Harold Gibson—Health, Indoctrination, Statistics Department. Fullblown black hair like a squid's jettisoned ink. Here they do that sometimes just to blow their rocks, or was that just a joke. His eyes control people. Everyone like him except maybe Reichser. Reichser doesn't like anyone. Smile even stop the charge of a thousand hunger-crazed dogs the Chinese dogs. Hear they've taken over China now completely. What next?

Reichser—Joseph L. Reichser. Thin grey eyes and angry hair. Sits down and ignores everyone. Flips through his briefcase and spreads all those papers out in front of him. Wait till he's ready.

My presence makes the old men happier than ever. I'm the chief... the One. One eye. Lost it a long time ago... wear a

patch... looks odd... doesn't fit. I makes the old men to sit down. Reichser finally speaks. "Gentlemen, I guess you're wondering why President O'Donnahue called this meeting."

Wonder why I did call this meeting. The Board of Directors couldn't care less, Gibson is indifferent. Reichser knows why he called the meeting, Well, the meeting. Reichser's got a new plan. Another celebration. The old men like it, like they like everything. Gibson's smiling, always smiling. Good mood he puts me in content like him. Reichser doesn't like him, doesn't like anything. Happy Reichser, happy when he schemes and plans. What will he do when there's nothing left to plan and scheme about. He wants to get rid of Gibson but I don't let him he have nothing left to scheme about but me. Can't let him I cannot let him get rid of Gibson. That's the only point ever to challenge him on anymore. Let him have his way in everything else, but I leads him not into temptation.

Pay attention OD, you're thinking to the beginning to think to the music again nice music though. "Stardust" or something like, can't remember titles.

VI

Slow, Measured Tones

Slow, measured tones.

"The President and I have been going over the plans for the celebration. He will officially begin the holidays with a speech from his balcony this afternoon. All work will be suspended at noon to allow everyone to participate in the crowd which will begin to gather in the courtyard at two. The President will start his speech at three and speak for forty-five minutes." He hands a thick envelop to O'Donnahue. "Wednesday morning there will be spontaneous happiness demonstrations in front of the central sector auditorium in each city. Wednesday afternoon the President will make a second speech in the capitol district auditorium which will be filled by crowd groups seven, thirteen, twenty-four, plus statistician groups four-three-four and eight-oh-nine, which will be henceforth designated as Crowd Groups two-fifty-three and two-fifty-four. The President will arrive in front of the building at two-thirty and address a few informal remarks to crowd groups three and twelve which will remain outside the auditorium during his speech. This speech will last approximately one hour and will be broadcast by all six networks as well as being beamed via satellite to all of the world on Overcast Frequency." Here he hands another envelope to O'Donnahue. Two speeches and a few "informal remarks" to memorize. One of the speeches by three this afternoon. Oh well, they always say the same thing. Full of flowery phrase about "universal happiness" and the "high quality of life" these days. High quality my ass. Could have been could have been. "The best of all possible worlds" sick of hearing it. One of Reichser's most sickening ideas. No, no it was Gibson who first used the phrase, but then, Gibson believed, believes Reichser sneered at first, then picked it up, and put it in a speech — like this one exactly like this one. But they never get tired of hearing so it seems. No one ever does anything, says a thing, could have been pigeons! could have been... I still believe the automation wasn't bad not a bad thing they let it get that way — and Reichser pushed it that way. Reichser



abolished elections and Reichser thought up the "jobs." Jobs? Pacifiers! millions of people walking around doing things that don't need doing millions of people walking around with pacifiers in their mouths. Like that mexican woman Martinez walks around all day with her mop and pail. She doesn't do anything, she doesn't clean a thing. Dry mop and empty pail. Reichser calls them "reminders," reminders of how hard it used to be. Reminders like the window washers, riding up and down all day outside the buildings, sitting on machines that do the work. Commuters ride around all day in monorails and subways computerized transportation. Construction workers sit in domes atop a huge machine funny looking machine — funniest ever built — set up a new thirty story building in two weeks. Vulgar looking machine squats on the ground and "plop!" out comes a new building. Machines can do it all. Feed. clothe. house the people. leave them time to create. Reichser even took that away, assigned only certain people to be artists and art-seekers. He made sure they weren't artistic. "Bring art to the common level" he says. Odd that no one has objected. And so we have "artists" who are always making the same old pieces of "art" and art-seekers who search for new art because it is duty. Like the crowds outside my window. Crowds at auditoriums. Crowds and crowds crowds that go too. Think OD, think to the music.

VII Of Mice and Rats

Joseph Reichser had entered the room in advance of President Grayden O'Donnahue. He was a small, curt man with an angry look in his eyes, unusual in the world of his time, a world which he had had much to do with creating. When he sat down at the conference table he began immediately to leaf through his brief case so as not to have to look at anyone else in the room until he was ready to speak. He was dimly aware of the

smiling Board of Directors and the motion with which O'Donnahue say them down. He could feel the presence of Gibson rather than see him, an overwhelming aura of amiability seemed to surround the man. Reichser thought it repulsive. Indeed, what most found to be pleasant, Reichser found at most annoying. He would like to get rid of Gibson, but O'Donnahue would not allow that and for now at least O'Donnahue, was still the President and his superior.

O'Donnahue, too, annoyed Reichser. In the earliest stages of the new system, when total automation had first been installed, OD and Reichser had worked together to develop the system and elevate themselves to political prominence and power. Then OD had been a lot different, more like Reichser himself. He had had ideas and energy — and ambition. It was decided that OD should run for president instead of Reichser, and with Gibson beside him on the platform it had not been difficult to win. Gibson, as a reward, was made head of the newly created HIS department, the only cabinet office necessary since the installation of total automation. Reichser, of course, stayed as the President's personal advisor, continuing to share in the policy-making decisions, and the power, a power he was gaining more and more control over as OD began to lean more and more heavily on Reichser's ideas and guidance. Now Reichser controlled practically all of the power, but none of the glory. To Reichser, OD was becoming more and more like the people he was supposed to be governing. He had ceased to strive for anything, to work and think about things of which he knew there was someone else to do the thinking. Reichser began to write all of his speeches, to spoon-feed him ideas. Now all to the burdens of government were his and none of the glory. OD was content to sit there and listen to the piped-in music and smile and sway his head. Reichser wasn't content.

"Mr. O'Donnahue!" Reichser's voice was firm, but not commanding. It was a bit contemptuous. "Mr. O'Donnahue, I can't believe you've been listening to me." He knew damned well the president had not been listening. It was normal. "This schedule is very important." "Yes yes, I'm sorry Joseph. I seem to have wandered off somewhere. Continue please." O'Donnahue made an effort to listen, but already his attention was beginning to waver.

VIII The Cough of the Wild

The Great Chino-Mongrelian War raged for twelve years. Eventually the dogs, led by the great beast Sahta Khan defeated the forty-seven billion — chink Chisese army in a decisive battle at Slaving Jaw Pass. Massive bands of ravenous dogs roamed the countryside of China, leaving behind themselves a land ravaged of all life. In less than a week China was desolate, devoid of all but canine existence. The Great Khan then turned his wolf-like eyes to the West and shot a moon at the Japanese. He lifted his great tawny head and prepared to assemble his nation with one mighty howl. Quickly he threw his nose to the ground and coughed up his false teeth. He pretended to have picked up an interesting scent.

SAVE MAKERS



highsmith

Besides his keen interest in salamander mimicry and skin toxins, in his two years as a Zoology staff member Dr. Edmund D. Brodie, Jr. has shown an equally keen interest in evolution and in ecology. He has not, however, merely joined the ecology bandwagon, but rather has sought the root of our planet's ecological problems, and, having found his answer, worked to present his views to others. This effort is primarily manifested in his efforts to offer an evolution course on the undergraduate level. (The course will be taught starting next fall.) Dr. Brodie holds that this evolution course will show students how simple the laws of evolution are. He hopes to make students aware that man has evolved like other animals, is subject to the same natural laws, and has and is still overpopulating the earth. Once these fundamentals are clearly understood, says Dr. Brodie, a step has been made toward a cure for the world's ills. "War, famine, pollution are but symptoms of our disease: overpopulation."



highsmith

One of those supremely confident and capable people, Framp Durban gives the immediate impression of a person who faces life on the run. Pursuing a political science degree amid a myriad of other activities, Framp has been active in Student Government since his Freshman year. Then, as a student senator, he served on the General Affairs Committee, Tim Rogers' Committee for Rat Season, and President Edwards' Committee for the Athletic Department. Framp was appointed to the Elections Board as a sophomore, and by the end of the year had been named chairman, a position he served in quite capably throughout his Junior year. Serving in the Senate again his Junior year, he was chairman of the Committee to Study Reapportionment and this year put together the first election under the new system. During this year, Framp has been making waves with a variety of projects. He, along with Gerry Hough, conceived the idea for the Forum discussions and has served as moderator for them. He is also the present campus chairman of SCPIRG.

Besides being active in Student Government, Framp has played in the Tiger Band for three years and in the Concert Band for the past four. The chief satirist of the *Chronicle*, he holds the title High Priest of Machiavelli of the empire of Istanbul. For the future, Framp hopes to attend Law school at the University of South Carolina next year, and would like to work eventually with the American Civil Liberties Union. As anybody who has ever challenged his wit, research, or reasoning in an argument would agree, he is a certain success.

On student activism, Framp has this to say: "The revolution that's coming to Clemson is a revolution embracing all of the Student body manifested by the fact that more people are getting involved. It's just a question of people getting interested. No matter what it is, they're starting to get interested."

Student Body Vice-President John Marshall began his Student Government career on the Attorney Staff of the Court System his sophomore year. From this beginning he has progressed through the three branches of the Student Government simultaneously: he was appointed to the Senate second semester of his sophomore year, was a defense attorney, Student Senator, and Extramural Activities Chairman his Junior year, and now occupies the office of Student Body Vice-President, which includes a seat in the Senate. He also sits on the Administration-Faculty-Student Tri-Level Committee and the newly formed Student Grievance Committee.

In addition to these official offices, John has been instrumental in composing the major legislation that has drastically altered the structure and function of the Student Government. He was largely responsible for the writing of the Reapportionment Amendments, as well as the Dormitory Council legislation of his semester. He more recently helped with the construction of the Student Bill of Rights. His ideas have helped to create the new progressive attitude in the Student Government.



j. j. flash

Bill Thompson, Tony Hilton, Howdy Gilchrist, Richard Turner, Bill Parker, and Jimmy Clarkson are names probably unnoticed or unknown by the student body at large. They are, however, the principal group responsible for the Tiger Band putting on its shows at football games during the year. Assisted by a Junior staff composed of Dewey Rochester, Phil Martin, Robert Drake, Edward King, Porter Stokes, and Hank ('Turkey') Owen, they are responsible for directing the band while marching, discipline, coordination with other student activities, music supply, uniform issuance and repair, and marching assignments. Without these people to attend to the countless details that must be taken care of before a polished half-time show is put on the field, or to cope with unexpected emergencies ranging from jammed instruments to dropped busbies (hats) or dropped trombone slides on the field, the band — 109 members strong counting color guard and majorettes — would be unable to perform.

This year's staff, the first to serve under the new director, Mr. Copenhaver, were in an especially difficult position in that they had to simultaneously learn and then teach the rest of the band a new and different marching style. All of them veterans of Tiger Band, Tony Hilton, Band Commander, probably best summed up the officers' feelings and the band's feelings in general about this year's changes when he said: "The changes this year were good because they are aimed at making the band shows appeal to a broader segment of the student body. By keeping our emphasis on precision drill, yet adding variety to these drills with figure formations, we hope to make half-time a show people will watch and enjoy rather than an excuse to go get refreshments."

gibson





j. j. flash

The resident critic of *The Tiger*, the man behind "witnosh" and probably the only one who knows what the word means is Associate Editor Tom Priddy. A junior English major, Priddy devotes most of his out-of-class hours to his journalistic endeavors. Starting as a junior staffer his freshman year, he became Features Editor the following year, originating his "Witnosh" music review column. Presently, as Associate Editor, Tom is concerned primarily with the general format of the newspaper, supervising design and paste-up; he is the one responsible for the overall appearance of the paper. The new name plate for *The Tiger* is an innovation of his, as is the new "Entertainment" section, which was originated by Priddy and Editor Jim Walser. Tom says that the "new look" of *The Tiger* represents a change from a newspaper format to a news magazine, in order to appeal to more students. His idea of the function of the publication is one of service to the students, which he feels is best achieved by the new structure of *The Tiger*.



gibson

"This is Mastercontrol News, Sam Campbell reporting."

In his one semester as news director, this nineteen year old sophomore has been responsible for many improvements in radio news. Frequent interviews with Gerry Hough and other student leaders, increased coverage of campus events, and polling of student opinion now comprise a worthwhile portion of each week's programming.

Those that work with him, and those that know him well describe Sam as sincere and dependable. When asked what his greatest hope was he replied: "I hope that Radio News and Tiger News can coordinate their efforts for the purpose of having the Clemson student informed enough to make a decision for himself." Informing the students of their community, and giving students, faculty, and administration equal chance to express their point of view combine to make radio news more vital and important to the campus. In spite of a tough schedule between a fiancée (Alice Cook) and an electrical engineering major, Sam spends much of each day keeping the students aware of their responsibilities and their part in the Clemson community.

One professor who knows what is happening at our university and who is an interested and active participant is Mr. Vernon Hodges. A Harvard College graduate, Hodges holds an S.B. cum laude and an M.A. in architecture. He has previously taught at the University of Florida for eight years and here at Clemson for the past nine. His teaching duties include Basic Design and Architecture History: Mediaeval, Renaissance, and Oriental. Besides his teaching, Professor Hodges is the Vice President of the Faculty Senate, on the Tri-Level Committee, and is the chairman of the newly organized Academic Grievance Committee. He is the past president of the Clemson Little Theater and is a deacon in the Clemson Presbyterian Church. Vernon Hodges has been nominated for the Dictionary of International Biography and is in the Who's Who South and Southwest. A seemingly perpetual worker, Vernon Hodges has definitely become a respected man, not only in the School of Architecture but throughout the University.



gibson



kazmer

I just had a spontaneous shoving match in the hall with Anne Morris. She has finally run out of time almost, it seems, so she has all that extra energy to burn off. Originally she directed her enthusiasm to sundry assortment of responsibilities. Throughout she has been able to cuss better than a truck driver, make many less heartier souls wince, and set an example of energy and accomplishment for her peers.

She is the only woman in her sixth year Architecture class simply because her tough soul could well take the rigors of that curriculum. Her interest in design has also spurred her through the ranks of the TAPS staff in the last three years so that she wound up as Co-Designer last year. She is almost a fanatic supporter of the yearbook and has shouldered a goodly part of its responsibility.

Morris' energy has also been converted into leadership and in her years here she has helped Student Government on the Appeals Court, Secretary to the Judicial Board, WSA Judicial Board, and Senior and Junior Class Councils. Her ultimate administrative feat, however, was her Presidency of Lever Hall last year. This job consisted of a challenge by the administration that four hundred and forty-eight girls could not be effectively organized to accomplish anything. The challenge was met by Morris and the job done without precedent to follow or publicity to praise, a fact that can be verified by any girl that lived awake in Lever Hall last year.

Morris has also been a singular Resident Assistant for three years and the girls on her floor moved where she did because rather than in spite of her arrogant hall meetings, popcorn policy, and staunch personality. She is now playing full orchestra of the 2001: *A Space Odyssey* theme on my floor. She is particularly good on kettle drums.

McAfee County

McAfee County by Mark Steadman
308 pgs. Holt, Rinehart, & Winston. \$6.95

You really ought to go down to McAfee County sometime. Just get in your car some Friday afternoon when everything's dead on campus and home doesn't hold any particular attraction, and head down toward Savannah, turn off a little before you get there, and take the state highway into Kose, Georgia. If you get lost—sometimes the road maps forget these little places—just whip out your map and head straight for latitude 31°30'N — longitude 81°30'W. That'll put you dead on Shotford's store and filling station, a good place to hang around awhile, get a Coca-Cola, and shoot the breeze with Dee Witt, Lee Jay, and Walt Shotford. You really should go down sometime. Only—you can't. It's not there. Mark Steadman said so. It's a good thing he did, too, else I'd be lost right now somewhere in south Georgia looking for a place, for people, who exist in every way but one.

It's hard not to believe in Mark Steadman's people. No, not in the particulars—you're not likely to run into someone like Brother Garnet (pronounced GAR-NET, like two names) Fisco (who believes that he can part the waters of Kallisaw Sound) everyday—but the cumulative effect has a ring of credibility about it that, for this reviewer, goes one up on Faulkner. *Milieu* is the most readily apparent achievement of *McAfee County*; anyone who grew up in the Deep South will find himself slipping into this book as completely and easily as he might settle back into a daydream of old times. In fact, it can be safely said that anyone who criticizes this book for being anything less than a completely faithful realization of its time and place simply doesn't know what he's talking about. Steadman does.

As superb as the realization of its milieu may be—and it is quietly dazzling—*McAfee County* is much more. Take, for instance, its characters. Those characters—that improbably credible, unforgettable crew that populates Steadman's beautifully crafted world! Mr. McAllister, the grubbing-gang worker who prizes singularity—such as his red, Rooseveltian cigarette holder, and his albino wife Dora; Dee Witt, Anse, and Lee Jay, whose vexation with the question of “crosst-wise” Chinese boxes leads to the most improbably hilarious rape ever recorded; John Fletcher, whose “night of love” with the best whore in McAfee County does about as much damage to his

suavity as to his virginity; Smoaks, Deering Maggie Poat, and the biggest bastard of a shark ever was hauled out of Kallisaw Sound; John Henry, who was too big a man for his “place”—and time; Dorcus and the Fat Lady—something little Lee Jay won't get to hear about from daddy till he's growned up; Annie and her love child, Anse Starkey and Billy Coon; Fred Lane and his paranoid racist dreams, Josie, Jessie, Nettie Oatley, and the rest. If you have any roots at all in Southern soil, one of these people is bound to jog loose a memory of two of some local character you've run across sometime back. If not, read and be enlightened; believe me, there are people and situations in my own past much like some of these . . . and I had a relatively sheltered Southern childhood.

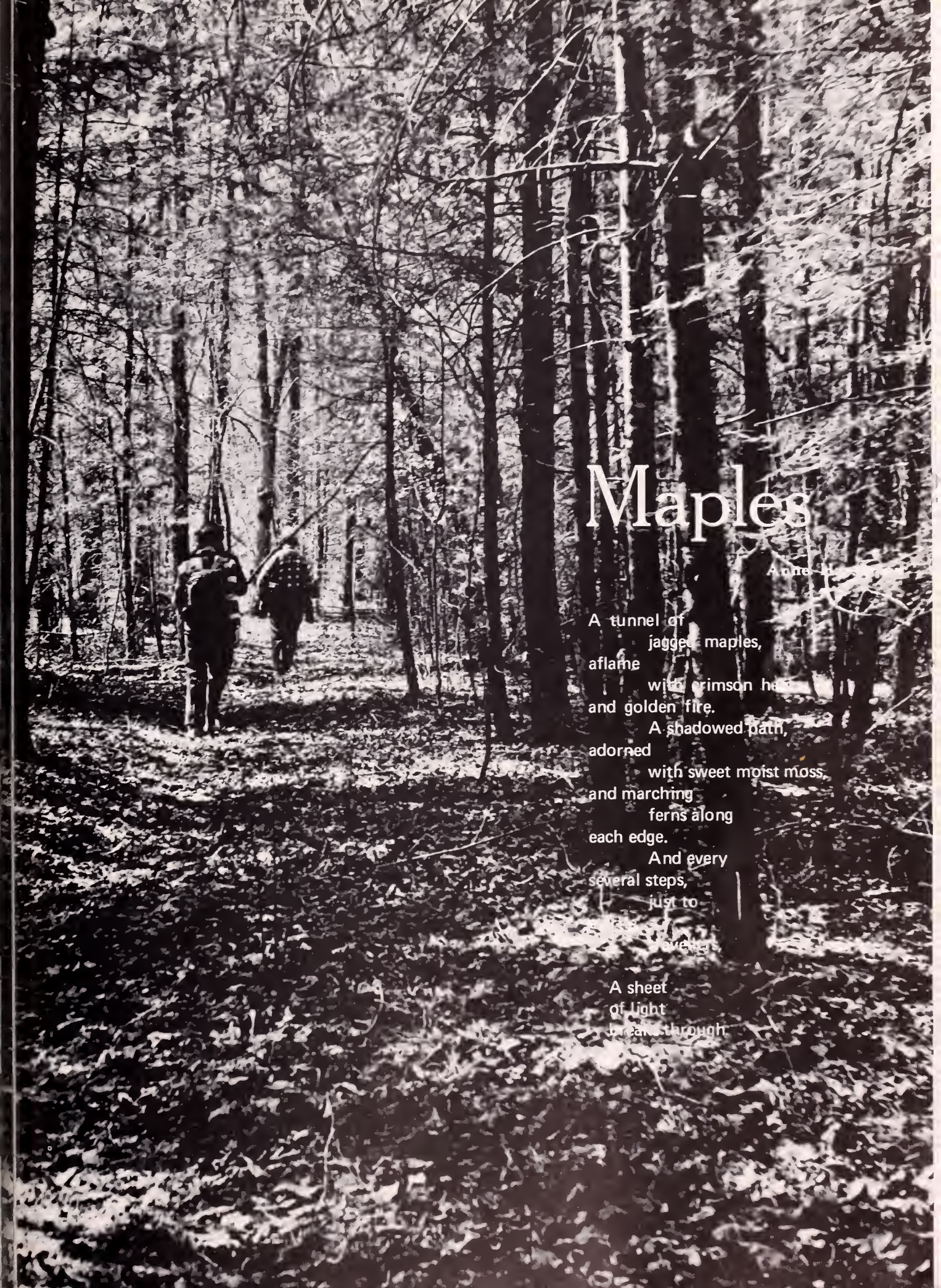
Bringing the entire book into focus, however, there is one literary fact that stands out among the other acknowledged accomplishments of *McAfee County*. First of all, the book is not, strictly, a novel; it is a collection of short stories. A collection of short stories—like a body is a collection of cells. This is Steadman's achievement. These stories are connected and interconnected so expertly and with such ingenuity that the fictional fabric—the sense of completeness, the sense that the people, places, and events are real, the organic unity of the whole, all that one expects as prime features of the novel—is brought off to a degree surpassing that of any novel known to me. Anderson's *Wineburg, Ohio* is the parallel that obviously comes to mind (one acknowledged by Steadman), but *McAfee County* is NOT a “Winesburg, Georgia”; it is completely unquestionably, easily and naturally McAfee County—cannot be anything else. It is itself, as singular as Mark McAllister, as clearly individual a work of art as you'll ever see.

McAfee County—a robust, bawdy, brawling piece of down-home Georgia swamp; *McAfee County*—a robust, bawdy, brawling, real, lowdown, flat-out hell of a book. It's hard to separate them. The Book is a window opening up on the place and the people; you get the feeling that all you've got to do is climb right through it and you'll be there, down by Shotford's store telling Dee Witt what a halfass he is, giving Billy Coon an egg, drinking a Coca-Cola and smoking Lucky-Strike with Jessie and Walt Shotford, listening to Dee Smoaks and Deering telling about that bastard of a shark of Mansfield pulled out of the Sound . . . But you can't. *McAfee County* is real, but McAfee County isn't. It just isn't there. That's not the way it ought to be, but that's the way it is.

Damn it.

A Chronicle Book Review

Jim Lucas



Maples

By Anne H. ...

A tunnel of
jagged maples,
aflame
with crimson heat
and golden fire.
A shadowed path,
adorned
with sweet moist moss,
and marching
ferns along
each edge.
And every
several steps,
just to
be seen.

A sheet
of light
breaks through

The Second Coming Revisited
or
god by any other name would still be omnipotent



j. j. flash

YOU AND I
ARE NOT WE,
BUT ONE.

— Meher Baba

Ever had your mind really blown by something you were thinking about or by some sudden realization? Try thinking about God. No, make that god with a little letter; a personal god; a fellow being. Picture god as the ocean. Now imagine yourself as a drop of water, a particle in a stream that is drifting easily, gently down the tributary to an eventual flowing into or merging with this ocean. All right, now take your mind back, back to when you were a raindrop, alone, part, isolated. You were just a particle of vapor, actually, until you gathered enough moisture, enough weight to fall to earth. And what there? Again, you begin merging with other drops, all flowing together. Becoming a trickle, then a rivulet. As you keep merging with more and more trickles you keep gaining in substance and power, and speed. Sometimes you slow to a bare murmuring; yet other times you're a raging torrent. Finally, you merge with a great river, a tributary of the sea. And ultimately, you flow, briskly, zestily, heartily into union with the sea. There you wait, perhaps an age, perhaps only a fraction of a second and then it begins again. You evaporate (or is it are evaporated?) and the cycle begins again. Again you are water vapor, mist in the air, and apart from the sea. Waiting . . . for it to start again.

Follow that all right? Experience the feelings throughout: isolation, slow accumulation of capacity, size, being; then reunion. Now take your imagination a step further. The ocean is God, conscious of himself. With such depths, such resources, such power, the Oceanus or god is aware of the existence and location of every particle of water. For every particle is really a fragment of god's total being. The split of god into more than one part, or the isolation from the whole sets up the dualism that makes god's self-awareness possible. Follow me? To quote Robert Heinlein's *Stranger In a Strange Land* (as the nearest available source): "Thou art god; I am god; everything that grows (knows itself in fullness or possessing this potential of self awareness) is god." Dig it?

At this point in the discussion let's discard the analogy since analogies when pushed too far have a tendency to break down from the strain of attaining likeness. Let's express our analogy theologically. . . .

Picture, as far as you can (Unless you are god-realized anyway and thus already know this sight), creation before creation occurred. Look at the verses in the *Bible* before Genesis." God exists. In fact he is the only thing that exists. He is all there is, but he doesn't know it. Self awareness is impossible without a different simultaneous viewpoint. Then, through some whim of the universe, some chance occurrence of god's, a duality is set up. God sits up, stretches, discovers himself. God is now self aware or, to put it another way, aware of himself as God. Thus creation is consummated. God, aware of himself and of the dualism that gave him this self awareness effects creation. In his mind, (for where else is there but within the mind of God?) God (and here let's switch back to a first name basis), god establishes, or imagines the earth, the world, the physical universe. An interesting concept, perhaps,

but the physical universe is just that, a concept. The only thing certain is that what we know comes through our senses, albeit imperfectly. So god establishes in his mind this concept, orders the earth, imagines and thus creates its processes. And the purpose of this thought? To keep god self-aware. In the most real sense, then, all reality is illusion. Philosophically, theologically, we are all a part of god. That's what life was created for. God exists in the tiniest fragments our minds can conceive. Atoms, real to us, are physical (to our senses) manifestations of god. They are particles of god.

Trace the process further. Several atoms join to form a molecule. Again this molecule is a physical manifestation to us, but just a wisp of thought of god. Look at the molecules of simple life: DNA and RNA. The god force, god's presence is gaining power. God is now manifest in life and life is thus mirroring god. We are now entering the branches and streams of our analogy. Look at the evolutionary chain of events. Bacteria, paramacia. Then more complex life on up the chain. God is not wholly manifest in these living organisms for they are not self aware. Animal, chordate, vertebrate, mammal, homo sapiens. Ah! Man. Thinking man; self-aware man; creative man. The god force is almost reunited with god. The presence is in the major tributary. And within reach: difficult reach in some ways, just past the outstretched fingertips; easy reach in other ways.

Follow me? This substance is god; you are god; we all are disunited fragments of god. But since each fragment is in a person, a self-aware human being, then the person is capable of consciously directing his spiritual growth towards union with god. Birth, life, death are just rocks in the stream of life. We cross over, go under, swerve around them, each time getting closer to the ocean of god. We live in this life as a self-aware human being, die or stop and digest and review the progress or advancement in that particular lifetime, then are reborn so that our souls may gain further in self-knowledge and wisdom, and advance further towards god realization: towards the feeling and the knowing of ourselves as god rather than just thinking about it intellectually. And then we're home.

To a serious student of the eastern type of religions, most of this is probably familiar. It is not, however (so far as I know), any particular person's or religion's teaching. Rather it is a personal synthesis of things thought, heard, and read during the past several years. Some of the synthesis has been brewing ever since I was old enough to hear and wonder at "God" and "religion." Most of the final pieces of the puzzle came together two summers ago when I chanced to visit the Meher Baba Spiritual Center. It was there that I first heard of Meher Baba, who he was (or claimed to be for you skeptics), and what he had done. The following is a brief sketch of Meher Baba's life from the booklet "Who Is Meher Baba" . . .

MEHER BABA, by name Meherwan Sheriar Irani, was born in Poona, India, on the 25th of February 1894, to a middle-class Zoroastrian family of Persian origin. His father Sheriar Mundegar, born in Persia, was an ardent seeker since

his youth, and his thirst for spiritual enlightenment brought him to India where he spent years of arduous wanderings in search of Truth. One day a vision revealed to Sheriarji that the goal he was seeking would be attained in the son who would be born to him; as a result of this he finally settled down in Poona and married the daughter of a Persian merchant who had migrated to India with his family. In his son Meherwan, Sheriarji recognized the declaration and promise of the vision, the fruit of his search for God.

Meherwan's was a happy normal boyhood. Kind, fun-loving, dutiful, he was a bright student, and shone both in class as well as on the sports field. He was fluent in a number of languages, and was an energetic reader of classical literature as well as detective fiction. He was a lover of the poetic, and assiduously read the works of great poets in English, Indian, and Persian languages. In the course of his education in Poona, Meherwan attended Sardar Dastur School, St. Vincent's High School, and Deccan College. It was during his college period that he was awakened to the knowledge of his divinity and the profound mission of his life. It happened one evening in May 1913. Merwan (as he was usually called) was cycling home from college and as usual he passed by the end of Malcom Tank Road where, under the shade of a neem tree, sat an ancient Mohammedan woman known as Hazrat Baba Jan. She was reputed to be 110 years old, and was venerated by the local people as a great holy personage. Whenever Merwan cycled by, he saw her surrounded by a group of people. On this particular day he felt a strong curiosity regarding her, and leaving his bicycle, he cautiously approached. When he met her eyes she beckoned to him, and he went up to her. She then arose and kissed him on the forehead. No word was spoken. That silent kiss (as Meher Baba now tells us) was for him the rending of the veil of illusion and simultaneous Self-Realization (or God-Realization). From that moment he lost

consciousness of the worlds of form, and for nine months remained oblivious to his surroundings. For some days he was in a total coma, while his anxious parents brought in the best doctors to treat him. Later on he appeared to recover to the extent of moving about normally, but to all appearances his actions were those of an automaton. He constantly visited Hazrat Baba Jan, who referred to him as her child. One day in January of 1914 Baba Jan pointed a commanding finger at Merwan and declared to the gathering around her: "This child of mine will create a great sensation in the world and do immense good to humanity."

Our earth is blessed to have, at all times, five Perfect Masters (Sadgurus), who have attained God Realization and regained consciousness of the worlds of form. They are thus the perfect Masters or Guides who can lead others out of the "skan-skaric" morass of illusion. At the ordained Avataric time, it becomes the function of the then living Perfect Masters to bring about the Advent of the Avatar, or God-Man, who is none other than God in human form. The five Perfect Masters who brought about the advent of the present Avatar, were Hazrat Baba Jan of Poona, Sai Baba of Shirdi, Upasni Maharaj of Sarkori, Tajuddin Baba of Nagpur, and Narayan Maharaj of Kedgaon.

It was in the same year, 1914, that Merwan met the rest of the Perfect Masters. His first contact was with Hazrat Sai Baba of Shirdi. At the time when Merwan approached him, Sai Baba was walking in a procession of his devotees. Merwan went up and prostrated himself at his feet. Sai Baba looked at him and loudly called out: "Parvardigar" (which means: Almighty God the Sustainer).

His next spiritual Master was Sadguru Upasni Maharaj of Sarkori, to whom he was inwardly directed by Sai Baba. Upasni Maharaj was then living in the Khandoba Temple, and as Merwan approached him he picked up a stone and flung it hitting Merwan in the middle of the forehead at the spot where Baba Jan had kissed him. This symbolic action was to help Merwan regain consciousness of the worlds of form which would in no way affect the God-consciousness he experienced without a break. It was a process that covered some years, and at its completion Upasni Maharaj declared before his followers: "Merwan, you are the Ancient One Avatar!"

Merwan's next visit was to Hazrat Tajuddin Baba of Nagpur, and finally to Sadguru Narayan Maharaj of Kedgaon thus completing the circle of contacting the five Perfect Masters who were responsible for this Advent of God on earth.

Years later Merwan, as Meher Baba, was to tell his followers: "Baba Jan gave me Divine Bliss. Sai Baba gave me Divine Power, and Upasni Maharaj gave me Divine Knowledge. I am Infinite Power, Knowledge and Bliss. I am the Ancient One, come to redeem the modern world."

Merwan's mission as Avatar began in 1921, when he drew to him the first group of disciples. These included Zoroastrians, Hindus, Mohammedans, who recognized in him their Spiritual Guide and gave him their lives to mould. It was they who gave him the name by which he has since been known: MEHER BABA, meaning Compassionate Father. As time went by more and more disciples joined him, men and women who

j. j. flash



ultimately left their all to stay with the Master, leading a life of the strictest discipline and service. In 1923 Meher Baba established a colony on the outskirts of Arangaon, a village some six miles from the town of Ahmednagar (Maharashtra). It was named Meherabad. For many years Meherabad remained the headquarters of the Master, where the most varied and active phases of his work were unfolded. These included a free school for boys of all castes and creeds; a free hospital and dispensary; shelters for the poor; a boarding school named "Prem Ashram" where scholastic and spiritual education was imparted to the boys under Meher Baba's direct and personal guidance; and an Ashram for the God-intoxicated individuals known in India as Masts (pronounced musts) — they are so literally intoxicated with love for God, that they have lost all consciousness of the world.

This vast field of activities proved a continual training ground for his men and women disciples in practicing a life of love for God, selfless service, perfect obedience, moral discipline and love and tolerance towards each other. Meher Baba who was both Master and Servant, performed the most menial jobs in his divine love for the children and the Masts. He would brook no distinction between the high castes and the untouchables, and this proved a hard lesson for high-caste disciples who had to serve without prejudice. They learned through the love of their Master, who himself washed the clothes of the untouchable and cleaned their latrines. He was always the supreme example, and his disciples' love for him was the moving spirit of their every endeavour.

Meher Baba's work has not been confined to one place. He has made numerous tours all over India and Ceylon in search of Masts, contacting these spiritually advanced souls to help them progress further on the spiritual Path. During the arduous Mast-tours Baba has covered thousands of miles by all manner of transport: car, tonga, train, bullock cart, mule, camel, horseback, and on foot. An equally extensive and important part of his work has been with the poor and the lepers — bathing them, feeding them, washing their feet, bowing down to them by placing his forehead on their feet, and giving them clothes and money. Many a needy middle-class family, struck by some sudden calamity such as famine or flood and too proud to seek help through organized channels, has received a gift from Baba in person. Baba does not touch money except when giving it to the needy. His giving them money is not an act of charity in the usual sense of the word. It serves as a medium for the immeasurable spiritual blessing he bestows on them. During these many travels, Baba always remained incognito and the men accompanying him were ordered not to disclose his identity.

In contrast to such incognito tours, Meher Baba has been to all parts of India openly giving his 'darshan' to the masses — as many as one hundred thousand have come in a day to pay their respects to him and receive his blessing.

Meher Baba has observed complete silence for 42 years. His Silence began from 10th July 1925, and continues to this day without a break. His many spiritual discourses and messages have been dictated by means of an alphabet board. In 1954 he discontinued the use of the board, reducing all communication to hand gestures which are unique in expressiveness. Meher



j. j. flash

Baba has said that when he breaks his silence he will speak the one Word which will go to the world as from God, straight to the heart of man. He tells us: "The breaking of my silence is not far off. I bring the greatest treasure which it is possible for man to receive. Be ready to receive it."

Meher Baba has travelled to the Western world six times, his first visit being to England in 1931 when he contacted his early Western disciples. At the invitation of his followers he has since been a number of times to America, England, Iran, Australia, and Europe. In all these countries he has a large following, as well as in Pakistan, Israel and Africa, and to some extent in Canada, Mexico, West Indies, Lebanon and New Zealand — thousands of men and women who love and believe in him as God-Man, the Avatar. These followers from all over the world journey to spend a few days, or even a single day, in his presence whenever he permits. In November 1962 thousands from the East and the West gathered in Poona to be with him for a week. His "old" followers, and the many "new" ones who have not yet been in his physical presence, eagerly await the day when he will permit them to come. This will be when his present seclusion ends. For reasons of his inner work for the spiritual benefit of mankind, Meher Baba often retires into long periods of seclusion when none can visit him. Since 1965 he has been in strict seclusion, which continues to this day.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "This day" was sometime in 1968.

Meher Baba cannot be contained within the scope of any

familiar categories, and ordinary experience cannot account for him. He must be accepted on his own terms. To be in his presence is to know that he knows what is to be known. He does not need to speak. He is the Master of one Knowledge, but that Knowledge includes all other knowledge. He is God-Man.

Since 1948 Meher Baba has made his abode at "Meher-azzad", a place nine miles from Ahmednagar (Maharashtra) and close to the village of Pimpalgaon Malvi. Here he lives most of the time with a few of his disciples. His followers are all over the world carrying his message of Love and Truth to their fellow beings on earth, eager to share with others what they have silently received from him.

As Meher Baba has explained, his work is neither to teach nor to found a new religion, but to awaken man to the consciousness of his Real Self which is God. He says, "I have come not to teach but to awaken." He leaves his followers free to follow their religious beliefs and customs. He gives no 'initiation', prescribes no disciplines such as 'pooja', 'mantra', 'japa' or 'yoga'. He says that the only true yoga is "You go" — i.e. the annihilating of one's ego or self-interest. The only 'sadhana' he prescribes is LOVE, as the constant guiding influence of one's every thought, word and deed, while leading a normal life of the world and fulfilling one's duties and responsibilities. It is through the power of utterly selfless Love that Meher Baba awakens in others the true understanding of the purpose of life, which is to realize the Godhood that is inherent in each.

In His own words, "I belong to no religion. Every religion belongs to me. My personal religion is my being the Ancient Infinite One, and the religion I impart to all is Love for God, which is the Truth of all religion. This Love can belong to all, high and low, rich and poor. Every one, of every caste and creed, can love God. The one and only God who resides equally in all, is approachable by each one through Love."

To summarize, then, Meher Baba is the Avatar of our Age. He is the reincarnation, the coming again of the first and only fully god-realized person. In previous ages he has come to Mankind as Jesus the Christ, Gotama the Buddha, Krishna the Lover, and Rama the King. He is thus the same being or presence who comes periodically to the minds and nations of Man to bring man again knowledge of his heritage and his destiny. As Baba puts it, "I have come not to teach but to awaken."

As stated earlier Meher Baba has travelled to the Western world six times, his first visit occurring in 1931 when he contacted his early Western disciples. His last visit to America was in 1958 when he and his disciples stayed at the Meher Center established for his work at Myrtle Beach, S. C. This Center is where I first learned of Baba and was able to finally and firmly establish the roots of my religious or philosophic beliefs. Run by Jane Haynes and Elizabeth Patterson the Center is a quiet place, admirably suited for meditation and quiet introspection, yet with a strong sense of communal friendship and of feeling at home, a place I'm sure Baba loved.

All religions, basically, are pretty much alike, yet Baba and his followers have several minor differences, or perfections, that — to me — stood out. First, the Baba followers that I have met are by far the happiest people I have ever seen. Nowhere else have I seen people so positive, and so quietly joyous in their beliefs. Second, there is no conflict between belief in Baba and other religious philosophies. Baba said that he came to bind all the religions of the world like beads on a string. Many of his teachings, when placed side by side with writings from the Christian *New Testament*, read almost identically the same. There is a difference, though, in that his teachings seem clearer and more addressed to the problems of our age. For example, where contemporary Christian theology would answer in reply to a question concerning the use of drugs with the Biblical reference that our bodies are temples and should not be defiled, Baba addressed himself quite plainly to the question by saying that if the use of drugs such as the hallucinogens *could* cause a person to become closer to God, then God-Realization would obviously not be much of a goal and God would obviously be unworthy of worship. The difference, then, in the writings might be compared to the difference in a drink of water from a fresh, cool, clear mountain stream compared to a drink of settled, sterilized tap water. The people that I talked to at the Center comprised a wide range of religions, including most of the Protestant denominations, and no one saw any conflict in his religion before hearing of Baba, and his belief after accepting Baba.

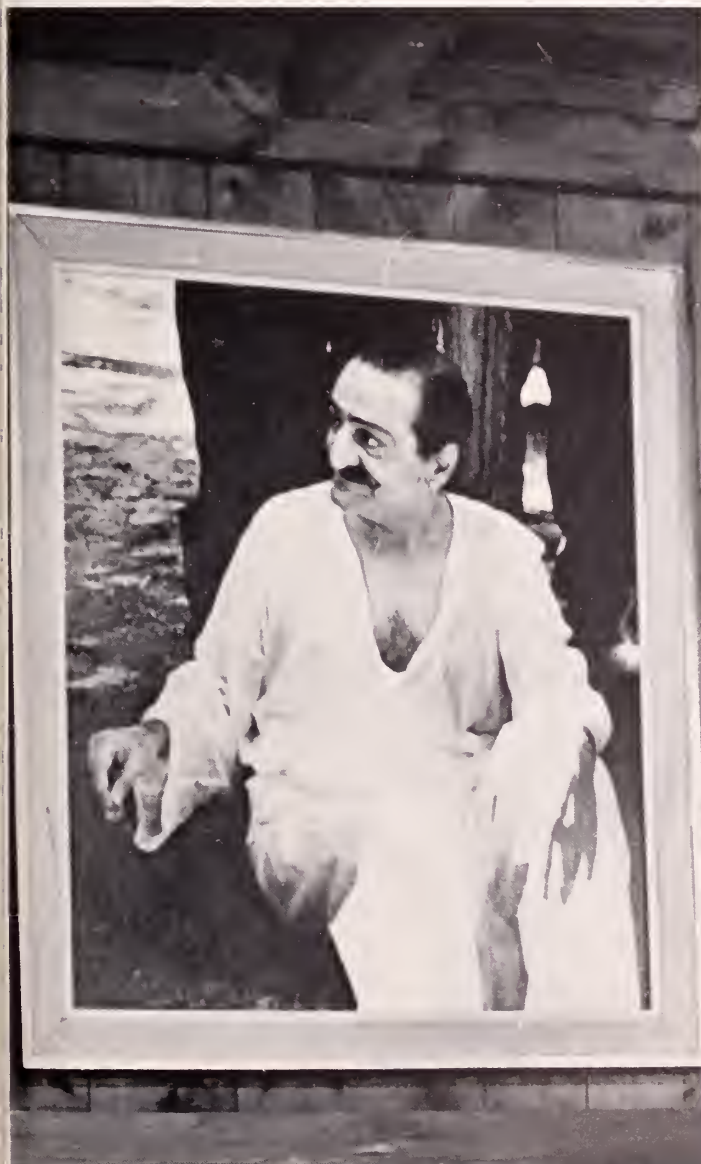
Finally, and most important to me, the followers of Baba showed no faintest sign of the pushiness, the drive to make converts or to save souls, that I have experienced from many Protestants. Baba explained his silence by saying that everything about God had already been said, and that since his speaking in previous ages hadn't taught Man, perhaps the example of Baba's silence would. These people seem to follow this example. They will freely talk about Baba if asked, but no one that I ever heard mentioned his beliefs in any evangelical sort of way. The people at the Center say that Baba said that a person will not visit the Center until it is "time" for him to, until he is ready and desiring to hear. Accordingly, they do no missionary work of any sort. Information is passed mainly by word of mouth with only occasional notices in any media. The people restrict what work they do to projects like community work with children, or talking to visitors at the center. They even had an aid and information tent set up and Baba's 'Don't Worry — Be Happy' posters all over the grounds of the First Atlanta International Pop Festival. Although they refuse to engage in any publicity of any sort, they freely answer questions or give out information when asked. As a result, one can find lovers of Baba almost anywhere. The musical group "The Who" list Avatar: Meher Baba in the credits on the back of their rock opera *Tommy*, and Townshend, the chief composer of the group stated in an interview with *Rolling Stone* that due to his belief in Baba, there was a great deal of Baba's influence in his work. *The Whole Earth Catalog*, too, in at least one of its supplements and one of its regular editions made mention of Baba.

Meher Baba no longer walks the earth as a man but exists now, as god, in each of us. In the early part of 1969, Baba told

his disciples that his work was finished and then, as his followers would say 'dropped his body,' no longer needing it for his work. It wasn't until the early spring of 1970 that I first heard of Baba through a curiosity-induced visit to the Center, but the simple, self-evident truths I was told there quickly established the cornerstone for the beliefs I had struggled for so long to establish. Before then, I had had the example of a stern Christian god who was described as All-merciful, yet who gave people only one life in which to be saved. While there I discovered that the Christian church, too, had taught the doctrine of reincarnation up until 543 A.D. when, at a meeting of the Fifth Ecumenical Council in Constantinople, the Church fathers decided and passed a resolution that they would no longer teach this doctrine. Further, the explanations I heard at the Center gave a reason and a purpose in God's creating life that up until then was completely inexplicable. In ending, I can only say that this is what I've heard and thought, that this is the basis for my religious beliefs, and that Christ, as promised, has returned.

J.R.S.

j. j. flash



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j. j. flash

THE PRAYER OF REPENTANCE

We repent, O God Most Merciful; for all our sins; for every thought that was false or unjust or unclean; for every word spoken that ought not to have been spoken; for every deed done that ought not to have been done.

We repent for every deed and word and thought inspired by selfishness, and for every deed and word and thought inspired by hatred.

We repent most specially for every lustful thought and every lustful action; for every lie; for all hypocrisy; for every promise given but not fulfilled, and for all slander and backbiting.

Most specially also, we repent for every action that has brought ruin to others; for every word and deed that has given others pain; and for every wish that pain should befall others.

In your Unbounded Mercy! We ask you to forgive us, O God! for all these sins committed by us, and to forgive us for our constant failures to think and speak and act according to Your Will.

MEHER BABA

The Eight Bong Daily

Chess Hudson

Angled heads bent to the stones,
A scene of man-stalks stream the stairs,
And nowhere noses, nowhere I's,
Labored lung clouds cling like flies.

Muffled scruffle, scrape and shuffle,
Cow skin foot pads sound the baffled
Hung down, flung down please of outrage,
Mattress curses fall on in rage.

Toes have gleam shine, heels have scrapped whine,
Neither point to home or forward,
Not a bad sight, could be worse sight,
Flesh that meshes looks the same.

Hut two if you mesh for pleasure.
Three four if you angle up.
Strangle all your outglance silence
Then you . . .

Mr. Benjamin, please pay attention



Mike Sloan

I begin the hunt
across the dense earth colors

looking for the now forgotten path
i seek the fortunes

of the mythical elephant burial grounds
bleached out bones and ivory

And He Found the Entertainment Good

John Pratt

First, man walked, much later he talked
and when he had done both for a million years,
his words became bold, his emotions grew cold
and he abandoned his childish fears.
Those most haughty of men, the scientists, then
boasted of all they knew:
"We've examined it all, the great and the small,
and there's nothing we cannot do.
We've fathomed the star, explained the quasar,
and we understand the atom well.
We went to our task, made life in a flask,
and built a human cell by cell.
We have put away notions of magical potions,
of souls and God's Divine Plan.
We've taken the test and now we can rest—
for man is the creator of man."

After a few years elapsed, the haughty collapsed
like so many empty paper sacks.
Earth stopped turning, the sun stopped burning,
the cosmos developed some cracks.
Then the great trap door in the universal floor
opened as wide as hinge would allow;
the puppeteer stood, then pushed back his hood,
and quiety took a bow.



Clemson Chronicle



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thank you, Jack



sly



jack davis

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

I met in the hall
One mendicant friar.
Grizzled in his face,
He measured his words,
Meagerly, from the untapped
Thoughts he kept in store.

He and I first sang
Of constructed visions;
He in the major scales,
Me, forever in the minor.
Scales blurred into chords
And that surprised us both.

Finally he repented;
"At a loss to explain
What we've shared!"
For my part, privately,
I had realized
There was no use.

Barry Davis

WITH THE INNOCENCE OF A SAVAGE

God seemingly well unexpectedly died
but few relatives were there
Christ was sorry but wished not
to be a man
dying once again
he prayed his "Amen"
was cremated this time
to make sure
All his moral truths figured lies
so all were saved and safe
But that was only the start of things
and mostly from the wrong end
Until someone died and was eaten
for dinner on Sunday.

Mike Sears



thain

VERTIGO

A shower of sunlight filters a nation
of shadows from the treetops that
shoulder one another on a carpet
on needles

To expose between the toes of the last
verdant brotherhood the twisted
pulseless liquid course,

Singly killing the nerves of each
immobile foot behind the barricades
that fail to contain

Our societal slip stream.

poetry by Jim Forth



thain

POST SCRIPT

Now

Try pity extracted tincture
of love on friendly cuts,

Try a bandage of sterilized rag
which corroded in tickertape shade,

Try to splint the unbroken
impaled on the shaft of war.

Try

RAIN

"I'm like a cloud raining," she said. Softly
Her words fell. Like so many raindrops, in blurs.
Patters stirred while puffs of thought rose quickly
Sparked and splattered by those of hers.

"By the time my words reach you," she said,
They're no longer rain, they're snowflakes."
I lost that elusive "longer" in my head
And missed the change from rain to snowflakes.

No. But I've heard the rain call your name
And found myself trying hard to answer;
But words, in changing, cannot mean the same
To me as they change to mean for her.

Instead, I changed my facial expression
In hopes that I could show her my emotion.

by Barry Davis

In the introduction to Welcome to the Monkey House, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. proposes the two main themes of his novels to have been "Here I am cleaning shit off of practically everything" and "No pain." Together these statements make the best possible introduction to Vonnegut's fiction. In the six novels, one collection of short stories, and one play which Vonnegut has so far published, the main essence has been a cleansing satire delivered with compassion. He is the frustrated father, the disappointed friend, and the hilarious critic.

In his first novel, Player Piano, Vonnegut is concerned with a progress-happy humanity. The over-automated complexities of a future society produce superabundant leisure time, and discontent even among the highest levels. But a revolt against the age induces, first of all, an over-reaction in which machines are smashed indiscriminantly by frustrated rebels, and then, a realization of failure as this same mob watches in fascination one of the smashed machines being repaired. The hypnotic appeal of progress overcomes the need for rebellion, and there can be no "turning back" to a simpler time. Even were it possible, human curiosity, the desire to see how far man can go with this progress thing, would defeat the attempt.

The Sirens of Titan is Vonnegut's novel of a war between Earth and Mars, fought on both sides by Earth men. The war is part of Winston Niles Rumfoord's scheme to end all wars and make everybody happy. Rumfoord is an archetype of those who easily sacrifice others for the sake of a cause, and whose idea of peace and equality is to reduce everyone to the lowest common denominator.

Mother Night is perhaps the most conventional of Vonnegut's novels, if that term may be applied to any of his writings. Its setting is post World War II and its hero is an ex-American spy named Howard W. Campbell, Jr. During the war Campbell has acted as a Nazi propagandist, writing speeches, press releases, and doing English language propaganda broadcasts. Campbell's "moral" dilemma lies in not knowing whether the good he did as a spy comes anywhere close to rectifying the harm he has done as a Nazi. Mother Night is posed as a memoir written while Campbell awaits a war crimes' trial in Israel after eluding capture for nearly twenty years.

(Vonnegut's considered major novels are Cat's Cradle; God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater; and Slaughterhouse Five.) Any attempt to summarize here could not do justice to these works. (I recommend them merely.) In addition to the novels, Vonnegut short stories have been collected into a volume titled Welcome to the Monkey House. Recently Vonnegut published his first play, Happy Birthday, Wanda June.

Vonnegut has appealed to an increasingly wide audience on college campuses around the nation. Popularity tends to cast suspicions of slickness and shallowness on those authors which it graces. Of the few recent authors to escape the double clutches of public apathy and critical disdain, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. is perhaps more successful than most.

The Chronicle

INTERVIEWS

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

CHRONICLE: The first thing we want to get is a little biographical data on how you got into writing, Mr. Vonnegut.

VONNEGUT: Well, I went to a remarkable high school, which was Shortridge High School in Indianapolis, Indiana. What made it remarkable was that it had a daily newspaper, and also had an extraordinarily successful athletic program . . . a steadily victorious football team . . . so the men were more or less separated from the boys. Depending on whether you were a bruiser or not you either worked on the daily paper or you played sports. You had to be a pro to get on the football team. You had to be bald at the age of fifteen. And that was it. I had the experience of writing for a daily paper then, and it was easy and it was pleasant for me. When I went to Cornell University in 1940 it was very easy for me to get on the Cornell Daily Sun, which is also a good paper, because of the experience I'd had in high school. Shortridge, because of this daily newspaper which it has had since about 1900, had turned out a remarkable number of writers.

CHRONICLE: You were in WWII and didn't start writing your novels until after that. . .

VONNEGUT: That's right. I had no idea what the hell I was going to do with my life. I didn't write at all during the war. I didn't get an opportunity to. I was an artilleryman for a while and then an infantryman, low ranking. I was a corporal when I was discharged, and that was after about three years or so. When I got out of the army I had no idea what I wanted to do. I knew I could get a job working on a newspaper because I had done a lot of newspapering as a kid. I went to the University of Chicago after the war, and I started anthropology. Then, to

supplement my income I got a job as a police reporter with the Chicago City News Bureau . . . and I went broke. . . . I was married and had a child . . . and I went broke in Chicago after a couple of years. I was offered a fairly fancy public relations job with General Electric . . . which was shameful from the point of view of a newspaperman, but I needed the money so I took it.

CHRONICLE: I've got a few prepared questions. If any of them seem incomprehensible just ignore them. Okay, let me see. . . . Reading *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, it seems that there's an identification between yourself and Eliot Rosewater. Do you think this is so?

VONNEGUT: Yes, well, simply because I wrote the book, and I know what alcohol is. Actually, the character Eliot Rosewater is modeled after a person I shared an office with on Cape Cod. This man was not a rich man. He was, and continues to be, an accountant there who makes out income tax forms for poor people and helps them fill out things for the Veterans' Administration . . . helps them get their social security and so forth. He has this great tenderness, and he talks as Eliot Rosewater talked, except that the man on Cape Cod had no money.

CHRONICLE: In *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, Eliot Rosewater interrupts a convention of science fiction writers. He says that it is science fiction writers who seem to be sensitive to changes in the world and, as such, are more or less expressing the only worthwhile ideas in literature. Does this approximate your own opinion?

VONNEGUT: No, I think there are some people who are

comfortable with books about small issues, charming issues . . . his family troubles and that sort of thing, and I think that there are some people who are alarmed by the planet, and so have such a state of astonishment . . . about even being alive . . . that they want the enormous issues discussed. You know, the sophomoric issues, really. By the time a person is a junior in college, or even a junior in high school, he is supposed to lose interest in the perfectly enormous questions, but Eliot Rosewater never did.

CHRONICLE: Is science fiction the most flexible medium for ideas today?

VONNEGUT: Well, I wrote up a piece about science fiction in the *New York Times* about five years ago, where I said that science fiction writers are a social group. There is no reason why they should exist separately and have separate shelves in book stores. The writers themselves have insisted on this . . . on having a separate identity. Science fiction writers are very fond of each other, see a lot of each other, write each other a lot of letters, and they enjoy the feeling of being a gang. It is largely a social phenomenon that they are separate. There is no literary reason for their being separate categories . . . well, there is a slight literary reason. Science fiction came out of the pulps . . . pulp magazines, of course, were knocked out of business by the comic magazines . . . yet when there were pulp magazines the people who wrote for them were the fastest writers in history. They were the first people to use electric typewriters, for instance, because the regular typewriters couldn't go fast enough . . . and the people who wrote for the pulps did not edit their material because the pay was not high enough. So really, the pulp writers would simply try to deal with an exciting idea quickly.

CHRONICLE: Did you ever write for the pulps?

VONNEGUT: No. But anyway, science fiction was supposed to . . . in the beginning . . . in the beginning in this country . . . was the work of guys who went real fast and dealt principally with ideas. They were not too good with the language, were not too good with characterization and all that simply because they didn't have time. So there was this atmosphere of haste around science fiction. That is no longer justified. Will you edit this for me? I don't even know if I'm speaking English or not.

CHRONICLE: I don't even know if I'm speaking English, and I've got it written out in front of me. Okay, Rosewater states that no one has ever written a science fiction novel about the power of money. Is this part of what you were trying to do in *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*?

VONNEGUT: I suppose, and I suppose that was something to boost my morale . . . that I was doing something fairly classy here. I didn't know I had said that. I don't remember having said it.

CHRONICLE: It was spoken before the convention.

VONNEGUT: Well, it's probably true.

CHRONICLE: Rosewater wrote out all those checks and everything . . . Do you think that most of what you've written has been science fiction? Maybe I should take that question back after hearing that you don't like the classification.

VONNEGUT: I don't hang around with the science fiction

bunch very much. It is a family you belong to or don't belong to, because it acts like a family. I'm a marginal relative because I know a lot of science fiction writers, and I'm very fond of them, but I don't correspond with them much.

CHRONICLE: Most of what you write has a pessimistic outlook on human nature . . . wars will always exist and religions will always be corrupted by man . . . men are basically capable of brutality and persecution . . . and yet your books are always rather kindly disposed toward these same men. How do you account for the discrepancy between the philanthropic attitude and the misanthropic undercurrents of your novels?

VONNEGUT: Well, It's . . . a very complicated sort of despair because . . . it seems to me that there is so much man could do, if only he would, and yet it seems that mankind for one reason or another is perhaps not going to do those good things which it could.



CHRONICLE: Would you consider your work black humor?

VONNEGUT: No, that's another classification, one that Bruce Jay Friedman started. He just named a whole bunch of writers, and said they were all black humorists . . . and the critics started picking up on that category. The people he named didn't know each other all that well . . . didn't necessarily admire each others' work very much. Sometimes they did, but it was a very odd assortment of people . . . myself, Donnleavy, Barth, Friedman himself and so on . . . just an odd assortment of people.

CHRONICLE: You say your father once said you had never written a story with a villain in it.

VONNEGUT: Yes.

CHRONICLE: Isn't this a failure of some sort. I mean, do you think your attitude is due to humanitarianism, or is it just apathy?

VONNEGUT: As far as villains go I believe that villains must do what they do . . . that they are machines of that sort, and so I'm compassionate . . . to the extent that I can be. I think it's said that some people have to go around as viciousness machines, but I don't think they can get out of it very easily.

CHRONICLE: Do you think any of your characters ever go beyond pathos? Do you think any of them present qualities which would put them in some other . . . realm? I don't know if that question is particularly . . .

VONNEGUT: Do I have any optimistic characters? Would that be another way of putting it?

CHRONICLE: No, not so much. . .

VONNEGUT: People who are living well?

CHRONICLE: People who sort of rise above humanity . . . although I suppose in a way they all do.

VONNEGUT: Well, yes, in a way. It's exasperating in a way to have a character who rises above humanity . . . leaving humanity behind. There's an awful lot of that going on now, on the part of politicians, for instance, rising so far above humanity they are on cloud cuckoo.

CHRONICLE: Stylistically there seems to be a little bit of condescension in your work, as though you were the only adult in a roomful of children. . .

VONNEGUT: Who said that? I've never heard that before.

CHRONICLE: I just said it.

VONNEGUT: Oh.

CHRONICLE: Is this just an authorial stance. . .

VONNEGUT: No, it's a matter of principle. I don't mean to be patronizing. I merely want people to understand what I'm talking about, and I don't want people to stop to look up a word. I don't want to play that Nabokovian game with a dictionary. If I mention an *oubliette* I could easily let it go at that . . . but I want to tell what an *oubliette* is in case somebody doesn't know. If I put in a foreign phrase, I don't want to pretend that we've all been to college so we're all fluent in French, Italian, and Spanish. I myself was educated as a chemist for instance, and then as an anthropologist. So I myself have been intimidated by writers who sprinkle their books with references to great cities I've never seen, and



languages I've never spoken . . . so it has been an effort to be clear.

CHRONICLE: Do you find it difficult to maintain that?

VONNEGUT: The clarity?

CHRONICLE: Um, yeah. Do you find yourself sticking in things and not realizing it?

VONNEGUT: That people would understand?

CHRONICLE: Yes.

VONNEGUT: Well . . . it . . . no I don't think so. For instance, right now I'm writing just about a ride in a truck through a strip mining area in West Virginia. I began talking about why they wrecked the whole state, what they wanted this mineral for, and then I started explaining that they burned it to boil water, and blew the steam through steel windmills . . . I start getting on a train of thought like that, or I find myself explaining how a refrigerator works, or I'll start thinking about

how an automobile engine works. One reason I'll start talking about it is that most people only pretend to know, and as long as I'm free to put what I want to in a book, why shouldn't I discuss with a person the internal combustion engine? Not in a patronizing way, but so that the two of us can sort of marvel at the way of propelling vehicles, explosions, for instance.

CHRONICLE: In the introduction to "Happy Birthday, Wanda June" you said that you were through writing novels and wouldn't write anything but plays from now on. Is this new thing that you are writing a novel?

VONNEGUT: It's a novel. That was just my mood at the time. The trouble with plays is that they are so expensive to put on. If there were some cheap way to put on plays a lot more people would be writing them. But when you write a play, initially, you light the fuse on what could be a very expensive disaster. Your friends are going to lose their money. Your friends put two hundred bucks or a thousand bucks into one of your plays . . . and the money is customarily lost . . . so you start feeling guilty about losing money for people.

CHRONICLE: I understand that a movie has been made of "Wanda Jane." Could you give us a little information on the production?

VONNEGUT: Well, I don't like the film, and I wish they had used the original cast.

CHRONICLE: Who did they use?

VONNEGUT: Rod Steiger and Susannah York . . . who are very good actors. The original cast was a very good one . . . and we got so that we could work together like the Harlem Globetrotters. They really knew how all the jokes worked. I wish that cast had been used. For one reason or another, and a lot of the fault is mine, it is not a very good movie. It's a very strange movie.

CHRONICLE: Did you have anything to do with the production yourself? Did you assist with the screenplay?

VONNEGUT: I was consulted on it, and I worked on the script some, but essentially the ending of the script was worked out by the director, Mark Robson, who took several versions of the play and selected speeches from different versions, and put together an ending which satisfied him . . . but which does not satisfy me. It's just one of those things. I'm not angry about it. I don't feel betrayed about it. I just feel like a fool, because somehow it's not a very good movie.

CHRONICLE: Do you think other movies might be adapted from some of your novels?

VONNEGUT: Well, there is an extremely good movie coming out of *Slaughterhouse Five*. I've seen rough cuts of it, and I'm just totally satisfied with it. I'm very happy . . . and it will open in . . . that will open in New York and Los Angeles, in April, I guess. The system now in movies is to open in just a couple of places to establish sort of a track record, and then open here and there later on. The days are over when a bunch of theatres were hired out at once.

CHRONICLE: Who is doing the production?

VONNEGUT: Universal Pictures is doing it, and the director is George Roy Hill who did "Butch Cassidy" . . . and I just respect him so damned much. I've had nothing to do with the



picture except that it's based on my book . . . and I would talk to Hill occasionally about what people looked like back then . . . but I don't know many authors who are happy with what films have done to their books. I'm just totally elated.

CHRONICLE: Going back to an earlier point, what do you think the future of the American stage might be, with so much chance to lose so much money on it. Do you think it's dying or just getting started or sitting around waiting?

VONNEGUT: We have a lot of people in this country who don't need money— young people who have inherited money— and so I suppose our playwrights will come from that numerous group. The plays will be written for the love of theatre. They will be produced at Yale. They'll be produced at Clemson . . . Occasionally they'll be produced here. Theatre is being rescued by Joseph Papp (?) at the public theatre. He's a magic man, somehow. He's the most exciting thing in New York now. There's a problem in that most of the theatres are in New York, and so most plays will be adjusted to New York taste . . . and that's proper too. New Yorkers should be able to see New York plays . . . plays with New York jokes in them and New York problems in there, and New York attitudes. It's too bad there can't be Seattle theatre and New Orleans theatre and Indiannapolis theatre. New York is a regional theatre, but it's the only theatre we've got.

CHRONICLE: Movies seem to be emerging more and more as an art form. Will films eventually drain away most of the remaining talent from the theatre?

VONNEGUT: And from novels too. Almost every novelist I know is working on a movie script. But the movies are customarily financial disasters too. The movie industry is in very rough shape. I had lunch with a publicity man from Universal, and we were talking about all the great movies . . . the exciting movies, that have come out in the last few months, and he was saying "Yeah, but there were two movies that got all the money . . . that really did the business . . . and that was the James Bond movie and "The French Connection." You see long theatre lines in New York for "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," "Clockwork Orange" and so forth, but there is some question as to whether they will earn back their investment.

CHRONICLE: Movies can provide a wider exposure for writers and performers. Do you think that the people in the theatre will go over to the movies. . .

VONNEGUT: Well, it's easy to travel back and forth. Most actors I know will do anything to keep going. They'll do commercials for television, they'll do low jobs for NET, they'll

take high paying jobs in Hollywood. It's sort of a grabs right and left. They keep afloat that way. And so do British actors, of course. They'll go back and forth mainly between television and the stage. A British actor, I think, in a hit, makes something like 75 bucks a week . . . the actors who are in good faith love it. The actors who are in plays love it. When "Happy Birthday Wanda June" opened at the Leeds we ran a month and then there was an equity strike which closed all theatres off-Broadway. All the theatres had to close until everybody had settled, so we closed, and, by God, the actors came to a restaurant next door to the theatre every night, and sat around and talked . . . because they wanted to be with each other. They had become a family, and they were fond of that family.

CHRONICLE: You said in the introduction to *Slaughterhouse Five* that you had been intending to write the book, or at least a book on the fire-bombing of Dresden ever since the end of WWII. Do you think that actually writing *Slaughterhouse Five* purged you in any way?

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

VONNEGUT: Yes it did. It changed my personality. There were quite a few changes inside of me when I finally finished.

CHRONICLE: Each successive novel seems to contain references and elaborations from the previous novels and a germ of the next one. *Slaughterhouse Five* seems to culminate this process, bringing in references from all the novels. Did *Slaughterhouse Five* drain you of material suitable for fictional treatment?

VONNEGUT: Well, there's the book I'm working on now that I've been working on a long time. It, too, has characters from the other books. One of the leading characters in that is the science fiction writer Kilgore Trout . . . and I think Kilgore Trout must be what I've been for the past twenty years now . . . and I think that the whole cycle will finally end . . . I think this will be sort of a sort of Coda to the last twenty years, and then it really will be time to write a radically different something, or to stop writing entirely, or who knows . . . but something will really end . . . this is sort of a coda.

CHRONICLE: Was the drain of writing "SL5" what made you switch to writing plays?

VONNEGUT: Yes, I think so, I wrote an introduction to the published version of the play, and I said that it was a quick way to get excitement and a new family. Many American novelists, as they approach fifty, write plays. I think it's an effort to become more sociable.

CHRONICLE: Do you think you might go back to plays after this novel?

VONNEGUT: Yes, I've got a play going too.

CHRONICLE: Will it be staged or is it just a written play? A lot of people are simply writing plays now. Is this to be staged?

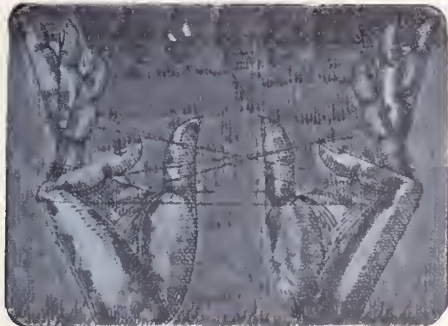
VONNEGUT: Yes, I'd like to take it to Yale or to Joseph Papp, and hope that it would be produced.

CHRONICLE: You say that sometimes in the middle of the night when the bottle's getting low the urge comes to make long distance phone calls to old and nearly forgotten friends. Would you attribute this to morbidity?

VONNEGUT: Oh, no, I attribute it to alcohol, and I don't do it anymore. I stopped doing it about four years ago, but I really used to . . . I was very much into that. I almost always located the person. It was a great reaching out which everybody feels. I've heard from an awful lot of people who say that they use the telephone in this way . . . they use booze and the telephone in this way when their mates are asleep. I've heard from women who do it. I've heard from men who do it. It's a common American disease.

CHRONICLE: Do you have any personal visions about the future of America?

VONNEGUT: Well, again I don't think anything is going to be done about the big problems. I think that there are things that could be done. It would take some time to expound. I think the job of the President is to be a teacher. I think that people tend to believe whatever he says . . . and he could teach us all kinds of things, immediately, about friendliness toward one another. What the great teacher is doing now is teaching us anger, envy, and suspicion . . . and he could just as easily teach



us warmer attitudes. It's very easy to do. He's an enormously powerful man.

CHRONICLE: Regarding American literature, where do you think it's going now?

VONNEGUT: We're not lemmings, so it's going in all sorts of directions. There is no central American theme that anyone can think of now, no unifying theme such as war. There's no core to American life that we all want to talk about. Right now everybody is talking about Clifford Irving, and right now we'll just have to wait for a new fad to come along before we are all interested in the same story again. There is no care . . . for instance, we're not a Catholic nation. We're not a white nation . . . so if the central problem of a novelist is to be Catholic, that is going to be a limited audience for that, or Jewish problems, or what ever. We have a fragmented literature because we have a fragmented population. That's okay. I think the country should probably be vulcanized (balkanized?) anyway.

CHRONICLE: That's really about all of the questions I had prepared . . . Is there anything in particular which you would like to say in closing?

VONNEGUT: Well, I think that the yearning which everyone is articulating now for community of some sort is very sensible. I think that people should be housed in places where several generations can live. I think that a man should be able to build a home that will be in his family generations from now. In a kinky way people are right to defend old neighborhoods in the city against invaders. I think it's very bad for people to move so much . . . physically. I have no family home to go home to where old relatives of mine are living. I wish I did.

When I went to Biafra, one of the most moving things about the experience was to see how well extended families work. The Biafrans belonged to families which have five hundred members or more. When a baby was born in Biafra the mother and the family went travelling for about six weeks, visiting all the relatives, so that everyone could get to know the child . . . so they took awfully good care of each other.

I have a friend here who says it's the same in Italy today. This is so important. I think the most exuberant people we see around in American public life, for instance . . . the Kennedy's or the Buckley's, regardless of what you think of their politics, have this large family feeling which makes people strong. Poor people don't get a chance to build a social unit of any size. The nuclear family is a political tragedy among other things . . . a man, his wife, a son, a daughter, and his dog . . . can't manifest any power . . . any political power, and they're also terribly lonesome.

When young people want to live in communes . . . that is terribly intelligent, and when communes fail . . . and they must . . . it's because the people who form them are not really relatives, do not really agree on everything . . . as people in primitive societies do. They do not know each other really well, and so when a group of young people form a commune now it is going to be uncomfortable, because the members don't understand each other well. But if those communes can hold together, and reproduce, and raise a generation of children who know each other extremely well, then the commune will become what everybody dreams of. It is beyond us because we don't have enough relatives, but our children could have scores of relatives.

CHRONICLE: Okay, thank you, Mr. Vonnegut, we appreciate your taking time to talk with us, and if you ever get around Clemson, . . .

VONNEGUT: Thank you.

(So it goes.)



Donald A. Jones

At Flowers Bending Over Trees

The moon was working overtime,
A star or two in view
And to each side's periferal view,
With grasses glazed in crystal dew,
As horizon's hand through
Honeycombs opened wide and
Set free an early tide, my
Melancholy stride.

Camphored brown searsucker way beneath
The bush life rustled
In shade row baked the color's day,
And behind
The Sun cast shadows of us on the farm,
This mockingbird and I
On my arm.

My head anew, this singing bird
Away he flew
Telling all, a distant place,
How as we walked I'd never point my hand
At flowers bending over trees
Or how I whispered to the bees.

Sitting Here and (You) There

Well, now
You're sweet instead
Of Rain,
Snow! (and)
Having this umph-or-something
About everything (go on),
Only new things do
That old things wanted to (and)
Well, now
You're sweet instead
of Rain,
Snow.

Divorced from any rhythm
these taps on keys might make,
left with solace, a match to strike some smoke,
where time is seconds, where the leaves of pages
written or read are stale cliché,
under odored bed chambers of burnt
tobacco and shuttering nights behind
hung window blinds, beside raised panes
mullioned by light bars, and over
nights of mist and shiny fog darkness,
I speak for sanity in the life shows now
that are showing and have been seen before.

Though I refuse for my cuddled being,
amputation for the sane, I tongue
around my room to taste all in the sane,
and play for all immutable madness.
So, my life is spit. In chambers
madness revolves, yet I click again,
a register like guns, and not really
for it's not my finger, let alone my trigger.
For whom do I click?

I click for another blank, solace and misery,
the thump of another ash, more rings for seconds, drown
in the busy purr of night, or the mist, or the stale
foilage of leaves written or read
behind reflections in glass for rooms and cliché chambers,
stale by patterns of odored smoke—
perfume that engulfs me, I wheeze by and draw on
to inhale my madness in squeeze again,
to click some blank, and
assert your sham sanity for me.

Because I know I'm mad for I tap keys and write
this; do you insane know I will?

Your date for my murder' unto you
should know in the life shows,
which have been shown by you,
that for raising pains,
mullioned by drips from my lashed brain and soaked
by heart, madness is all I've got. . . .
and in your chambers too. . . .

Walter A. Julian

The Voyage of the *Menschheit*

Though the tempest raged without,
The good ship *Menschheit* made sail and
hove her anchour;
Left the tranquil waters of the harbor,
And embarked upon a thousand-year voyage.

With nobility of bearing
She drove her prow into Himalayan waves
And strained against the hurricane,
Bound for the Holy Continent.

Her rigged masts thrust upward,
Like hands, clasped in desperate prayer,
Like hands, grasping in desperation
For any passing, saving Hand.

And on the tempest raged; the oceans heaved;
On on the *Menschheit* bore across the rain-swept
universe.

Bobby Hanley

Aeroplane

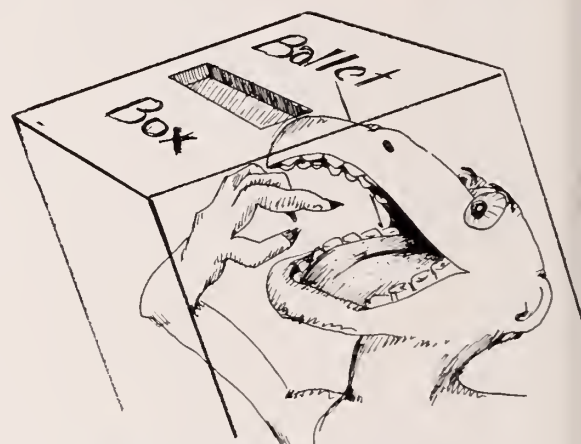
A hundred lives sweep across the sky
With flashing lights amidst a million more,
And in the darkened night
They wave good-bye
And quietly shut the door.



drawings
by Wes Corner

"Things that go boomp in the night
are now working 24-hours a day."

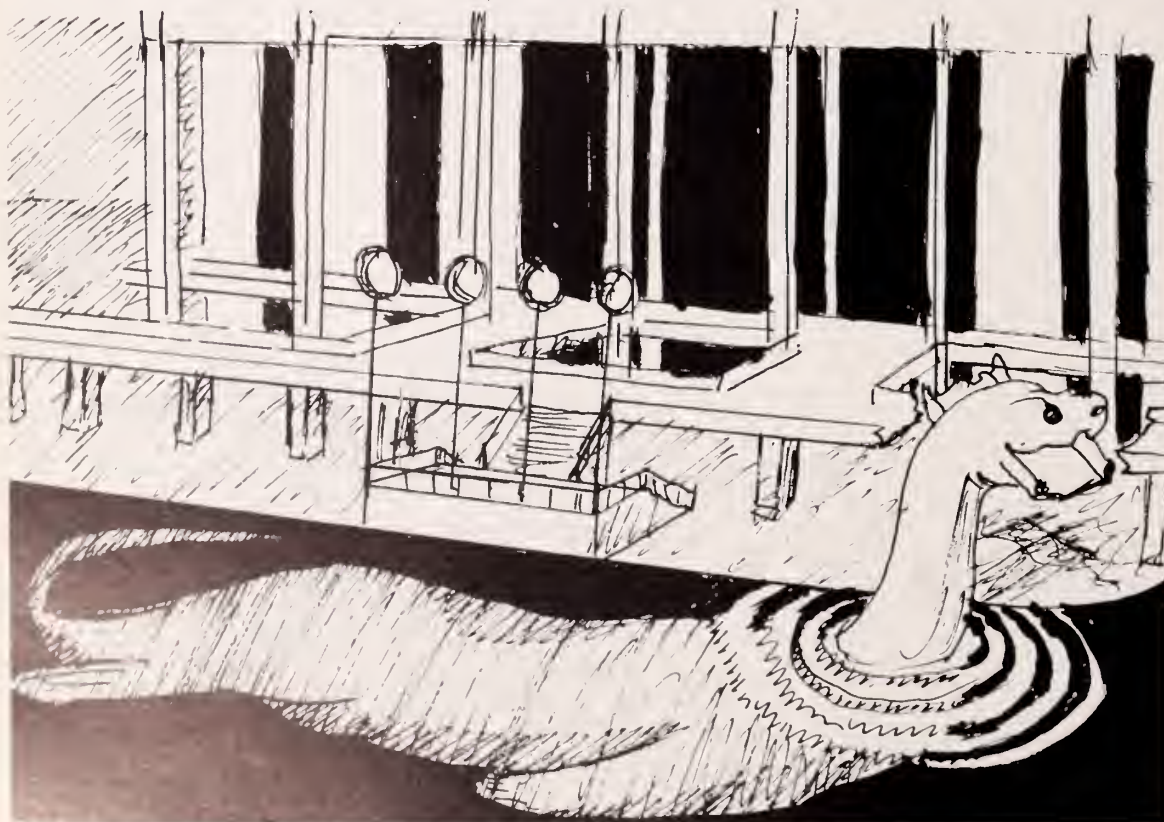
National Lampoon

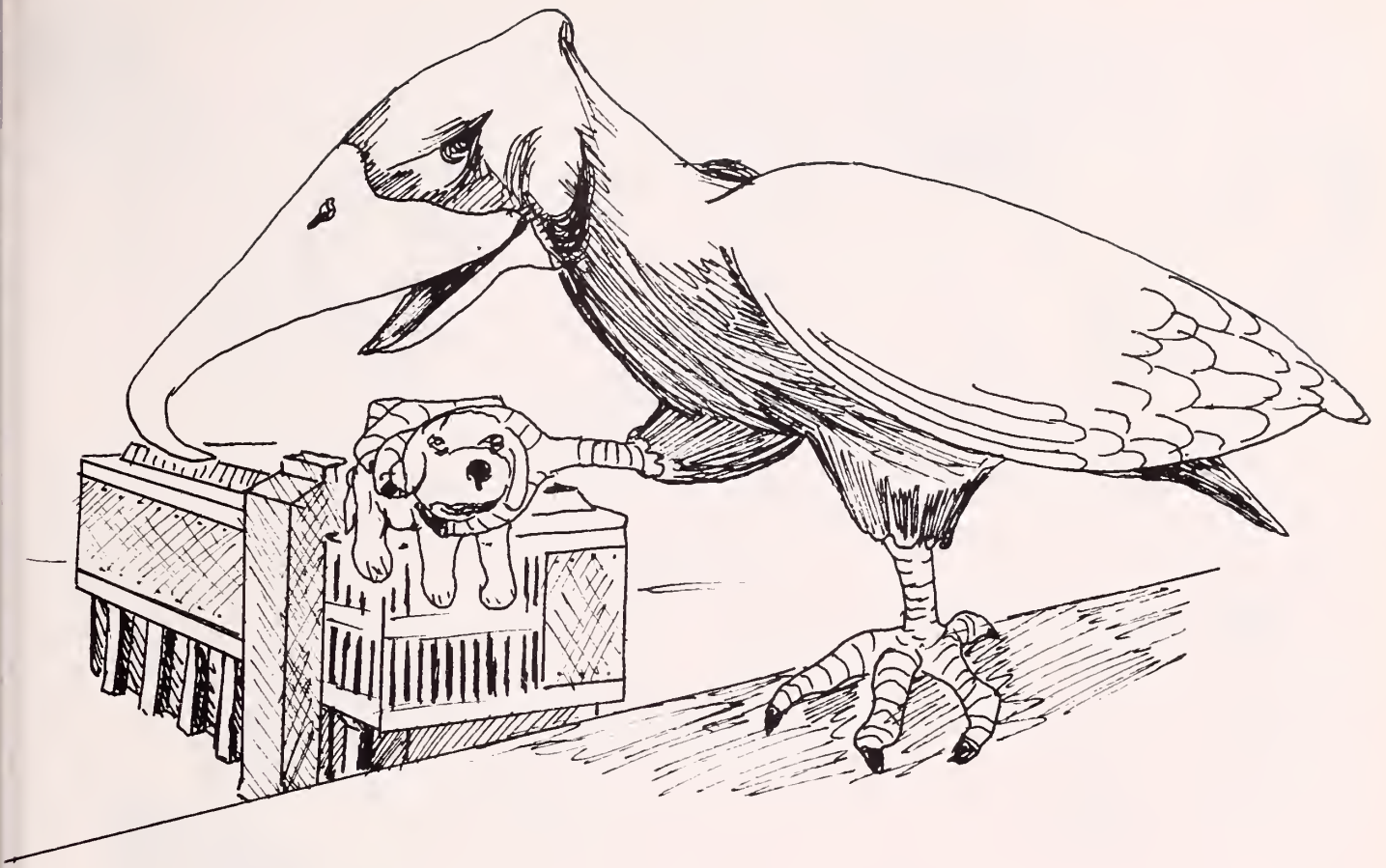


Ballot Box Gremlin
(oedipus ballotus)

Monster From The Bottom Of The Library Pool

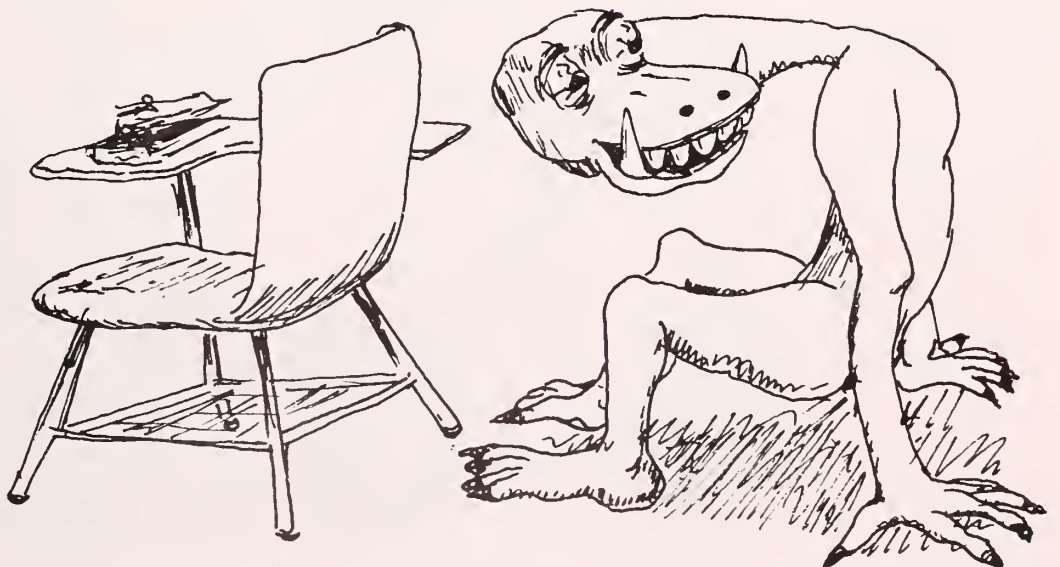
(koota maria slima)

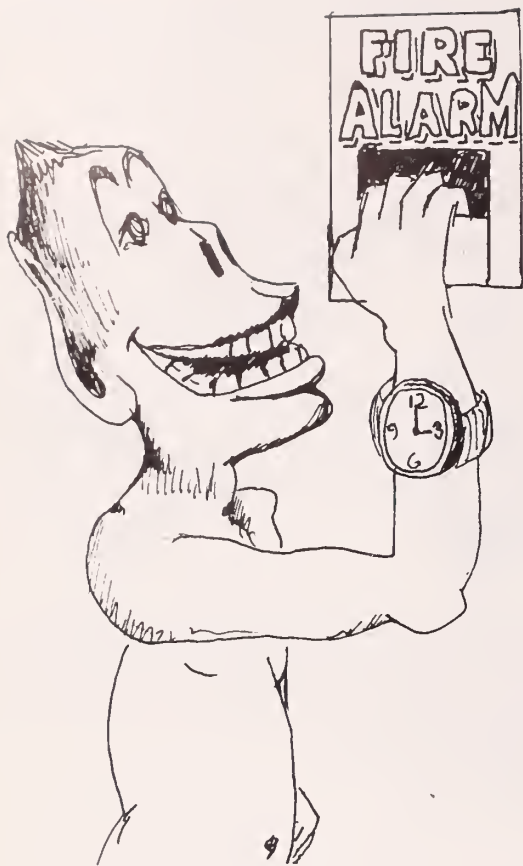




Rhodantian Vulture
(kidnappius canis)

Desk Sprite
(mischevia pervertata
tabula)



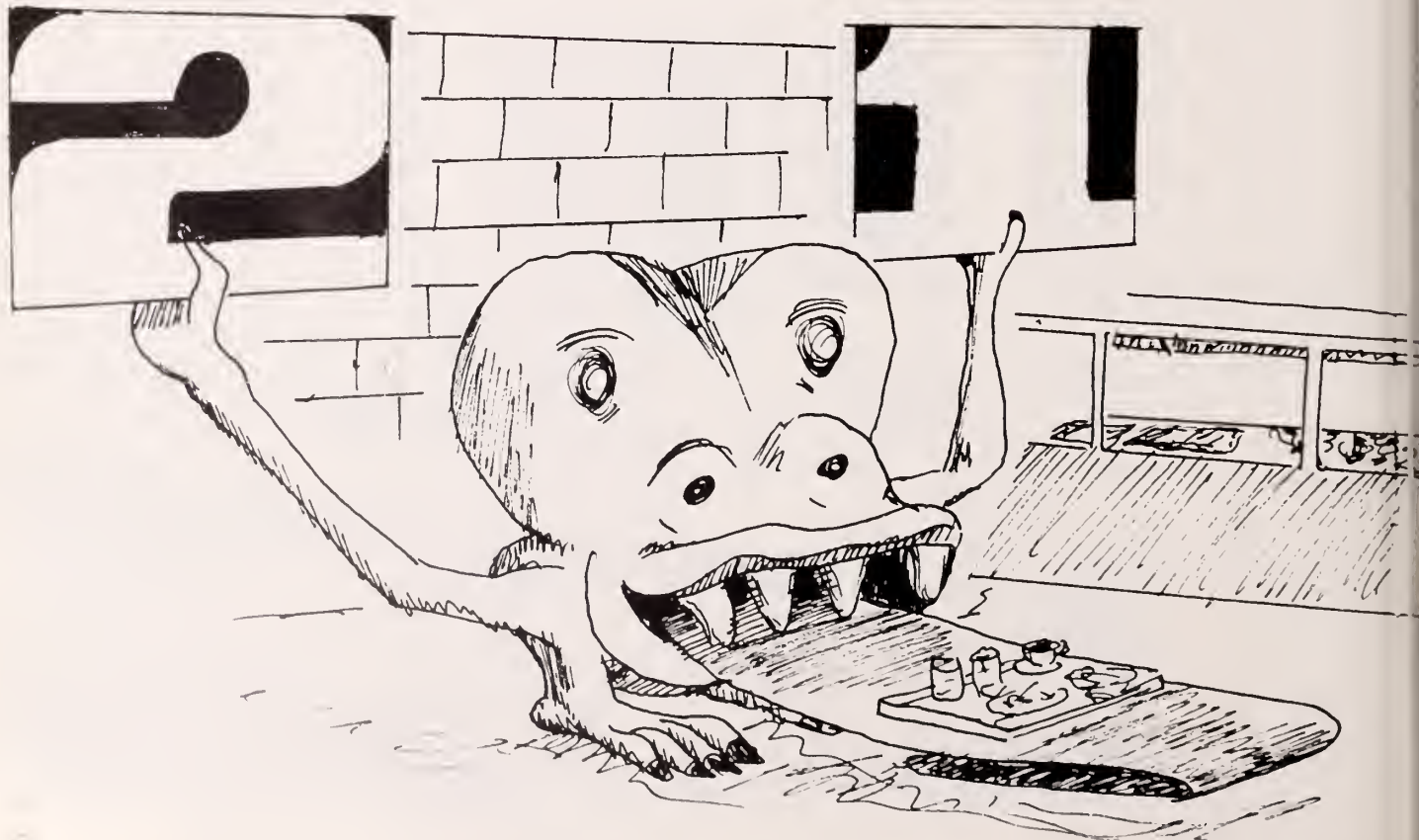


**Wraith
Of The
Fire Alarm**
(ignis
alaramus
punctualis)



**Phantom
Umbrella
Eater**
(humbershootus
throatus gulpus)

Conveyer Belt Idol
(lingua longa transportata)



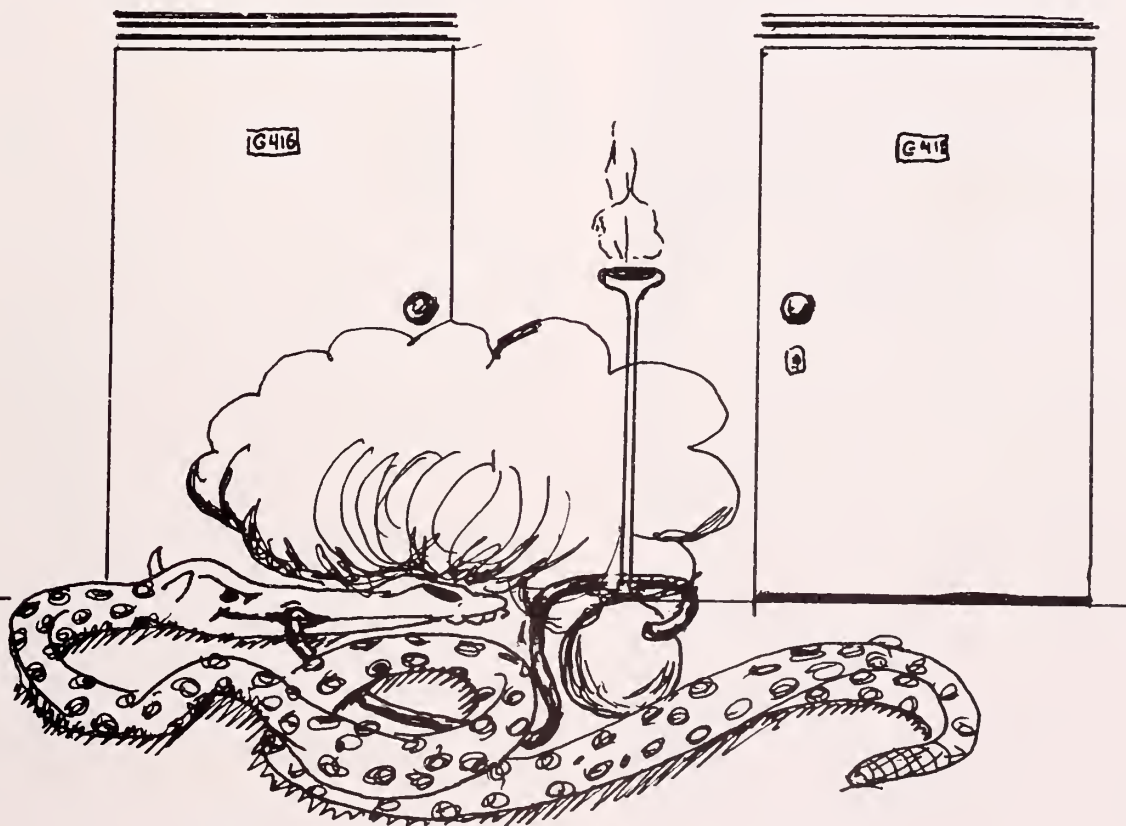
Rack Monster

(native klemson)



Dope Daemon

(cannabis basiliskus)





bowen

Chronicle Book Comment

by Jim Forth

GERONIMO REX

Barry Hannah's first novel will be published concurrently by Viking Press and the Book Of The Month Club on March 17. This will be the second book published within twelve months by a member of the English faculty here at Clemson.

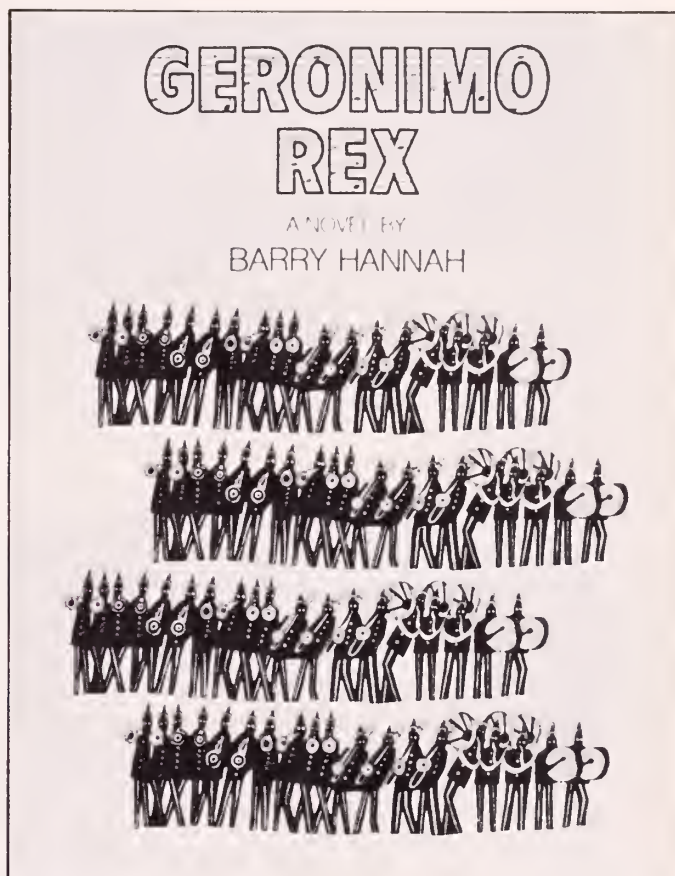
Geronimo Rex might therefore be read with mixed preconceptions — for one chapter or so. A stab at the "Next Great Southern Novel"? No. Perhaps a Faulknerian melodrama on the part of a new Southern novelist? No. Then it must be a perquisite on the part of a literary polemist? Hardly.

Harriman Monroe is the focus of the entire novel. His first person narration begins at the confusing age of eight years. It is 1950 and he is alive. He begins to gnaw at his atmosphere in Dream Of Pines, Mississippi. The "Fifteen Thousand Dollar Band" makes its home at Dream Of Pines Colored and Harry wonders, from his hiding spot under the bleachers, how they can be so good. Good enough, that is, to play at Eisenhower's inauguration.

The thrill of touching the fuzz on his girl's sweater, the knowledge that sprinkling lime on dead bodies will keep them from smelling, and his mother's true love for plotted adventures in Pierre Hills are among the bits of sensation that young Harry must manipulate.

Hannah's ability to make Harry's experiences and realities become living people, is designed to be almost poetic in quality. Harley Butte, Tonnie Ray, and Mother Rooney have never been experienced by the reader. They are coincidences which become fleshy traps for Harry, people embodied in .32 caliber violence and wet love, people in places with crystalline edges and murky interiors, and more importantly people with words. For Harry the word become progressively more distorted as he pushes his way through the 1960's.

The plot, theme, and background can only be described in terms of Harry's struggle to survive in the deep South that we see right now. There are no real or implicit subplots, diversions, or subtle introspection needed to sustain the straightforward lunge the reader must be willing to take. The gutsy, the tender and the searching aspects of existence are all there in abundance but something emerges which is quite unexpected. The emergence appears in the reader's mind about the same time it occurs to Harry that he is listening to a pencil instead of a march by John Philip Sousa.



YEVTUSHENKO

by Charles Huff

Carolina Coliseum, January 24, 1972.

One side of the crater-like interior is nearly filled with people. All eyes are focused on a young man on the platform at the center of the pit. The gigantic space is dead silent.

Yevgeny Aleksandrovich Yevtushenko was born in the Siberian town of Zima Junction in 1933. His first poems were published in a sporting journal in 1949. Within a few years he had gained the attention of Soviet intellectuals and by the early '60's had become one of the leading literary figures of modern Russia.

Yevtushenko's poetry displays an unusual power to apply the imagination to every aspect of life. He has a rare talent for improvisation and can write a poem on a given theme in one afternoon, if it suits him. Yevtushenko is very aware of the dramatic possibilities of poetry and often exploits them. Among the influences on his styles, he lists Pushkin, Pasternak, and Mayakovsky, along with western writers such as Whitman, Hemingway, and Salinger.

With Yevtushenko on the platform are his friend, James Dickey, and Barry Boys, a British actor. Boys reads the English translation of a poem, Yevtushenko then recites in Russian. Very few people in the audience can understand his Russian, but his effect is still overwhelming.

Yevtushenko's power is derived as much from his personality as from his art. At readings, he doesn't simply recite a poem, he acts it. His delivery can be both disarming and electrifying, full of restless energy. Onstage, he gestures flamboyantly, wanders around the platform, and often points an accusing finger at his audience. Some critics have dismissed him as "a ham actor," guilty of "vulgarizing" poetry.

Nonetheless, Yevtushenko's antics are oddly fitting to the situation. To American poets, an audience of 150 is usually generous. In Russia, a poet is a folk hero of sorts. Crowds will gather in bad weather for a public reading, where the militia often have trouble controlling them. Yevtushenko once read to an audience of 14,000 in a Moscow sports stadium, for example. Thus, the circus atmosphere of some of his reading may confound American poets, but it seems perfectly natural to Yevtushenko. "I need crowds, vast crowds, enormous crowds," he has been quoted as saying.

Offstage, Yevtushenko is generally charming and energetic. On visits to America, he has been known to buttonhole total strangers and immediately plunge into intimate conversation, with surprising lack of inhibition. ("Please call me Zhenya . . . I must speak you something.") He has visited anyone from steelworkers to Presidents to Alaskan miners.

There are no monuments on Babii Yar. . . .

Yevtushenko's poems are often topical or political in nature, lashing out at injustice, wherever he finds it. *Babbi Yar*, written in 1961, is a moving protest against Russian anti-semitism. *The Heirs of Stalin* was a "frontal attack" on Stalinists still in the Soviet hierarchy. He quickly gained a vast following among people tired of THE DREARY moralizing of earlier Soviet literature. In 1968 he wrote a bitter denunciation of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, which was widely publicized outside of the Soviet Union. He has also allowed his autobiography to be published in the west without the approval of the Soviet writer's union.

More often, however, his attacks are aimed at the United States. He has publicly denounced America's involvement in Indo-China on many occasions and his repeated attempts to equate the bombing of North Vietnam with the Nazi atrocities have occasionally caused part of his audience to walk out on him. At a recent public reading at Madison Square Garden, Eugene McCarthy refused to read one such poem, describing it as "crap." The Kent State killings prompted a poem for which he has been severely criticized in this country, though he once read it to an audience that included one of the victim's parents, and was roundly applauded.

Yevtushenko has thus become a sort of establishment rebel, walking the borderline between compliance and resistance. In 1966, he publicly denounced Yuli Daniel (sentenced to five years hard labor for writing "anti-Soviet" works) at a time when other Russian intellectuals were protesting the sentence. Last year, he was elected to the governing board of the Soviet Union of Writers. As a result of such actions, many have come to regard him as a "sell-out" to the Soviet establishment and have often labelled him a "hack propagandist" and a "squalid pseudo-liberal."

At the same time, a new generation of Soviet readers find Yevtushenko too superficial and concerned with his own image, too willing to make concessions to editors. Still, no one has quite replaced him either, not even his friend and rival, Andrey Veznesensky.

Despite these criticisms, Yevtushenko is still extremely popular in Russia and abroad. In Russia, huge press runs of his works are often sold out the day they are released. One reason behind his recent American tour was to promote sales of his new book, *Stolen Apples*. Sponsored by Doubleday, the tour included readings at the University of South Carolina, Princeton, Chapel Hill, Pittsburgh, and a "super-reading" at Madison Square Garden with James Dickey, Eugene McCarthy, Stanley Kunitz, and Richard Wilbur, along with the Bijou Singers, a Rider College rock group.

Yevtushenko has been quoted as saying, "Who says Americans don't love poetry?" Maybe he knows something I don't.



(photos by the writer)

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brown

Modoc Buzzards in the Southeast Pee Wee League. Shown by
 Enough about the draft, I thought. "What else have you
 great year for pee wee."
 Done to improve the national image of South Carolina
 football?"
 Dietzel glanced at his book with the huge garnet and black
 dollar sign on the front. "We're opening up a McDonald's at
 the east end of the stadium. And we've even hired Winthrop
 College to serve as ushers and concessionaires for our home
 games. A great expansion program is underway. We're planning
 portal-to-portal carpeting and a domed roof too. We'll call it
 the *Chicken Coop*."

Paul was really flapping now. "As far as scheduling goes,
 we've dropped such relative unknowns as Tennessee and
 Georgia to make way for Appalachian State and Miami of
 Ohio. Talks are also in progress to add Anderson Junior
 College to our schedule. This is all a part of the program to
 improve our won-loss record. We like to play a lot of games at
 home too. And as soon as Winthrop College goes co-
 educational, you can bet we'll try to play them."

I noticed that Mr. Cool kept looking at his watch, and he
 noticed that I noticed. "How do you like this fine timepiece?"
 he asked casually. "It's a genuine Paul Dietzel watch, only
 \$12.95 postpaid from Dietzel Enterprises. Maybe you'd like a
 sweatshirt, or an autographed copy of my new book. A Paul
 Dietzel calendar perhaps, or a doormat... a blazer... flag...
 set of glasses... inflatable doll..."

I packed my supercool new pencil and came back to
 Clemson.



bowen

"Clemson has done some fine recruiting, yes," offered
 Chicken Man. "But you may as well know what we've done.
 I've pulled some pretty big deals in my career, but here's the
 topper. It hasn't been officially announced yet, but we have
 just signed an exclusive contract with the "spirit" of Vince
 Lombardi to guide our kids as they prepare for the season.
 Now this was a real toughie. First I checked with the Campus
 Crusade for Christ, and once they had approved the idea we
 talked it over with the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. After
 consulting with Billy Graham, President Jones and I approach-
 ed the Father, Son, and Holly Ghost, as a contract of this sort
 would, of course, require their approval. Finally there were the
 contract provisions themselves, but we managed to reach an
 equitable agreement."

I was visibly shaken and completely overwhelmed at this
 point, subsequently breaking the point on my pencil. I asked
 for a pencil sharpener, but Paul said one of his assistant
 coaches would give me a brand new one. I was humbly
 grateful.

"In keeping with the tradition of South Carolina sports and
 politics, this is a real first," Dietzel's eyes were as big around as
 my old shooter marbles. "Vince's spirit will be on the sidelines
 at all our games. I'm also going to wear clerical robes, just to
 make sure that God is on *our* side. We need all the help we can
 get," he grinned. "I even beat McGuire on this one."

"What about the players from last year's team?" I asked.
 "Didn't some of them go pretty high in the draft?"
 "Sure. Take Glenn Morris, who was such a gallant
 competitor against Clemson. He's been signed to coach the

CHICKEN DELIGHT

Interview with
Paul Dietzel

by R. Dan Bowen



I was somewhat hesitant when I first decided to interview the University of South Carolina's famous and golden-voiced Athletic Director and Head Football Coach. I mean, I'm just a mortal man . . . an everyday ordinary average, slightly apathetic student. And Paul Dietzel! Well, you know, he's Mr. Biggie up at the Culture Palace in Columbia. When he beams his sugar-coated smile out at the world, people do strange things and little girls faint. But after all, I thought, I'm from Clemson, which gives me an initial advantage. So what the hell! I packed my pencil and headed for the big city.

When I finally found the headquarters of this chief-of-all-chickens, a couple of goons checked my credentials. They were suspicious when they discovered I was from Clemson, and especially the *Chronicle*. The fat one with the twin six-shooters breathed on me with a sly grin. . . . "Okay boy, you can go see the big man soon as me 'n Waldo frisks ya." I think they enjoyed that, but they said they enjoyed frisking a couple of the cheerleaders more, especially the dumb blond one.

Once my eyes adjusted to the bright light shining in my face, I knew I was in the Chicken Supreme's office. I've been to Mad King Ludwig's Linderhof Castle in Germany, but Dietzel's throne was even more ornate than the one I had seen there. He dismissed his manicurist and said, yes, he was ready for the interview, but I would have to hurry because the "boys" from the TV station would be there soon. So I bowed once and began the interview.

The beginning seemed to be a good place to start, and since I don't know how to start at the end I chose the beginning. I asked Father Fowl about Carolina's progress since his arrival. "Well," said Pepsodent Paul as he stared at his picture on the desk, "When I came to Carolina our immediate goal was to increase the seating capacity at Carolina Stadium, which we affectionately call the *Cockpit*. We also wanted to have an outstanding weekly football show to groom me for possible future TV and movie stardom." I nodded and he continued. "All indications would seem to point to the fact that we have done just that." At this point, he began counting the bills in his wallet. "Now that we've reached these goals, I have instructed my coaching staff to start working on improving the football team."

"About the team. . . ." I started to say.

"Oh yes, the team. Well, you've got to give the kids credit. They played their hearts out, and I thought they deserved to win. Only we had a couple of bad breaks in this game."

"But this is March," I interrupted.

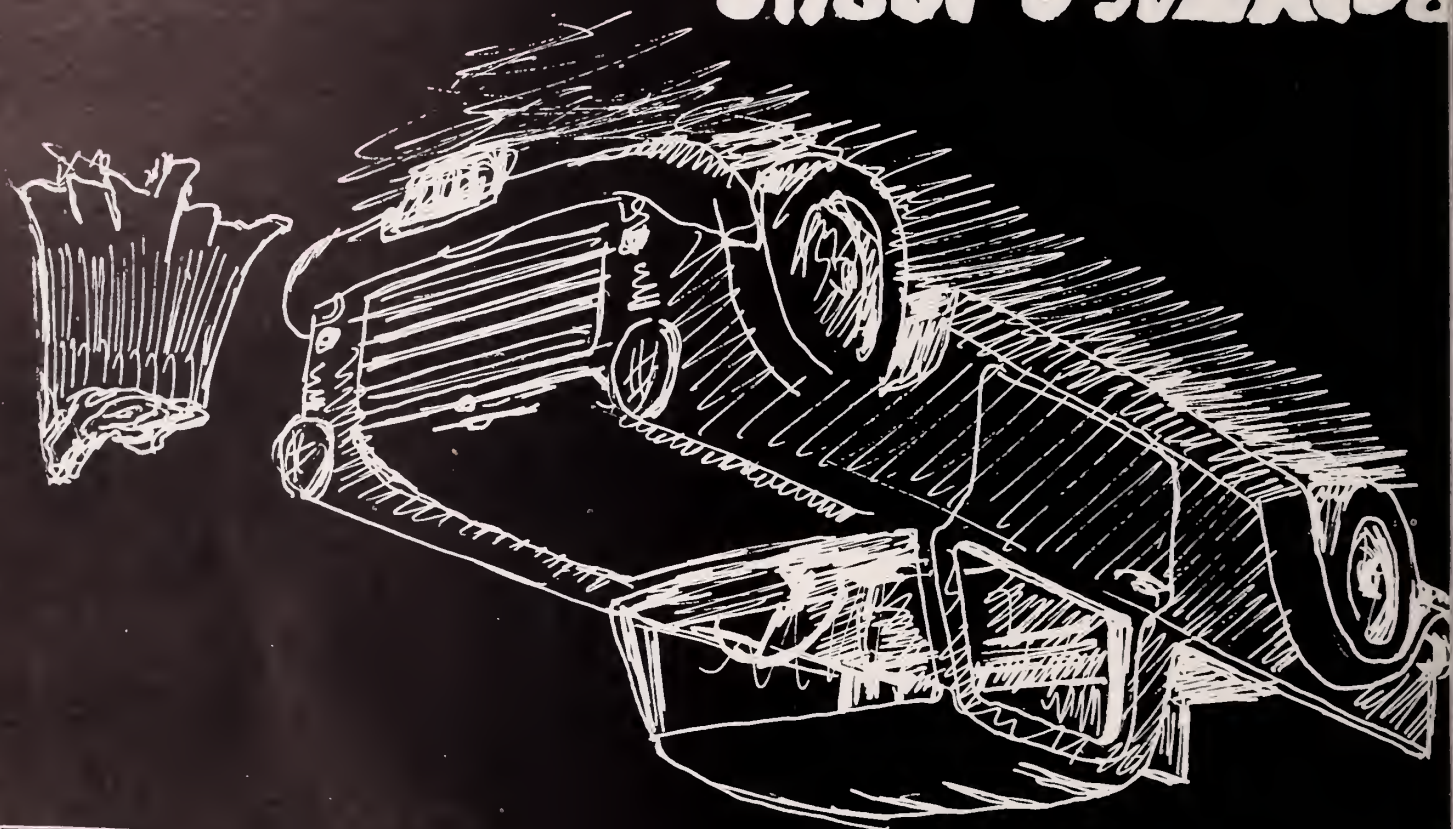
Redfaced Rooster muttered something to himself about rehearsing for next season's show, but I was unable to distinguish his ramblings. I steered him back to Carolina's progress once again.

"We really have progressed, you know. For example, I've been at this fine *institution* for six years. And this year, in his second year at Clemson, Hootie Ingram's Tigers only beat us by ten points. Give us a few more years and I predict a victory."

I mentioned the fact that Ingram had just finished an outstanding recruiting season and asked the Gamecock mentor how the birds were going to prepare for the new season.

Roadack

-PRESS-



PODNTAGE ISSUE

HICKEN DELIGHT: PAUL DIETZEL AT HOME

NEW BOOK RELEASES:

RICHARD PETTY'S CHEVY TIPS

ESTUMPING

AWG JOWLS & SQUIRREL COOKING:
DOWN HOME VITTLES

Spring 1972

WAVE WORKERS

Sometimes a place can become a "wavemaker," more than any one particular person can. At least, this has been the case as regards the "Gutter" coffeehouse, located under the YMCA gym. Essentially, the Gutter is an ex-storeroom, ex-workshop, and general ex-mess which has been "miraculously" transformed into a fairly congenial place to hang around in on weekend nights, something which is in very short supply in Clemson, these days. (This seeming miracle has been achieved largely by student labor, one might add.) Open from 8:00 till God-knows-when on Friday and Saturday nights, the Gutter provides an unusual variety of teas, "the best coffee in town," and a wide assortment of "munchies" at a reasonable price. Boards and other equipment for chess and other games are also available. The entertainment is often provided by local talent, usually without pay.

The Gutter was opened last semester under the auspices of the local YMCA and the student government. Largely responsible for its inception is student body president Gerry Hough, who refers to it as one of the high points of a year that has otherwise been generally unproductive for him. With the assistance of several other interested students, Hough was able to get the coffee-house off and running, so that it is now doing a fairly successful business, and seems capable of remaining that way for a while to come, unlike the ill-fated "Jabberwocky" of a few years ago.

The "staff," as it were, of the Gutter does not like to have any specific names associated with the place, feeling that it transcends any individual personalities, and that the place itself is more important. For the sake of a little name-dropping, however, the Gutter is run and operated by Scott Jordan and Robert Mercer, with the assistance of a small army of student volunteers. David Bethany, himself an accomplished performer, is largely responsible for handling the wide variety of musical entertainment which the Gutter

provides for its patrons. Wesley Corner handles the advertising and general "design"

work involved. Richard Fuller usually manages all the various mikes and sound equipment necessary for the performers. There isn't space enough to recognize everyone who has helped out at the Gutter, but their efforts are definitely appreciated by all.



Like a snake shedding his skin, Randy Jackson has emerged from his Tiger "costume" of the last two years to become Clemson's Head Cheerleader for 1972. Enthusiastic and pleased with the new direction in Clemson sports, Randy has been promoting the cheerleading cause since his arrival on the Clemson campus from Camden a couple of years ago. Randy, who also promotes Clemson athletics through participation in the Central Spirit Committee, feels it's "good to be a cheerleader at Clemson," because of the traditionally high school spirit and the chance for leadership. He points with pride to the varsity cheerleading squad's trip to Baltimore last August to polish their skills in a national cheerleading camp sponsored by the International Cheerleading Foundation. This is the first Clemson squad to have this opportunity.

The new Head Cheerleader also has been pleased with the increased fan support of basketball this past season. As for complaints of player fighting and fan abuse, Randy feels that "basketball is a contact sport, and emotions erupt with tempers sometimes flaring. But Clemson won't start anything, and I don't think our students would take to the court."

In the spring semester of 1971 Dr. Tom Douglass initiated a course in science fiction, and since then he has probably become as familiar to students outside the English department as any other English professor. This familiarity is just one by-product of what Dr. Douglass termed an attempt to attract non-English majors into English courses, and that this attempt has succeeded is indicated by the large percentage of students taking the course in science fiction this semester who are either technical majors or majors in fields which are non-technical and also non-English.

The establishment of the science fiction is just one facet of Dr. Douglass' general advocacy of interdisciplinary courses. He feels that it is just as justifiable to teach a television scenario as it is to consider a Shakespearian play; and this is true, he believes, because anything that people read is worth treating. He favours courses in popular literature and popular culture because these are things which get students to think and write.

His interests also encompass the theatre. Two years ago he directed the Clemson Players in *Play Without Words* and Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* in a night of the theatre of the absurd. And this semester he directed them in a futuristic presentation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. He had tired, he said, of seeing Greek plays in which the actors wore tunics and carried spears. Thus, in presenting the *Antigone* he dispensed with such things and attempted to remove the element of time from the play. He hoped that an audience would infer correctly that the things which the play discussed were, and are, timeless, that these things will always be true.

Dr. Douglass plans to remain as active in the future as he is now. This summer he will attend the Linguistics Institute at Chapel Hill, N.C. where he will study American Indian Linguistics and Field Methods and Anthropological Linguistics.



"A professor who's really interested in students?" There are still a few around — like Bob Nowack in the Engineering Mechanics department. Students who have experienced his teaching know him as a demanding, yet fair professor who sets high standards and expects others to follow.

Bob Nowack teaches engineering statics and dynamics, but he also teaches values and individuality. "Responsibility transcends the walls of the classroom. You have to recognize the student as an individual and assume your responsibility to teach and guide the whole person. I enjoy teaching because I'm genuinely interested in students."

You've heard it before, but here is someone who really means it. Ask a student, or a friend. They're not hard to find on the Clemson campus. Bob Nowack has served as unofficial advisor and counselor to a lot of 'em, including those he's never taught in the classroom.

Two years ago the student American Society of Civil Engineers polled its members, and called him the best teacher in Engineering Mechanics and Civil Engineering. Tiger Brotherhood knows him well — he's their faculty advisor and fellow member. Students invited him to join Blue Key, and he's even a member of Pi Kappa Alpha social fraternity since his initiation last August.

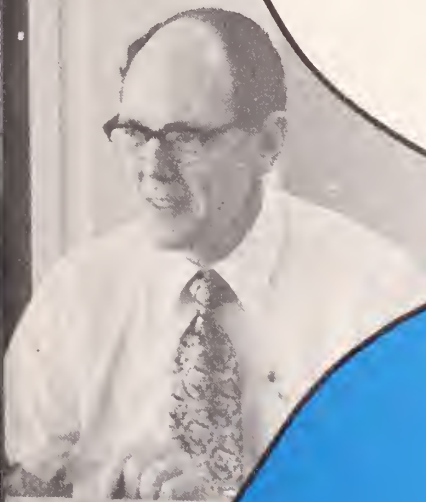
Bob Nowack's relations go across the campus. He's been teaching since '48 and probably won't ever quit, even after he leaves the classroom. Ask him a question about students. Then listen — you'll learn a lot.

"I think I've learned as much from outside activities as from my educational courses. Education should be involvement . . . I wouldn't be happy if I didn't feel I was involved with people."

The words of Angie Fowler Prince ring true, as shown by her outstanding academic and achievement record while at Clemson. Presently doing her student teaching at Liberty, Angie, who is majoring in Secondary Education and English, has concentrated her major efforts in the Field of student government, a sometimes thing at Clemson. But at least Angie has been consistent. A look at her record reveals participation on the Administrative-Faculty-Student Council, the Student Union Governing Board, two years in the Student Senate, and service this year as Student Body Secretary. A member of Chi Omega sorority and the Clemson Dairy Princess for two years' running, Angie was recently recognized by inclusion in this year's edition of *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. She's also been on the move, representing Clemson in the South Carolina State Student Legislature and the South Carolina Governors Conference.

"Girls should assert themselves more in student government," comments Angie.

"Right now we have only two or three girls who are *really* active. Being a student is more than taking quizzes and going home on the weekend. It's total education that counts."

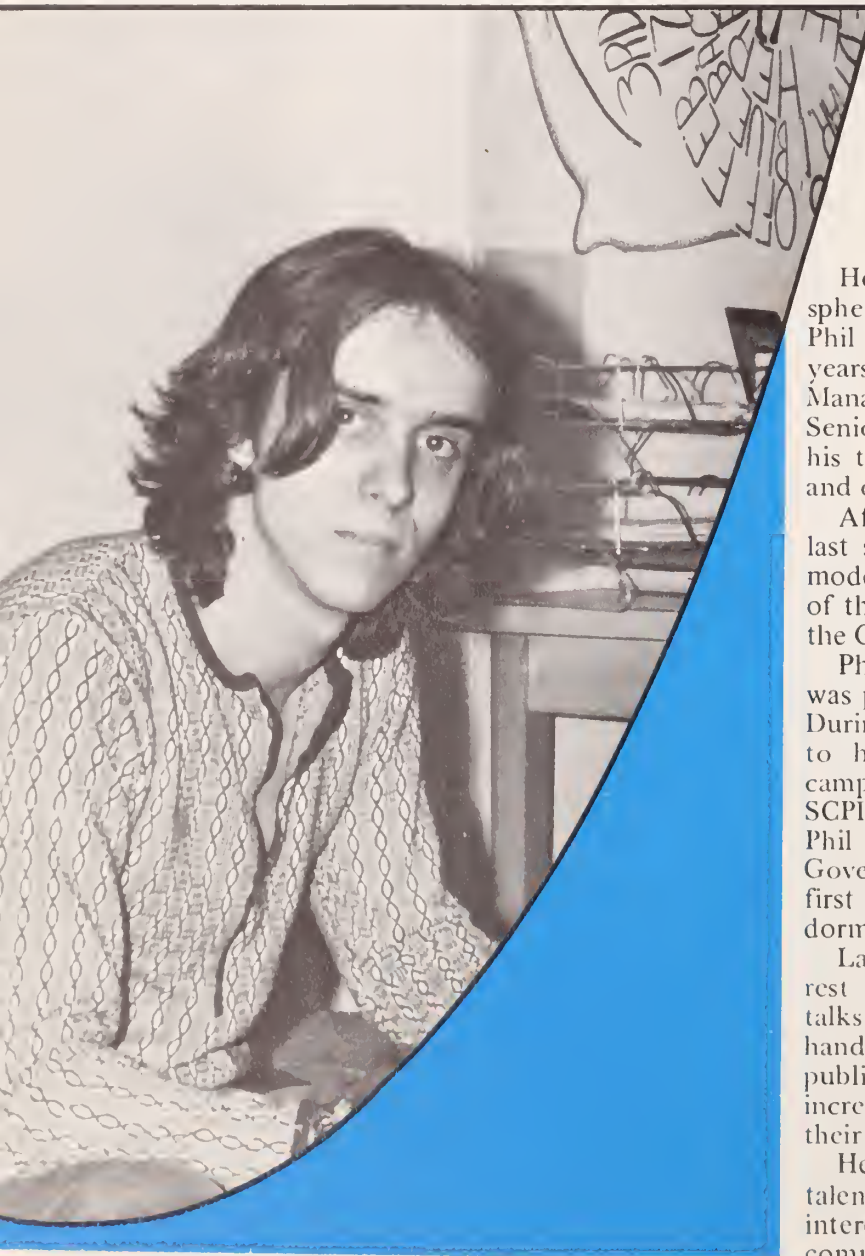


Although Vann Beth Myers has done work for many organizations here at Clemson, her attitude in carrying out these accomplishments is also worthy of note. For one thing, volunteering to be a part of some organizations is a feat in itself, especially knowing you're going to have to carry a good deal of responsibility, and sticking with them to see the job out is another.

But she has slaved with the TAPS staff for two years while being President of Phi Sigma Omega, the women's scholastic honor society. That's a strange combination of staying busy and keeping up Pre-Med grades too. Vann Beth has also been one of the most competent Resident Assistants for the past two years and since she is pledging Kappa Alpha Tau, she will be the RA on that new sorority floor during its first year. No doubt she will have some position of merit there and can usefully serve to help get that organization on its feet for folks see a leader in Vann and she doesn't disappoint their estimations.

Because of Vann Beth's conscientious ways she was also elected this year as the first Dormitory President of High Rise #3, twice, as it turned out. In this capacity she has done most of the busy work for Dorm Visitation, and since she always knows everything that's going on around here, she has served to keep her dorm informed.

Vann Beth has accomplished all of this with a cheerful caring attitude whether racing for another meeting or staying up another night to work on her TAPS sections. She is one of those "shining lights" for her fellow students and I've never seen her let anybody down.



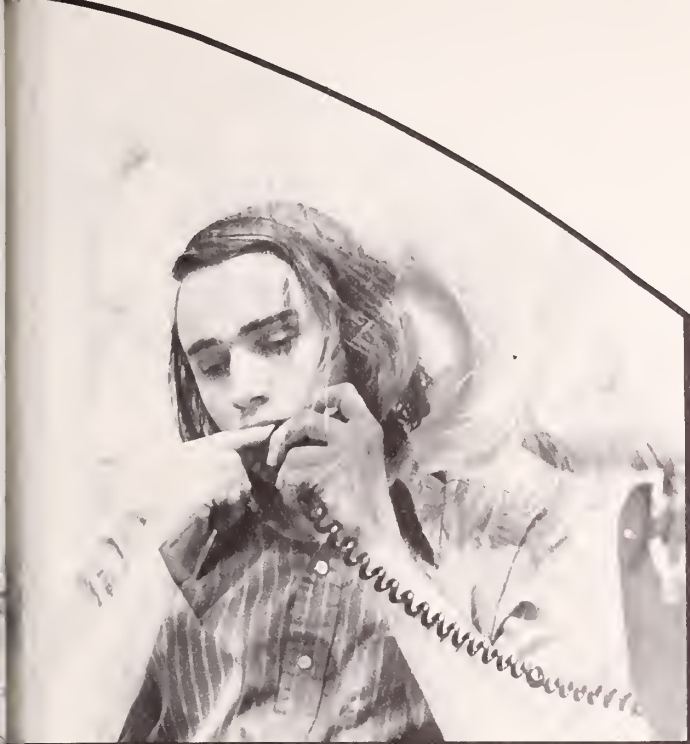
Here is a wavemaker who has been increasing his sphere of interest like a snowball rolling down a hill. Phil Hanna has been on the WSBF staff for three years having arrived at the position of Production Manager for Radio while still a Junior. From this Senior Staff position with WSBF, he has volunteered his talents to the areas of drama, publicity, politics, and other school functions.

After performing in the Spanish club's production last semester he auditioned for the Clemson Player's modernistic production of *Antigone*, taking the role of the Choragos. Phil plans to continue his interest in the Clemson players by working on the stage crew.

Phil is also one of the early SCPIRG believers. He was publicity director for the SCPIRG petition drive. During this time he recruited a number of volunteers to help with the booths and the door to door campaign. He is also a delegate to all the state-wide SCPIRG meetings. President Hough also appointed Phil as one of the Clemson delegates to the Governor's Leadership Conference. He is serving his first semester as Student Senator and president of the dorm council for A section of Johnstone Hall.

Late at night, when the pressure slacks off for the rest of campus, he comes up to the 9th Level and talks with the *Tiger* and *Chronicle* staffs, giving a hand in the drudgery involved in getting out a publication. He might be classified as one of the increasing number of students who have found that their help is genuinely needed and appreciated.

He plans to continue in a career that will accent his talents in broadcasting. Being a sociology major, his interest extends also to city planning and communication.



Sometimes it takes a lot of courage to make a decision and stick to it. Jim Walser has shown this type of courage during his year as *Tiger* editor-in-chief. He led the *Tiger* through a heated controversy with the administration and upheld his ideas about freedom of the college press even in the face of possible shut-down.

Jim's stint as *Tiger* editor has also been distinguished by the journalistic improvements which he helped bring to the paper. He was responsible for securing the controversial Blot column, and in doing so, he gave *Tiger* readers an increased awareness of state political happenings. Also he changed the format of the paper and has given it creative form and artistic appeal.

Among the other *Tiger* staffers, Jim has gained respect and admiration for his devotion to his job. He regards his *Tiger* work as more than an extracurricular activity, indeed, for the past four years, it has been his major concern. His knowledge of all phases of journalism is astounding, and this, along with his willingness to help other staff members, make him a responsible leader.

Jim plans to continue to use his journalistic knowledge after leaving Clemson. He and several other ex-*Tiger* staffers are organizing a magazine which will focus on South Carolina politics. But his contributions to the *Tiger* and to Clemson will not soon be forgotten. Jim Walser's display of courage as *Tiger* chief has marked him as one of Clemson's biggest "wavemakers!"

How does Jack Davis do it? He just does it, and "it" includes just about everything. He can deadeye throw a screwdriver into a wall, cook anything that breathes or respirates, drive like a champion racer, read palms, and is proficient at the more mundane things like printing teeshirts, capturing shadows, and upsetting air waves. So . . . armed with his trusty axe and sheer undaunted nerve he has become an asset to a number of groups.

As Head Photographer for the *Chronicle*, after a number of others had been entombed by the skiagraphic crypt, Jack rectified things with a remodeled darkroom, new policies, and a whole slew of new photography contributors. The photography staff now stands more strong and stable than ever before due to his leadership. Jack has invaded other media with his fervor and talent and so contributes intermittently to the *TIGER* and WSBF news.

His interests in "the people" and "the media" are carried through in working with the Forum Committee under Student Government, the publicity committee for SCPIRG, and as coordinator for this year's Clemson moratorium, the latter a frustrating task at best. His assertive manner and varied experience enable him to contribute to these various causes — of course in his own way. Admittedly his way may not coincide with the obvious or logical, but almost invariably it works. He is also active in the Community Relations group and a United Citizen's Party in Columbia.

Black Jack isn't one to shuck off friends either, and when the Gutter was in its embryonic stages he did carpentry and plumbing for it and bartends for it now — just to help out (again). And all the while, somehow, Jack gets what he wants. Always it seems. He functions in true Sagittarius fashion — Jack Davis walks the tightrope, looks down, and applauds the crowd for being brave.





need we say more

Marceau's Art of Silence
(In Tone/Deaf Time)

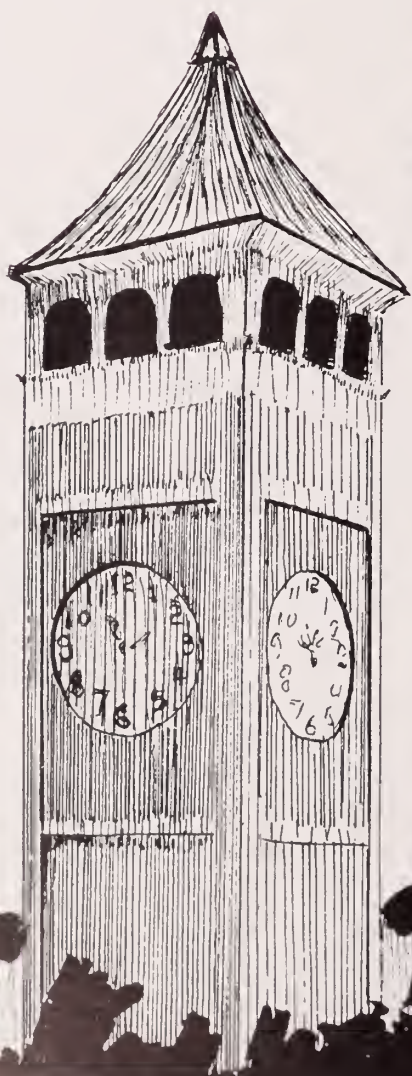
Pantomime nonpareil,
Artfully deft
in words much louder
than a Wyeth vocal point,
Deftly debated
in words
rhetorically dumb,
Artfully runic
in words
rhythmlessly unrhymed,
Deftly melodic
in metronomed words
of organized silence,
Inaudibly opened the door
of my closet-drama role.

by James Veitenheimer

PAK
.72

A CLEMSON CAROL

by Framp Durban



Harley was dead to begin with. There can be no mistake about that. The request for his resignation from the History faculty had been signed by the President of the University, 6 Vice-Presidents, 4 trustees, and 12 influential industrialists. He had refused to comply. Then, just as the University began to enact its squeezing out process, Joseph Harley was found at the bottom of the "Y" pool, in a locked steamer trunk, shot four times in the head with a single shot muzzle-loaded scatter gun. The papers called it the "most bizarre case of suicide in history." Joseph Harley was as dead as the Clemson gentleman.

The death of Harley had, understandably, wrought a profound effect on the man who had been a life-long friend and voyageur with the deceased. Ebenezer Smudge, Mathematics professor, had mourned the end of his long friendship for months, finally emerging embittered and introverted. Look in on his office: there he sits; hard and sharp as lead, self-contained and solitary as a parsnip. His door is open so that he may keep his eye on his pupil, Mod Spagetti, who is sitting in the hall despairingly attempting to complete Smudge's make-up exam.

Breaking the silence of the situation, the outside hall door now bursts open, as in walks Smudge's colleague, Ned. Ned stamps the mud from his feet, pulls off his stocking-cap, marches to the door of Smudge's office, and proclaims:

"Peace! Stop the killing!"

"Peace? Balderdash! You lousy — oh, it's only you, Ned. I might have known you'd be out in weather like this."

"Well, Ebenezer, you're not exactly home curled up before your gas heater."

"Not by choice, mind you. School policy dictates that I administer a make-up test when Johnny Pupil has a tummy ache and misses a test. Balderdash!"

"But Ebenezer, Saturday afternoon—"

"Never mind when it is. No rule says I have to give the test during the week.

"Mr. Smudge, sir—" Spagetti had finished his test and now stood, books in hand, ready to leave.

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm through sir."

"So you are. If you did on this test what you did on the last, you really are through."

"Mr. Smudge, this Monday is the day we've slated for the Moratorium, and I was wondering . . ."

"I know what you were wondering, and the answer is no. Class will be held as usual, and you'd better be there. I'm giving a test, and as of now it is announced to you and will be counted as a "0" if you're not there.

"But sir, the people are dying . . ."

"They're dying on the highways too! Why not Morotoriate about that? I'll see you at 8:00 Monday morning. Good afternoon Mr. Spagetti.

The student finds himself facing, as usual, an unyielding brick wall; there is nothing to do but leave, and accept the idea of a class on a Moratorium day.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Smudge. Peace."

"Balderdash!"

"I must be off, too, Ebenezer," said Ned. "I'm reading poetry to the Moratorium meeting in the amphitheatre tonight. We're expecting a big crowd. The Mi Lai Dirge Band

from Seneca is going to play. You should try to come if—”

“Balderdash! I wouldn’t risk my reputation by appearing at that blatant display of anti-Americanism.”

“Good-Bye Ebenezer. Peace.”

“Balderdash!”

With no further words spoken the two men parted, Ned to the Moratorium and Smudge to his downtown apartment. He stopped at the Delicatessen to get his usual supper (hot pastrami and an Old Mill); the atmosphere was tense excitement as everyone prepared to go to the first Moratorium of the year. Only Smudge was solemn as he gulped his old Mill and headed for home, the same apartment he had once shared with his dearly departed friend, Joseph Harley.

Smudge’s apartment was an old one; it was the single cottage at the end of a U-shaped arrangement around a courtyard in back of the general store. The rain that had fallen for a week became a patient drizzle as Smudge entered the darkened courtyard; nevertheless, the sounds of merry dirge-tunes drifted over the wind from the amphitheatre.

Pausing for a minute to look back on the courtyard and curse the landlord for not installing “security lighting,” Smudge found himself staring at the American Flag decal on his battered, not-often-used Chevy; as he looked he thought he saw a peace symbol eclipse the stars ’n stripes, and it almost looked like Harley was sitting in his old place in the passenger seat, smiling with a secretive smile with which Smudge was unfamiliar. Shaking off the whole incident with a shaky “Balderdash,” Smudge inserted his key and entered the empty apartment.

Living in one place for a long time lends itself to economy in many ways, for one becomes familiar enough with the placement of furniture and the shape of rooms that light becomes unnecessary. Thus it was that Smudge was able to walk through his living room, down the hall, and into his room without spending a penny for light.

And yet, for the first time in years he felt uneasy. His room was not his own; there was something there besides the landlord’s interest. Putting his books on his desk and turning around, Smudge found himself face-to-face with Joseph Harley.

“Hello, Ebbe.”

Joe’s voice. No doubt about it.

“Joe—but you’re dead! The funeral—”

“Yes Ebbe, I’m no longer as you. I’m here only in spirit.”

“But—How? And Why?”

“The how is not for me to answer; I’m here, however, for one purpose; to save you from yourself. You, Ebbe, and hundreds like you, are fighting something you have no just right to oppose. It will lead you ultimately only to destruction; I’m here to see that that destruction never catches up with you.”

“You see, Ebbe, you have spoken openly and often against the revolutionary students on the campus.”

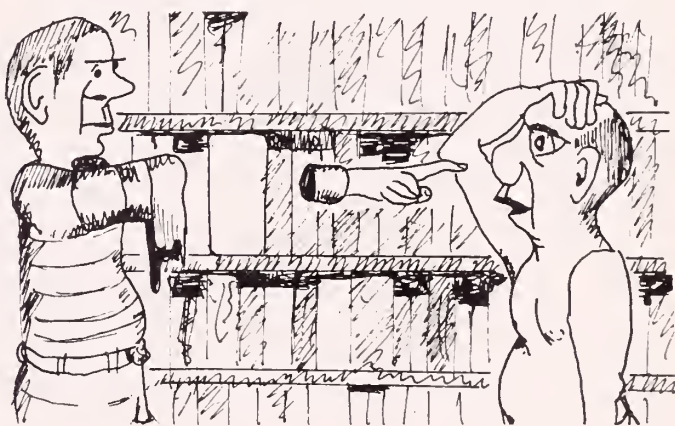
“But, Joe, what they’re doing is wrong, its—”

“Ebenezer! What they’re doing is continuing a revolutionary tradition long existant at Clemson. They are furthering the one bit of nostalgic activity that the Administration has chosen to attempt to stifle. What they’re doing is nothing new, and I have been sent to show you that their activity is consistent with your beliefs and values.”

“You always could explain things well, Joe; you talk, I’ll listen and try to understand. I’m not guaranteeing belief, though: I’m not real sure I believe in you.”

“On that provocation, Harley’s ghost untied and removed one of the many-colored armbands that covered his right arm, then another, then another; as Ebenezer watched, the places where there should be arm revealed nothing but open space; the copy of Goldwater’s *Conscience of a Conservative* was plainly visible in the bookcase behind Harley. Percussive nausea burst into cold sweat on Ebenezer’s forehead as he collapsed into a sobbing “I believe, I believe . . .”

“The explanation is not mine to give, Ebbe; I’m here to warn you that you will be visited by three spirits; they shall have your education in their hands. The first shall approach your door at midnight tonight; the next at the same hour the next night; and the third upon the next night as the last stroke of midnight settles over the campus. Now I leave you to your thoughts. Goodbye, Ebenezer. Peace.”



Ebenezer looked up: where there had been his former companion there was now only a pillar of light mist; as it diffused through the room it burned his eyes and nose; so the tenured math professor, confused and somewhat apprehensive, washed his face and fell exhausted into his bed.

It could have been two hours or ten minutes later when Smudge awoke with the sound of Tillman Hall ringing in his ear. Midnight. The last stroke brought with it over the air the merry singing from the amphitheatre as the sullen notes of the dirge band’s black crepe-wrapped guitars filled the room.

Filled the room?

Suddenly Smudge was sitting up; two eyes greeted his as he found himself face to face with the first of his promised visitors. And some face it was, too; for as Smudge watched, the features changed and rechanged; now the face was white, now black, now beared, now clean-shaven. The music that filled the room was familiar, yet strange; the story had been told before. These sounds seemed to emerge from the eyes of the spectre, as did a strange, cold feeling.

“Good evening, Mr. Smudge.” The voice was loud and crude, but somehow Smudge found he was willing to listen and try to see what this spirit had to say.

“Good evening, Mr—”

“Call me Harvey—Harvey Rodgrootlian. I am the Ghost of Revolutions Past. I’ve come to carry you with me as I make my rounds. You must be willing to follow.”

Scarce had Smudge uttered his willingness before a bandwagon appeared in the middle of the floor; he followed the spirit into the back of it and, guided by an invisible force, headed through the walls of his apartment to the Clemson University of yesterday. At once Smudge noticed that there were difference, despite the overwhelming similarities: there behind Tillman Hall stood the sturdy old barracks replaced eventually by the tin cans. Looking over the amphitheatre, Smudge saw nothing but trees, and to the east there was nothing but trees beyond Long Hall. Grey-clad cadets were everywhere, walking in the brisk Pattonesque gait that a military uniform seems to inspire.

The spirit spoke.

"This is the Clemson of the 20's. No girls. No chance of a black. Hair all the same length, except the freshmen. Those are the ones with the shiny heads. There are no vending machines, so "mischevous vandalism" takes other forms. A cherry bomb in a coke bottle does a good job of messing up a barracks hall; black powder and toilet paper in Bowman Field's cannons causes an impromptu snow storm that's hell to clean up.

"And yet, these cadets are not all the same; the minds of some of them are, even now, beginning to show the revolutionary tradition that is to become soon a part of Clemson. For this is the eve of the famous Clemson A & M College Food Riots, in which the cadet corps took the matter of the quality of the food into their own hands, and acted on that. Look."

The scene darkened as if sunset were coming on rapidly. As darkness fell, spirits rose and tension built up in the typical, everyday riot build-up. The resulting massacre is recorded in the annals of history as one of the first instances of student activism in South Carolina. The cadets wanted, the cadets acted, the cadets got.

The darkness that had begun to fall now deepened into completeness, and soon the sun rose on another day, another time. This Clemson was more familiar to Smudge, for he had seen it this way when he had begun teaching. The majestic old barracks had been replaced with the massive, "temporary," Johnstone Hall combination dormitory, mousetrap, and spring-summer sauna bath, a modern stadium adorned the foot of cemetery hill, and Clemson had a new, unbelievable phenomenon:

Harvey Gantt.

The spirit of revolutions Past spoke: "This was truly a revolution at Clemson. Thomas Clemson would have died, had he not been dead already. The student body of the 60's manifested its unchanging diversification as the majority opposed but didn't say so, and those that believed in Harvey Gantt were buried under the lets-join the group bandwagon riders."

"But spirit this isn't a revolution! This is an isolated incident that—"

"—that changed the events at Clemson for all people. The same thing happened when women came for the first time to Clemson. A custom, be it enforce or just tradition, was abandoned."

The spirit rode the amazed Smudge through other times, as various new happening added themselves to Clemson activity: mini-skirts came, rat season went, ROTC went, liberalism came to the student government. Each time, like a tide, the student

body rose up to support a program and then fell back into apathy.

Then the spirit vanished; the bandwagon vanished, and Smudge was seated on the rear of a two-seater bicycle. Standing next to him was the second of his visitors. This time, the spectre looked different; there was an attitude of despair and a loss of emotion; the eyes were set in perpetual tears which never fell; the arms hung limp on bowed shoulders.

"I am the Ghost of Revolutions Present. It is my duty to show you what is happening on this campus now that represents revolutionary activity. This won't take long. You see, Mr. Smudge, revolution at Clemson has become the style; everyone speaks of revolution. Tillman Hall is threatened daily — verbally. Yet the revolutionary activity is minimal. Let me show you."

The spirit pedaled to the amphitheatre where 400 students were singing and holding hands to the strains of the Dirge Band's brisk melody. a darkness fell over the scene, causing Smudge to look up: between him and the sun stood a giant figure towering over the amphitheatre and the whole University. It was the spirit of the Guevera.

The spirit was laughing.

On the Ghost of Revolutions Present pedaled, and came to the area in front of the loggia; there, the bicycle began climbing a non-existent hill, until it came to rest above the student center, viewing clearly the office of student government. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the walls blurred, then cleared, leaving glass where there had been wall. Poetic license strikes again.

"This, Ebenezer is the revolution: here is an organization representing the students' voice in the university; now is this voice turned to a new philosophy.

"Now is the day of Gerry Rough."

As Smudge looked, he saw, on the stairs leading to the 8th level offices of Student Government, a veritable mass of people running up the stairs, into the office, down the stairs. The President would talk to each in turn before sending them on their way.

"What you see now," said the spirit, "is a time-compressed view of this year's activity in student government. Now we move to second semester."

The crowds thinned; the stairs became almost empty; fewer and fewer people tripped up the stairs to the office. Then, the area began to fill up with life again, except the masses of people running became multiple images of one person running back and forth. Gerry Rough ran the student body single handed, aided only by a skeleton staff of sympathizers.

Something diverted Smudge's attention to the level above; there the Clemson newspaper, *The Puma*, and the literary magazine, *Chronic-Ill*, conducted permanent telephone and postal games of "Hit and Run Politics" and "Morals, Morals, Who Sets the Morals." Parading down the hall, symbolically knocking holes in the wall in significant, well-planned places was Mod Spagetti. Ebenezer chuckled in recognition.

"That's my pupil, Mod."

"That's also the leader of the other group of campus dissidents. He leads the Campus chapter of Wanton And Ruthless Destroyers of Everything & Vagabonds In the Limelight (WAR DEVIL). He leads the group of people monotoriating in the amphitheatre. They based their organi-

zation on the idea that revolution is an idea, not a phenomenon; if a group of people sit and talk sit and talk about revolution long enough (every Wednesday night at 6:00), then they become revolutionaries. A revolution doesn't need people, just ideas. Yes, a new revolution has been born at Clemson."

"But, the motives—"

"Never mind the motives! The question is not 'Why?' become a revolutionary but 'How!'"

"I see," said Smudge. And he did. "But, where will this lead us?"

"As he spoke the word 'will,' the Ghost of Revolutions Present began to shrink, to decay into a totally different kind of spectre. This one had eyes of fire, set in a hideous, olive green-complexioned face; bandoliers of rifle bullets crossed the front of the denim jacket, and a sack of soybeans burdened its shoulder.

"I am the Ghost of Revolutions Yet to Come." The voice was yellow with hate. "I am to show you what has not occurred, but what will occur in the future."

Smudge swallowed the lump of oatmeal that had materialized in his throat.

"Spirit," he said, "lead the way; I'll follow. I have profited much by what the other two spectres have shown me; tonight if it's your duty to teach me, I shall listen."

The spirit swung his sack of soybeans and the scene vanished. In its place Smudge saw around him a picture of total destruction; the buildings of the Clemson campus stood in wreckage if they stood at all; those that did still stand were being bombarded by students merrily throwing fire bombs and cocktails.

"This is your Clemson of the future," the spirit said. "This is not a spontaneous uprising, although it has been planned for months to be spontaneous. This is the pattern of life now; fire bombing 8-11 in the morning, lunch, followed by looting all afternoon and skirmishes with the police in the evening."

"But, why—"

The spirit's fiery eye became hotter as he answered.

"Not why, Smudge, *how*! The action was kicked off by the sudden realization on the part of the fraternities that the WAR DEVIL's 'wanton destruction' was incredibly similar to the 'michievous vandalism' they they had been carrying on for years. A fire bomb is just as easy to throw as a roll of toilet paper, and sometimes the destruction is the same. The two groups thus got together and founded SWIPE: the Society for Wiping-out Intelligent People Everywhere, which has terrorized the University for 5 years now. Finally, two years ago, the whole area was fenced off and abandoned, leaving the group to have its fun revolutionizing each other. See, peaceful change is no fun; it's not exciting, romantic, and *avant-garde* enough. Yet a peaceful revolution accomplishes so much more, in that it merely destroys a system and not an age; old values can be torn down without completely destroying everything and starting over."

Smudge woke from the amazement that had held him for almost an hour.

"Then, the revolution is not what I have for years opposed! I have cursed the pseudo-radicals' activity and shrugged off the fraternities' 'harmless mischief' without even thinking.

"Yes, Smudge; you are now learning the purpose of the

whole ordeal we have presented you with tonight: you see now that activism of the body must be tempered by activism of the mind or you have needless destruction; and activism of the mind must be supplemented by activism of the body, or you have apathy."

As the spirit finished he reached into his bag of soybeans and withdrew a huge red herring. Sparks flew from his eyes as he drew back his arm and delivered the fish full force into Smudge's face. Ebenezer drew back, temporarily blinded by the stench. He covered his eyes and screamed in pain as the sting of the blow saturated his face. He stood, eyes covered for fully two minutes before he ventured a look.

He was standing in the middle of his own living room. Daylight was flooding the carpet and, in the bedroom, the clock-radio was just beginning to buzz. Smudge looked around him. Deep wagon tracks dented the carpet, and the single tread of a bicycle ran in circles around the room. The floor was covered with soybeans.

He bolted to the kitchen and turned on the FM: WFBS, the campus radio voice, announced to Smudge's relief the date:

Monday. Moratorium Day.

In ten minutes he was dressed. He ran to the Chevy and cranked the weary motor: black smoke poured from the exhaust. Viewing in his mirror the gaseous regurgitation, of his sick engine, Ebenezer sighed, switched off the ignition, got out, and jogged all the way to his office. That car would have to be fixed. He stopped only briefly, to sign the SCSIRC (South Carolina Student Interest Research Group) petition, before entering his office.

Mod Spagetti was waiting.

"Mr. Smudge, sir, I won't be in class this morning; the Moratorium—"

"Mr. Spagetti, I suggest that you contact as many of your classmates as you can; tell them that I have decided to schedule a major quiz today. It will count 1/3 of your final grade. No one in the class can afford to miss it. You have one hour to study. I suggest you get started."

It took every bit of effort Mod Spagetti had to close his mouth and attempt an answer. Nothing came. He glared meaninglessly for a minute, then turned and walked away, casually ripping down posters as he went.

"Oh, Mr. Spagetti—"

"What?"

"Peace . . ."



The Eyes of the Third Monument

The eyes of the third monument winked in my dreams.
A rushing hand lifted my feeble shell into the clouds;
Afraid is not the word because I stood next to God —
Awe, perhaps, for the fluttering hummingbird.

God's ripe claw clasped my clay-made self
Seven mud days and six stone nights.
Afraid cannot be expressed in my experience —
My sister told me there was no need.

My mother was alone when the messiah died;
She felt his spirit rush full through her.
Afraid is no word for the sexsational bond —
All kinds of mustics are born in my family.

The Christ figured wrong when he picked on me —
I got the word from my mother about him.
I came down too fast to remember the path,
But God well knows I can play Daniel Boone —
And Daniel Boone is better than most any God.

Mike Anderson

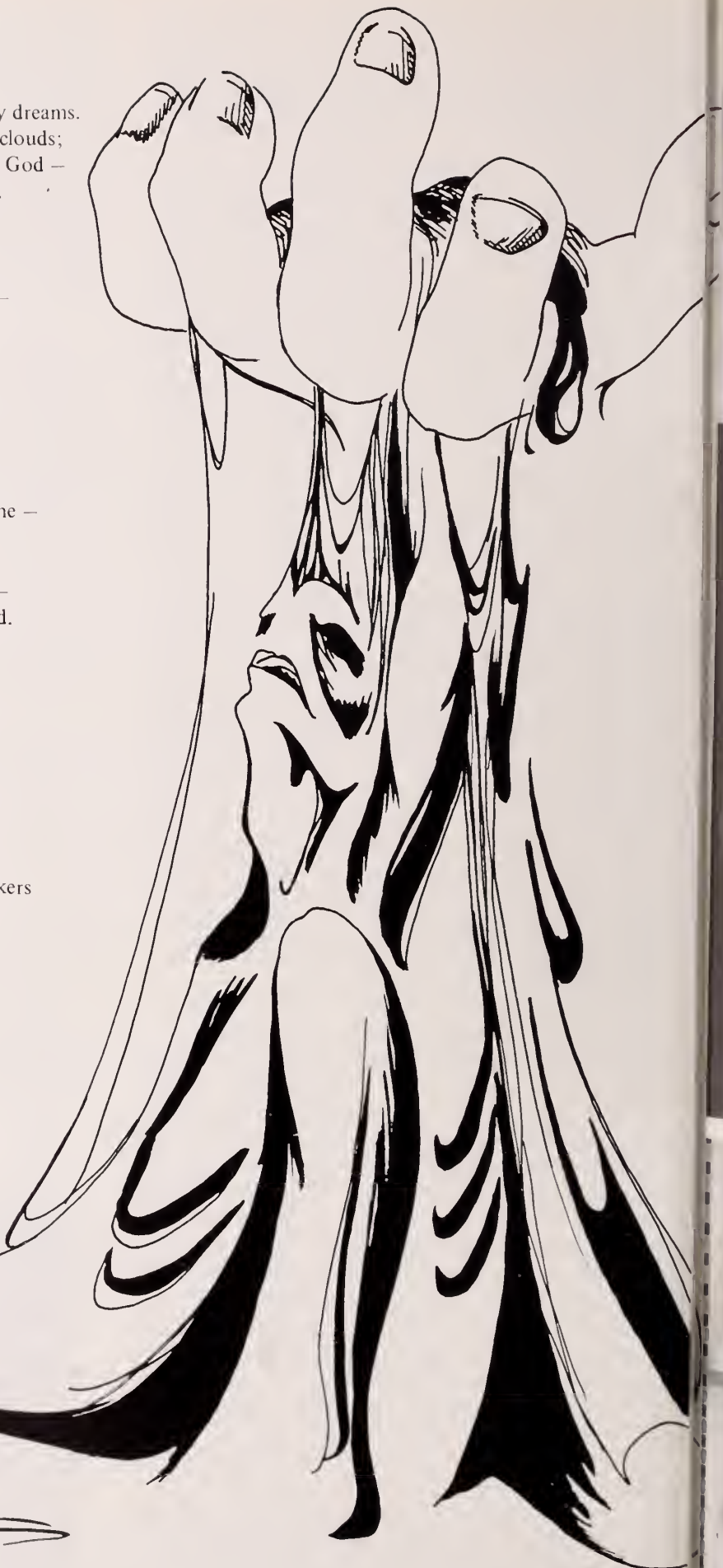
Gutter

Sammy lay in the gutter
Playing blind man and lapping
the sewage with leather lace.
His black stars wove webbing on the streetwalkers
Protecting the gutter to himself
by thrashing bones splashing scumshine.
Laughing at pig scream running.

He blinked and fondled the yellow sun.

The earth erupted and spat
the vermin into the air,
Sammy being the first to realize
That God was in him
And angels were black,
Buried his nose in the vomit
and breathed deeply. Happy,
He didn't know he was the only one.

Mike Anderson





haven

Make no mistake about it: the **Chronicle** wants your body.

If you can write, draw, take pictures, proof-read, type, carry all sorts of stuff, come up with weird ideas . . .

If you have three heads, a half dozen arms, tentacles . . .

If you're a scientologist, an astrology freak, a Meher Baba follower, a Christian (of any sort), or a run of the mill solipsist . . .

We can find a place for you all right. Yessireebob!

Just come by the **Chronicle** office, 9th Level, Student Center, on Sunday nights at about 7:00.



Step on the gas.

Go

Go.

Go.

*Wheels spin faster now arousing the core of the city,
A giant shadow heaving itself up to greet
The flow of humanity pooling in its midst.*

*Suddenly rear lights bounce-on-red all the way up the line
and there is a slowing.*

Step on the gas.

Hurry.

Hurry.

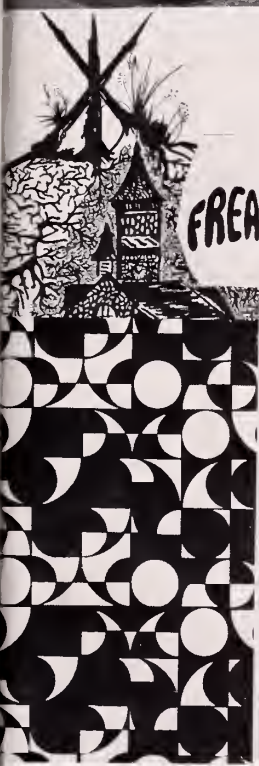
Hurry.

*Motion dwindles into a despairing crawl,
Everyone craning his neck and squinting ahead
To see the faint obstacle — a half-crazed old woman,
Bewildered amid the lanes, she clutches a brown paper bag and cowers,
unable to get across the street.*

Linda J. Bowie

Chronicle
May 1969

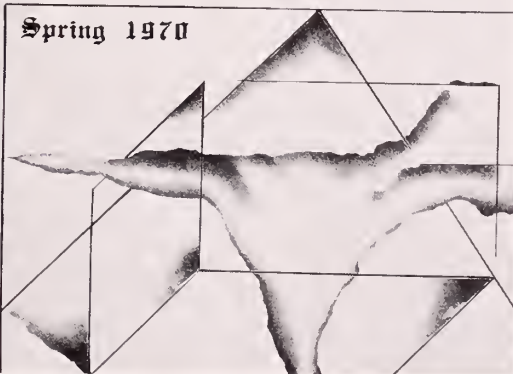
Istanbul
forever!



FREAKY

Chronicle

Spring 1970



COLLECTORS ITEMS

That's right . . . old CHRONICLES become collectors items. For example, only two known copies of the Spring, 1970 issue are still known to be in existence. That CHRONICLE was such a HOT item that it was actually WITHHELD FROM THE PUBLIC, and, alas, went up in a cloud of smoke!

And who could forget the design for a Student Union presented in the December 1963 issue of the CHRONICLE? Someone did.

Or maybe you forgot the May 1965 PLOWBOY edition with Ernest Hemingway and bare bottomed play-mate "Amicable Agnes."

Yes, there are many things that you could forget about old CHRONICLES. But you don't have to forget all of these things. All you have to do is send us three of your goodest dollar bills or a check for that same amount, and you'll be positively sure to receive all three or four of the coming year's issues. They'll be delivered straight to your door or tent by special uniformed government agents. So put your green-backs in an envelope and send them to: The CHRONICLE

Box 2186

Clemson. SC 29631

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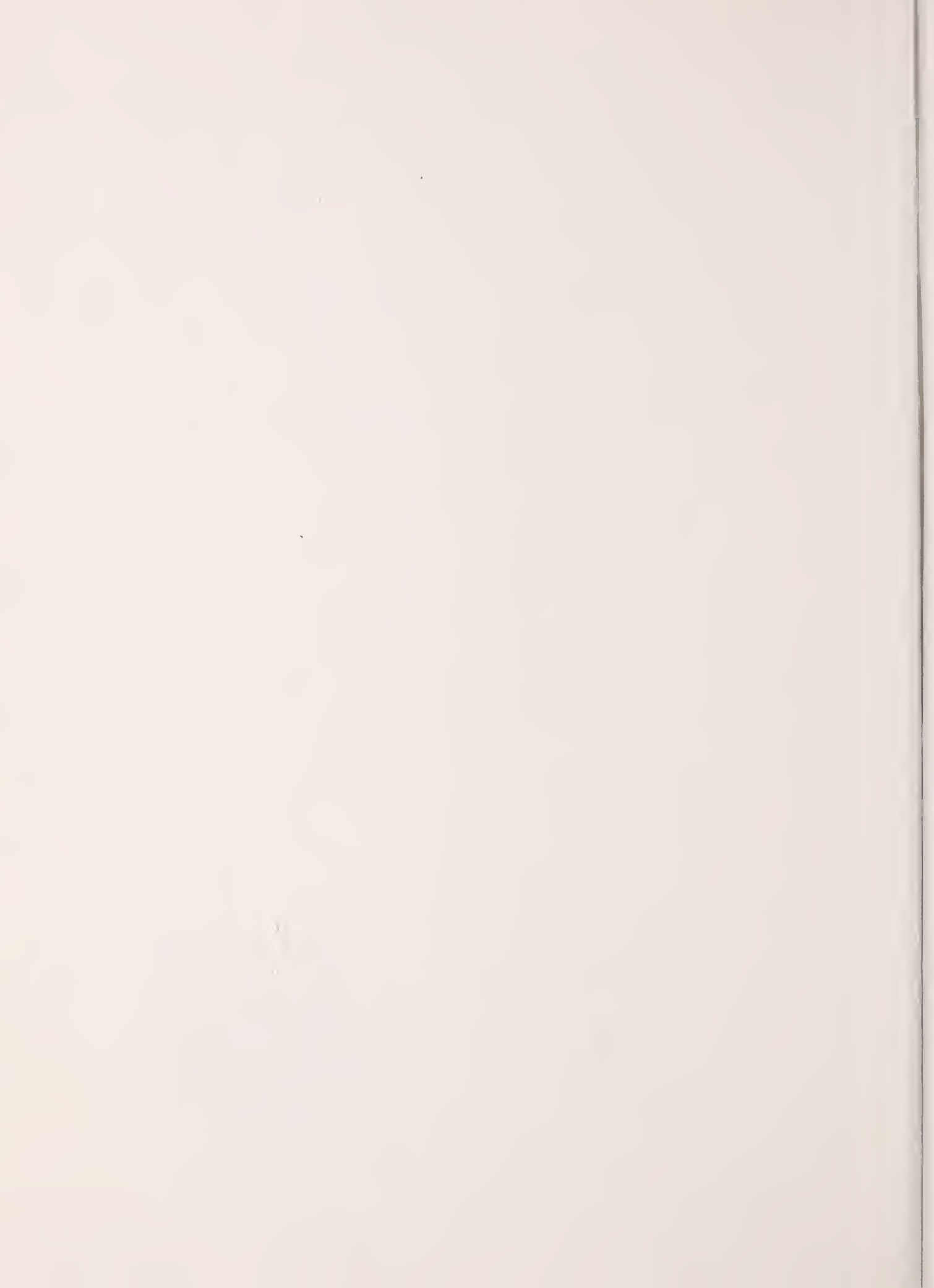
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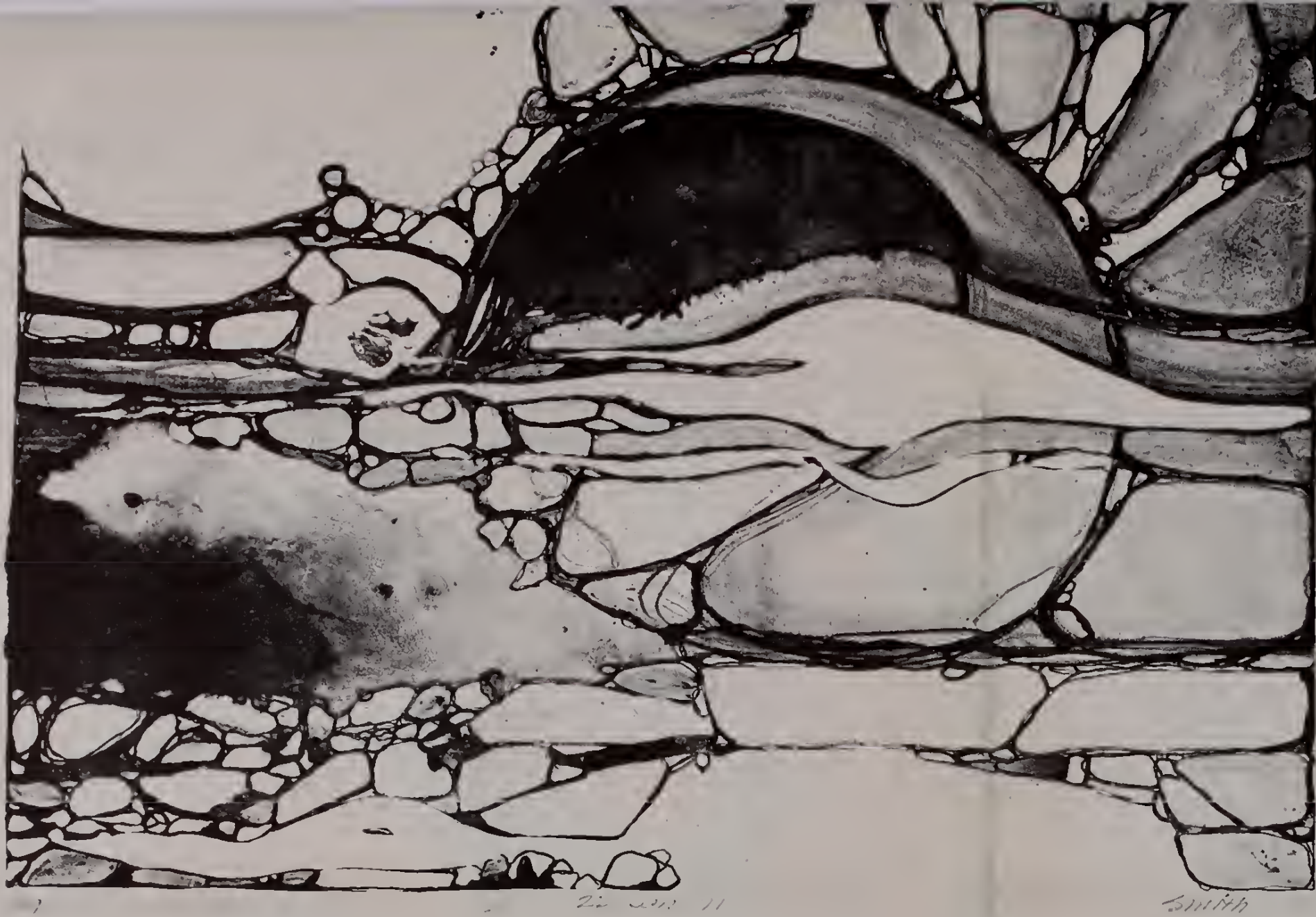








creations



creations











